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THE
MISTAKEN
HUSBAND
A
COMEDIE

Hæc placuit semel. *Hor.*

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

SOURCE

LANGBAINE, *An Account Of the English Dramatick Poets*, Oxford, 1691, pp. 166-67, in his notice of Dryden includes *The Mistaken Husband*, "a Comedy acted by His Majesties Servants at the Theatre-Royal, and printed in quarto Lond. 1675," but says: "This Play Mr. Dryden was not the Author of, tho' 'twas adopted by him, as an Orphan, which might well deserve the Charity of a Scene which he bestowed on it. It is of the nature of *Farce*, or as the *French* term it *Basse Comedie*, as Mr. Bentley the Bookseller has observ'd. (Epistle to the Reader.) 'Tis writ on the Model of *Plautus's Mænechmi*; and I have read a Story somewhat like it in *L'Amant Oysif*, Tome 2, p. 297. *Nouvelle intitulée D. Martin*."

✓ Mention of the *Mænechmi* seems a trifle remote, although certainly the initial suggestion might be derived thence. The conduct, however, of the plot and the various episodes are altogether different. The novel *Don Martin*, which appears in the collection of Spanish or pseudo-Spanish tales entitled *L'Amant Oisif*, by Le Sieur de Garouville, of whom nothing appears to be known, has greater resemblances, and one can hardly doubt that the author of *The Mistaken Husband* had read this novella. Such, I think, will be plain from even a brief summary, and is further confirmed by the fact that several passages in the play can be closely paralleled in the romance. ✓ Of these I have given examples in the notes.

I have used the 1711 edition (A Bruxelles, Chez George De Baeker, Imprimeur & Libraire, aux trois Mores, à la Bergh-straet) of *L'Amant Oisif*, "Contenant Cinquante Nouvelles Espagnoles. Divisé en Trois Parties." *Don Martin* (pp. 242-256) is the eighth novel of the Second Part. Don Bertrand, a married gentleman of Madrid, although of an easy fortune wishes to increase his wealth and accordingly undertakes a voyage to the Indies. As the fleet is not altogether ready to sail he is detained a while at Seville. "Il y avoit dans la ville un homme à peu près de son âge, nommé Don Martin, qui lui ressembloit si bien, qu'on les prenoit souvent l'un pour l'autre; ce que leur causa de plaisantes aventures, dont ils furent longtems sans pouvoir deviner la cause." When they learn of this extraordinary likeness they are curious to form an acquaintance, and in fact soon become fast friends. Don Martin is a man of pleasure, of indifferent estate, but one whose society is sought for his charm of manners and witty converse. Don Bertrand, who is easy and careless, falls under his influence, and in their daily meetings he ingenuously narrates his whole life, not forgetting to mention that at Madrid his young and lovely wife, Dona Cartagena, impatiently awaits his return. Don Martin questions him as to the most intimate details of his career, and on one occasion when well in his cups Don Bertrand relates "des choses qui ne doivent jamais être dites," so that the cunning gallant "apprit des particularitez des caresses que la femme de Don Bertrand faisoit à son mari lors qu'ils étoient couchez ensemble. Il lui rapporta jusqu'aux paroles qu'elle disoit ordinairement en ce-tems là; il lui dépeignit son humeur, & l'in-

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struisit si bien de toutes choses, qu'il ne lui restoit rien à souhaiter pour prouver qu'il étoit Don Bertrand." In fine Don Martin conceives the idea of raising his fallen fortunes by taking Bertrand's place, should this latter by any chance be cast away on his voyage or die far from home. In pursuance of this plan he requests Don Bertrand to write him frequently from the Indies. Things pass as he would wish, for not only does his friend prove an excellent correspondent, but he contrives that the letters of Dona Cartagena to her husband shall pass through his hands, and of these he makes copies, so that he is completely informed of every detail of their affairs.

Time passes, until one day Martin receives a letter from Don Bertrand with the news that he is about to return, that he has in fact embarked. The scheme he has devised seems as if fallen to the ground, when news comes that the vessel in which his friend had sailed suffered shipwreck, and not a soul is saved. This sad intelligence also reaches Dona Cartagena, who is plunged in grief. After a while her parents press her to marry again, and as she is courted by many persons of wealth and distinction, to one of these, an entirely suitable match, she at length yields, and is a second time joined in matrimony.

Presently Don Martin resolves to carry his plan into effect, and forthwith he travels very privately to Madrid. Here he lodges in an inn, so that he may view Dona Cartagena, who is a stranger to his eyes, and develop his design. One day he happens to see the lady in a carriage, and having exactly informed himself that it is actually she, he follows her boldly to her house, which he enters as familiar with every apartment, and so presents himself before his supposed wife. At first she cries out that he is a ghost, next some suspicion crosses her mind. This, however, he allays by a long story of his escape, and also by reminding her of those details it would seem none other but her husband could know. She is confused and hesitating even at the last; "*Je ne sçai qui vous êtes, dit-elle à cet imposteur; je vois bien par les choses que vous me dites, que vous pouvez être mon mari: cependant mon cœur me dit que vous n'êtes pas le vrai Don Bertrand.*" She then reveals that believing herself a widow she accepted a suitor for her hand to whom she was wedded a month before. Of this the would-be Don Bertrand was wholly ignorant, and he remains dumb with astonishment and consternation. The gentleman who has married Dona Cartagena now returns and is informed that his wife's first husband has appeared on the scene. He shrewdly determines that the matter must be thoroughly sifted, and it is at once arranged that Dona Cartagena shall incontinently take up her residence at the house of one of her near relatives. When this is done, the false Don Bertrand is informed of the precaution that has been taken, and the husband then suggests that both the claimants should retire to other lodgings until such time as the affair is formally settled and some arrangement effected.

Don Martin takes up a high tone: "*sçachez que je ne sortirai point de ma maison; que c'est en demeurant ici que je pretens faire voir que j'en suis le maitre,*" he cries.

Dona Cartagena questions him again and again, but on no point does he mistake. He has in truth so thoroughly studied her letters and got them by rote that by no means can he be trapped in an error. The knot is suddenly cut by the entry of the true Don Bertrand. It transpires that on the eve of sailing he

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was taken with a violent sickness which not only detained him many weeks in the Indies, but did not permit of his writing to his wife. Don Martin, planet-struck at the sight of Don Bertrand, confesses all. "On lui fit son procès, & il fut exécuté dès le lendemain." The second husband of Dona Cartagena "se trouva veuf sans que sa femme fut morte; il en eut beaucoup de regret, mais un autre mariage le consola bien-tôt." Dona Cartagena returns to Don Bertrand, but she finds that he is far from pleased at her conduct. He reproaches her sharply for having so far forgotten him in a few months as to marry again. She pleads that her parents overcame her opposition, and that it was necessary for a young and wealthy widow to find a protector lest she fall a prey to adventurers, "mais ces raisons qui pouvoient tromper le public, ne pûrent appaiser Don Bertrand."

✓ As has been remarked, the parallels are sometimes even verbal, but there is a difficulty to be noted. The first edition of le Sieur de Garouville's *L'Amant Oisif* appeared at Paris, 3 vols. 12mo, 1671 (E. Loyson). According to Bentley, who issued the play, *The Mistaken Husband*, although published in 1675, was written at least twelve years before, and it bears every mark of a play to be dated 1662-3, and perhaps even earlier. Accordingly, either the original draft of *The Mistaken Husband* was revised c. 1671-3, or the novel *Don Martin* had been in circulation some ten or more years before it was printed in the collection *L'Amant Oisif*. It is, of course, probable that such was the case, and that the author of *The Mistaken Husband* drew upon a Spanish novella, which has not (so far as I am aware) been traced, but which was translated by de Garouville as *Don Martin*.

The hint of Learcut's treatment of his daughter during the long absence of her husband at sea, a voyage he has been compelled to undertake owing to his impoverishment, may be derived from the *Stichus* of Plautus. The plot of this play, which some commentators would give to another hand as not worthy of this comic genius, is extremely meagre. The scene is laid at Athens. Antipho, an elderly well-to-do citizen, wishes his two daughters, Philumena and Pamphila, to give up their respective husbands, Epignomus and Pamphilippus, who having lost money at home have left Athens to seek fresh fortunes and have not been heard of for more than two years, so that they may marry wealthy men. However, Epignomus and Pamphilippus return, and become reconciled to Antipho from whom in their hard circumstances they were estranged. Stichus, the servant of Epignomus, obtains a day's holiday together with the present of a cask of wine. He makes an entertainment for his friend Sagarinus, the servant of Pamphilus, and for their mistress, Pamphila's cook-maid, Stephanium. The Acrostic Argument, attributed to Priscian the Grammarian, runs:

Senex castigat filias, quod eae viros
Tam perseverent peregrinantis pauperes
Ita sustinere fratres neque relinquere:
Contraque verbis delenitur commodis,
Habere ut sineret, quos semel nactae forent.
Viri reveniunt opibus aucti trans mare:
Suam quisque retinet, ac Stichus ludus datur.

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The *Stichus* is a version of Menander's *Φιλάδελφοι*. The play was produced at Rome in the consulship of P. Sulpicius Galbus Maximus (II) and C. Aurelius Cotta, 200 B.C.

THEATRICAL HISTORY

✓ THERE is no record of the exact date of the original production of *The Mistaken Husband*, but the play is entered in the *Term Catalogues* for Michaelmas (24 November), 1675, and September of that year has been hazarded for the *première*.

In the Epilogue, however, there is an allusion to the second Theatre Royal, Bridges Street (Drury Lane): λ

*Excuse our Play; we dare not hope its taking,
We're told of a fine House, and Clothes a making.
And these hir'd Signiors when we meet together,
May then wear Sattin, though they now wear Leather.*

✓ The first Theatre Royal was destroyed by fire on Thursday, 25 January, 1672. A news letter, 27 January, 1671-2, has: "A fire at the King's playhouse between 7 and 8 o'clock on Thursday evening last, which half burned down the house and all their scenes and wardrobe; . . . 20,000 l damage." After this disaster Killigrew's company were compelled to migrate to Lincoln's Inn Fields, which had just been vacated for a new theatre (Dorset Garden) by their rivals the Duke's Company, and here they opened on Monday, 26 February, 1672, with *Wit without Money*, Mohun acting Valentine. Here they continued playing until the opening of the second Theatre Royal on 26 March, 1674. λ The Lord Chamberlain's warrant, 7 June, 1673, addressed to Killigrew, which forbids the acting of any plays at Lincoln's Inn Fields "after Midsummer day next ensuing vntill further order," is a temporary prohibition. The second Theatre Royal cost £3908 11s. 5d., but there were further expenses for scene-house, scenery, and costumes. At Lincoln's Inn Fields the actors, whose temporary refuge it was, were fain shift as they could.

✓ The Epilogue to *The Mistaken Husband* must originally have been spoken at Lincoln's Inn Fields, and the play was produced there, probably late in 1673 or very early in the following year. γ

γ When Killigrew's company opened their new theatre, performances of *The Mistaken Husband* were given at the second Theatre Royal, and accordingly when this play was printed in 1675 it bore on the title-page "A Comedie, As it is Acted by His Majesties Servants At the Theatre-Royall." Thus *Marriage A-la-Mode*, 4to, 1673; *The Assignment*, 4to, 1673; and *Amboyna*, 4to, 1673, although all three produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields by Killigrew's company were published as acted at the Theatre Royal. This play is evidently printed from the prompt-book and certain prompter's notes, scribbled on the margin of his script, have been accidentally retained. Thus in Act I, Scene 1, we find

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in the margin *A Drawer. Jack*; and later, *Tables, Chairs and Candles*, for Scene 2 where is noted *Table out*. In the final scene we have *Clatering among the Pewter* for a noise off stage. *The Mistaken Husband* bears every mark of its early origin, that is to say about 1662-63.

It would seem to have kept the stage for some two or three years, but there is no record of any revival beyond this time. Of the original cast two names are preserved. The Drawer was acted by Jack (see Act I, 1); and the Boatswain by Marmaduke Watson (see Act V, 1, "*Learcut*, and the *Boatswain*, Duke *Watson*"). Downes in his *Roscus Anglicanus* refers to Watson as "*Mr. Duke*," and again as "*Mr. Duke Watson*." The name of Marmaduke Watson first appears in the list of actors of the Theatre Royal Company in one of the Lord Chamberlain's warrants for liveries of July, 1661. Watson played secondary parts, and his line is represented by such rôles as Hamet in Dryden's *The Conquest of Granada*, Part I, December, 1670, Part II, January, 1670-1, Theatre Royal; Eubulus in *Marriage A-la-Mode*, produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields by the King's Company about Easter, 1672; Captain Middleton in *Amboyna*, or, *The Cruelties of the Dutch to the English Merchants*, produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields in the late spring of 1673; Silvius in Lee's *The Tragedy of Nero, Emperour of Rome*, Drury Lane, May, 1674; Varro, a tribune, in *Sophonisba*, or, *Hannibal's Overthrow*, Drury Lane, April, 1675; Eumenes in *The Rival Queens*, Drury Lane, March, 1676-7; old Thrashard in Leanard's *The Country Innosense*, or, *The Chambermaid turned Quaker*, Drury Lane, February, 1676-7; one of the three physicians in D'Urfey's alteration of Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, dubbed *Trick for Trick*, or, *The Debauch'd Hypocrite*, which was acted at the Theatre Royal in February, 1677-8. After the Union he is no longer to be traced.

Who "Jack," the actor who appeared as the Drawer, may have been it is difficult to surmise. He was probably Coysh, Kempton, or Venner.

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The Bookseller to the Reader.

THis Play was left in Mr. Dryden's hands many years since: The Author of it was unknown to him, and return'd not to claim it; 'Tis therefore to be presum'd that he is dead. After Twelve years expectation, Mr. Dryden gave it to the Players, having upon perusal of it, found that it deserv'd a better Fate than to be buried in obscurity: I have heard him say, that finding a Scene wanting, he supply'd it; and many have affirm'd, that the Stile of it is proper to the Subject, which is that the French call Basse Comedy. The turns of it are natural, and the resemblance of one man to another, has not only been the foundation of this, but of many other Plays. Plautus his Amphytrion, was the Original of all, and Shakespear and Moliere have copied him with success. Nevertheless, if this Play in it self should be a trifle, which you have no reason to suspect, because that incomparable Person would not from his Ingenious labours lose so much time as to write a whole Scene in it, which in it self sufficiently makes you amends, for Poetry being like Painting, where, if a great Master have but touch'd upon an ordinary Piece, he makes it of Value to all understanding Men; as I doubt not but this will be by his Additions: As it is, I am resolv'd to detain you no longer from it, but subscribe my self,

Your very Humble Servant,

R. BENTLEY.

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THE PROLOGUE

OUr modest Poet's in as great a fright,
As a young Bride upon her Wedding Night.
She starts and trembles when she sees the Bed,
Like Criminals to execution led: }
Alas poor thing she's loath to lose her —Head.
As Boyes stand shivering on a Rivers brim,
Enquire the warmth, and depth, of those that swim.
She cries to Married Friends, what shall I do,
I do so shake, Lord, was it so with you: }
And yet she makes a hard shift to go through.
But that once o're what she esteem'd a Crime,
She boldly runs to meet a second Time.
Poets were once as full of trouble too,
But now they're desperate—
To lose this Play as much our Poet strives,
As you to hide your Misses from your Wives.
He thinks your Criticks (and I gad he's right)
Are grown as merciless to those that Write: }
As Husbands to their Wives 'oth' Wedding-Night.
You care no more for Poets pains and fears,
Then those vile Men regard poor Womens tears.
You starr and sniff when you're to mischief bent,
As if like Hounds you knew Wit by the scent.
One of our Nymphs should in this Place appear,
But you're so dreadful she's fal'n sick with fear.
Those that pay dear for Love, the veriest Fools,
Though they condemn the work preserve the Tools.
'Faith for this once let us compound to day,
Be you indulgent to our Orphan Play. }
You shall be as much oblig'd another way.

ACTORS NAMES

<i>Learcut,</i>	A Covetous Old Man.
<i>Manly,</i>	His Son in Law.
<i>Hazard,</i>	A cunning shifting Fellow, the mistaken Husband.
<i>Underwit,</i>	His Friend.
<i>Thomas,</i>	<i>Learcut's</i> Servant.
<i>Andrew,</i>	} Wayters.
<i>George,</i>	
<i>Dick,</i>	
<i>Snip,</i>	A Constable.
<i>Salteel.</i>	A Sea Captain.
<i>Boatswain.</i>	
 <i>Mrs. Manly,</i>	 <i>Learcut's</i> Daughter.
<i>Izabel,</i>	Her Maid.
<i>Nurse,</i>	

Watch-men, Drawers, &c.

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ACT. I. SCEN. I.

Enter Learcutt, Mrs. Manley, Isabel and Thom.

Mrs. Man. **G**OOD Sir, do not bait me thus.

Lear. I'll break thee of this peevish humor, or I'll worry thee;

Thou dost infect my house with melancholy.

Mrs. Man. This is the height of Tyranny, to chase away My Comfort, and deny the pleasure of my Grief too,

Isb. Indeed Couzen, it very ill becomes you, every tear Drowns part of your Beauty, and ever sigh Carries away in the blast a parcel of your Youth.

Mrs. Man. Alas Couzen! for whom should I preserve it? he that Owns it, either is not, or else lives a Vagabond.

Lear. I wonder that every thought does not restore thee To thy self; methinks he having caus'd thy misery, Thou should'st hate and forget that Vagabond.

Mrs. Man. I rather must hate him that made him one; had you Been just, we have been happy: I am indebted to your Avarice for this Discourse, else had we liv'd together in Peace and plenty.

Lear. Yes: while the Eight thousand pounds lasted, when That had been consumed in Tavern Reckonings, and Glass Coaches, where then had been the plenty? I wonder what Allurements of his gain'd thee, His handsom Structure certainly did not take ye.

Mrs. Man. Sir, you know you wrong him; yet granting him not Handsom, since he lov'd me, and in my behalf Hath often hazarded his person, 'twas an Indearment forc'd me to be grateful.

Lear. What? he fought for you! he would have done As much for his Whore.

A Drawer.

Mrs. Man. Sir, I can hear no more.

Jack.

Lear. O! he loves you most monst'rously, he does Nothing but think of you: pray how many Reams Of Letters have you receiv'd from him Since his departure these Nine years?

Mrs. Man. Pity me Heaven, and correct him for it, and if I've talk'd beyond the duty I owe a Father, pardon it.

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Lear. Come, let's after her, ne're let her rest, till She do quit her folly.

Isbel. It goes against my Heart, to see her vext thus, But I must obey. [Ex. Mrs. Man. Lear. and Isb.]

Tho. Thus do they tire out the poor Gentlewoman; Her Father sent her Husband of an Errand, no man [Tables, Chairs and Candles.] Knows whither: well, 'twas an honest Gentleman, But took not thrifty Courses: I have said often To him, Mr. Manley; You write a good hand, go And be a Justices Clerk; there's half a Crown A Quarter from every House of Sin in the Precinct, to be shar'd betwixt your Master and your self. I would have had him set up a Writing-Shcool; Six pence a Week *per* Pole, besides command over The Young Ones; but he would hearken to none of These things, and now he has been away these Nine years, and no tydings of him, not so much As Commendations to me, to his Confident, his Trusty *Thomas*, that made up the Match.

To him, A Drawer.

Draw. Mr. *Thomas* there is a Gentleman at our house Desires to speak with you.

Tho. With me? what is he pritheer?

Draw. I don't know indeed, I never saw him before; But he's a brave Spark; the Gold in his Pocket Chimes ding dong; and he has bespoke a brave Supper. [Exit Drawer.]

Tho. Tell him I'll wait upon him; who should this be tro? *Exit.*

Enter Hazzard, Underwit and Drawer.

[Table out.]

Haz. Set down your Wine and leave us.

Draw. A Quart of Canary in the *Rose*, Score. [Ex. Drawer.]

Underw. Prithee leave off these palpable Chymera's, these Witty Nothings; retire yet while you may your Fame unsully'd.

Haz. Prithee forbear thy useless Morals; Besides, I will not Stain my Family: a Younger Brother of the house of *Mercury*, and baulk at any thing that's not impossible! But there is probability in this, and profit at the end as Well as pleasure.

Underw. How smooth your Fancy paves a rugged way? and with What ease you polish *Learcus* harshness? You know His hate towards him you'd personate, for matching With the Woman you now aim at; you know his obstinate Refusal to pay in the Legacy her Grand-Father bequeath'd Her (Eight thousand pounds I take it,) you know too, (Which makes your business harder) that this *Manley* (Whom you would counterfeit) never enjoy'd her, Being surpriz'd upon his Wedding-day, and separated From her by her Father:

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Hazz. All this is granted:

Underw. Then how he ruin'd *Manley* with long Suits, who forc'd In tender pity to his Wife, whom he foresaw inevitably Famish'd. lest he submitted to that strict Condition, Took an Eternal leave of her; and form'd it with a Sad Vow, never to see her more. Yet notwithstanding These impediments, you will on.

Hazz. And force em, I tell thee here are Pioneers shall do it, With as much ease as I can fling two Sixes; these Obstacles you mention fall of course, I will compass the Woman.

Underw. Methinks 'tis easier to compass the earth: how can you Have admittance? or if admitted, how, but be discovered; Though, I confess, *Manley* and you are alike.

Hazz. Yes, so like, that it shall ask a subtler head Then hers to find the difference.

Underw. Do not glut thy self with these fantastick hopes, But sit down fairly here.

Hazz. Thou knowst I have furnished him with Clothes And Money; many expensive drunken Meetings we have had, in order to this grand Design, and now just ready to possess, shall I desist?

Underw. If there were any colour to think you might Achieve what you attempt——

Hazz. Why, have not I, that I may seem more like Him, Imprinted here the Scar of such a wound As he receiv'd in her quarrel once?

Underw. You have.

Hazz. Then, that he never enjoy'd her, makes for me. As for the rest in the Large freedom of our merry Meetings, ther's not A secret passage in their Love, nor any conceal'd Agent in the Match: but I've extracted, and have Sounded his heart,

Underw. And find it shallow;

Hazz. Yes.

Underw. Yet still I'm puzzled to think o'th' difficulty of Access to her.

Hazz. Seest thou this Boy? this Golden Key Opens her Chamber door, although at midnight. *[Shews a piece of broken Gold.]*

Underw. That piece of Gold!

Hazz. The very same; this piece was broke betwixt Them at their separation; which is some Nine Years since: this useful piece, full fraught with Wine, I did perswade him out of, at our last Jovial Bout at *Rotterdam*:

Underw. What, when you promis'd to be his Solicitor, and Re-instate him in his Wife and Fortunes?

Hazz. That very time.

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Underw. You swore you would perform it.

Hazz. I'll forget that; for men whose Lands and Wealth Lie in this Circle [*Pointing to his Head.*] Must not stick at trifles: are you resolv'd, or will You prove a Recrant?

Underw. I'll on, whether I fall or swing with thee.

Hazz. Come Infidel, obey but the directions I give thee, And be a punctual Servingman:

Underw. Do not doubt me,——but stay a little, it has been Often in my thoughts to ask, and still some other Business has diverted me: what should be the reason That you refus'd to accept money for the Ship you Won last night at *Gravesend*?

Hazz. Not impertinently, I warrant thee thou shalt know Further suddenly: do not you fail your part, If I Miscarry, hang me up for a *Pryapus* to scare High flying Wits.

Underw. And if I wait not with a Trencher to an Inch, discard Me your service, without a Ticket of my Truth.

Hazz. I hear some body coming up stairs; observe your distance.

To them Thomas.

Honest *Thomas*, how dost thou? how hast thou done this Long time honest *Thomas*?

Tho. 'Troth Sir, as you see, I want Clothes, and money, and the Best can do no more Sir.

Hazz. Well, thou art strangely altered since we parted, I protest I scarce know thee.

Tho. And truly Sir, I cannot know you by instinct: It may Be you know me, but truly Sir I never saw you before.

Hazz. *Thomas*, I did not think you would so easily forget Your Friends; not know me *Thomas*! 'tis strange! your Memory is very weak.

Tho. By my troth, to my knowledge, I never saw you Before Sir.

Hazz. No, come here's to thee *Thomas*, [*Drinks.*] Look on me well, and recollect thy self:

Tho. Let me see, truly Sir, now I look upon you well, You are very like——no body that ever I saw in all My life.

Hazz. Well, well, persist in that opinion.

Underw. Take off your Wine, before two Glasses more, you'll Change your Dialect.

Tho. Truly Sir, I was never worthy of such worshipful Acquaintance.

Hazz. Fie, fie, *Thomas*, complement with your old Friends! Your Wine pawles:

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Tho. Sir, I pledge you, and make bold to drink to your Friend here: —Pray Sir excuse me, I'll fill it; Will you please to pledge me?

Underw. Pray Sir excuse me, I do not use to drink Among my Masters Companions.

Tho. His Master! this is some Great Man, some Knight I Warrant ye.

Hazz. But speak seriously *Thomas*, dost thou know Me, or dost thou dissemble with me? Methinks our Friendship should be of too long growth To be forgotten: One Glass of Wine to me, and try if Yet you can remember: Sit down, view every Character in my Face; did you ever behold Any thing like it?

Tho. Truly, I have seen a Face resemble yours.

Hazz. O! do you remember now! where pray?

Tho. Among the brazen Tombs at *Westminster*.

Underw. There he has hit you. [*Aside.*

Hazz. It seems you reckon me among the Dead then.

Underw. That's dexterously warded.

Hazz. I thought that had I been deceased, I should have liv'd Still in your thoughts; but since you have banish'd Me your memory——

Tho. Why? would you have me remember a Gentleman I never set eyes on before?

Hazz. No *Thomas*; why, whom did you bring down to me to My Father in Law's back door? whom did you Put into the Coach to me, and wait upon to *Pantridge*?

Tho. Pray let me review you; that is his Nose, and those His Eyes, or I'm mistaken.

Underw. I, I'll swear thou art. [*Aside.*

Tho. 'Tis Mr. *Manley*; what a Beetle was I? forgive me Good Sir, sweet Sir pardon me; for as I'm an honest Man y'are the strangest altred! Lord! I should Never have known you, but by that Token.

Underw. This is a pure Coxcomb. [*Aside.*

Tho. Your voice is altred too.

Hazz. See what 'tis to Travel *Thomas*!

Tho. And how, and how, and how dee Sir? by my troth I'm glad to see you Sir.

Hazz. Kind *Thomas* thank thee, how fares it with my Poor Wife? has she been pleasant since?

Tho. Poor Soul! I think in my conscience, had not You come to night, she had dyed to morrow; She has took on most lamentably, not look'd Kindly on her Victuals since you parted; and for Drink, She dyets her self with a small quantity, to keep Her in Tears; that

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she may not want utterance For her sorrow: I am perswaded the Current of Her Eyes would go nigh to drive a Mill.

Hazz. I come purposely to stop up the Stream, or divert It in to pleasure.

Tho. You will be a welcome man to her: good Gentlewoman! I came but just now from her, there was the Heaviest quarter! truly, they e'ne weary her out Of her life: if she had not had the more Grace, She had en'e gone to Heaven before this time.

Hazz. Dear Soul! the hour is come to consummate Thy sorrows!

Tho. Her Father was just now Upbraiding you for a poor fellow, worth nothing.

Haz. Nor am I, till I have her.

Tho. 'Tis no Pilgrimage to her Sir: yet methinks the World's pretty well mended since our last interview.

Hazz. Faith I have waited long for it; it was some Years before I and all the Friends I could make, Could perswade my Uncle to exchange this Transitory life for a better.

Tho. What Uncle Sir, I beseech you? you never told me Of this Uncle until now.

Hazz. Faith *Tom*, I did never think he would have dyed, And that was the reason.

Tho. I hope he has left you well Sir.

Hazz. Pretty well, as thou see'st *Thomas*; come sit down: Faith we'll be brave Boys, he has left me all.

Tho. Truly I am very glad of it, how much pray Sir?

Hazz. A poor trifle, some Hundred thousand pounds, Besides six Ships that have been out a seven years Voyage to the *Indies*, which I every hour expect here: I left em at the Rivers mouth: here's to their save arrival.

To them Drawer.

[Drinks.

Draw. Sir, there are a couple of men below enquire for you.

Hazz. Go down Sirrah, and see who they are.

Underw. Sir, I believe the fellows come for the six Flanders Mares, will you please to pay 'em your self, Or shall I?

Haz. I pay 'em, you superfluous Coxcomb! what did I give you money for?

Underw. I flie Sir.

Exit.

Hazz. To see how these Rogues will trouble a man for every Trifle: fill me a glass of Wine; here fill my Friend one: Here's to you Sweet-heart, *Thomas*.

[Drinks.

Tho. By my troth I'll pledge it Sir, without Sugar.

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

To them Underwit.

Underw. Sir, there's the Coach-maker without too, he will not Take under a Hundred and fifty pounds: Sir I am unwilling —

Hazz. You Rogue, must I be troubled with every idle Two Or three hundred pounds? pay him and be hang'd, Or I'll pay you, and send you to your Friends again To eat Sprats.

Underw. I vanish and obey you with dexterity. *Exit.*

Hazz. Come *Thomas*, here's t'other Brimmer to thee.

Tho. I thank you Sir, but by my troth I dare not stay, My Master will be mad with me.

Hazz. Prithee man, a little longer.

Tho. Upon my word I dare not.

Hazz. Then *Thomas*, present this to my Wife: [*Gives him a broken piece of Gold.*] And my Heart with it; that Heart that Broke with this, and never was whole since Fate Divided us.

Tho. I warrant you you shall be with her presently: I'll but whisper a word in my Old Masters Ear.

Hazz. No, no, I do not like that, if my arrival's know We shall be troubled with the unwelcome kindness Of our civil Friends, and hindred of that privacie That Lovers thirst after; conceal me then from all, Unless her self. Tell her when all are quiet I'll wait on her: when her Father and the Houshold Are asleep I'll visit her.

Tho. Well Sir, I'll make bold to tell her so.

Hazz. When thou deliver'st to her this Emblem Of our Separation, tell her we now shall Meet never to part.

Tho. I'll be very punctual. How my Young Mistress Will leap out of her skin, to hear the News I bring her. [*Exit.*]

Hazz. Now *Underwit* let's laugh at this fellow For an hour.

Underw. And sit down, or I shall be weary of it. Well, th'art a gallant Fellow, thou deserv'st to Stand a Stair higher then ordinary in the Pillory. *Exeunt.*

The SCENE, Learcut's House.

Enter Mrs. Manley and Thomas.

Tho. There she stands, they have driven her from her Supper, and now she steals to her Closet, that there She may banquet on her sighs: a very unwholsome Dyet, and denotes a windy Stomach.

Mrs. Man. How am I condemn'd without hope of reprieve, not to Dye once, but to be ever gasping.

Tho. I've a Receipt at my tongues end to cure your melancholy: O Mistress!

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

Mrs. Man. What ails thee? more torments yet: yet, shall I be never quiet?

Tho. Will you never leave this peevish humour of weeping? Can you tell what you cry for?

Mrs. Man. Fool: dost thou enquire the Cause, that wert the Instrument, to give me up to him whose loss I mourn?

Tho. 'Troth you have no great cause to weep for the matter.

Mrs. Man. Art thou revolted too? ungrateful——

Tho. Nay, no bad words good Mistress, you know I was your friend To bring you together: (an exploit, if known, would Set me at liberty) and if I find no friendlier language, I'll never bring you together again.

Mrs. Man. I easily believe thee.

Tho. But what would you say, if I tell you where he is?

Mrs. Man. On that condition I would be a Bond-slave. But why flatter I my self? Or why believe delusions?

Tho. No, no, do not; for if you can give credit to my Senses, Till you believe your own, you'll find, and speedily, He's no distressed Indigent, forlorn Fellow; but a Gallant and a brave one.

Mrs. Man. Do not abuse me.

Tho. Be not you incredulous, for he is near and wealthy, Can shovel Gold for a wager with your Father, and——

Mrs. Man. How willingly I would believe thee, and how little Can I.

Tho. Can you believe this? [Gives her the Gold.]

Mrs. Man. Sure my senses do not conspire against me: Dear Friend, tell me quickly, where may I find the Owner.

Tho. No, no, I'm a Tormentor!

Mrs. Man. Prithee do not wrack me, but tell me where I may meet my *Manley*.

Tho. Why, in your Bed.

Mrs. Man. Do not delude me, he is not there.

Tho. No, but he will be, he sent me to give You intelligence; he'll be with you when the Old man's laid asleep, and the house hush: he Desires you to put out the Candles, that he May be the less noted: he would have his Arrival conceal'd from all but you: he's on Fire to pay you some arrears which were owing You on your Wedding night.

Mrs. Man. Art thou alive still! then Heaven has not let Me pray and weep in vain.

Tho. When you see him, you'll swear it, he is not the *Quondam* man, in the thread-bare-breeches and no money, But dazelling Scarlet, lac'd and lin'd with Gold: His Coach richly drawn by six Milk-

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

white Mares, Guarded with Pages and Laqueys drest like Hinch-
boyes.

Mrs. Man. Can this wonder be?

Tho. Else never trust your trusty *Thomas*: go Mistress, will
you about your business, Hasten the House to rest, for you'll get
little.

Mrs. Man. By his presence, more then I have had this nine years.

Tho. Beshrew his heart then, I do but think how you'll smile to
morrow.

Mrs. Man. And I hope ever. Return my Husband my obedience.

[*She goes out.*]

Tho. What life this has put into her! the very apprehension of this
same harlotry matter makes her as nimble as an Eele riggling in the
mud. Well, I have brought you twice together now, if you part
again, I shall have an ill conceit of my labour.

[*He goes out.*]

Learcuts House. Mrs. Manley and Isbel with a Light as to Bed.

Isbel. Forsooth, Couzen, will you make haste to Bed.

Mrs. Man. Excuse me, I'm indispos'd.

Isb. And ever are so; my Uncle has told over the Bags in the
Chest by this time, and when he hath said his prayers with Beads,
you know he wakes not long; if he hears us stir After him, he'll lay
suspicion of Felony to our charges; Swear we conspire with his Ser-
vants to drink out the *March Beer*: Good Forsooth to bed.

Mrs. Man. Troth Cousin, I believe I shall not sleep to night,
And know, then I'm an unruly Bed-fellow: I do nothing but tumble
and toss.

Isb. Truly, and that's fine sport sometimes.

Mrs. Man. Sweet Cousin, let me intreat your absence, the Maid
Has laid you a pair of clean Sheets in the Red Chamber.

Isb. Indeed Cousin, you are not to be trusted alone, for fear You
weep to death.

Mrs. Man. Trust me, I will not weep at all.

Isb. Well then, if it must be so, I'll humour you, though I
Doubt, to your prejudice, on the condition you'll neither be Drown'd
in your Tears to morrow, nor parch't up to Mummy in Your long
winded sighs of an Ell, *London* measure.

Mrs. Man. Good rest to you dear Cousin, have you laid on the
Finest sheets, as I bid you?

Isb. Yes, indeed Forsooth, and made the Bed high, towards the
Feet, as you bid me likewise.

Mrs. Man. Is my Cambrick-Holland-Night-tyre in the Sweet-
Bag?

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

Isb. As you would please to have it.

Mrs. Man. Then make haste to *Thomas*, and Tell him I'm a Bed.
(*Mrs. Manley goes out.*)

Isb. Make haste to *Thomas* and tell him I'm in Bed: Those were the words. Is all this ado for *Thomas*? Were you so hasty you could not unlace your self, but you must cut? Did you for this tear off your Handkerchief, because I could not unpin it fast enough? Must *Thomas* handsel your new Linnen? Will a fit of Mirth with him cure you of a Nine years Melancholy? Well, well, little would any one think it were in her; but I'll watch your water: for *Thomas*, I Faith, I know he'll be constant to his poor *Bell*, that gave him two yards of Ferret Ribbond t'other day for a pair of Shoe-strings. As I am very Woman, look where he is! he talks to himself too: I'll hide my self, and find it out.

Enter Thomas.

Tho. The Old One's laid; now if the Young One were, my work were ended: but what do I deserve for my contrivance? what reward must I expect for all the Wit I have expended in this business? I shall, at least, be Steward when they keep house; then will I take Poundage for all the Bills I pay, besides my New-Years-Gifts: or say, he give me one of his Ships; I, I, I, that's most likely; for he'll never trouble himself with such Lumber: then will I Trade into the *Straits*, and in three years be an Alderman——But *Thomas, Thomas*, what if a Turks Man of War take her, what wilt thou do then? No, there's Mortality in one Ship—he will give me two, and with those two I'll defie *Mahomet* of *Algiers*——But suppose he gives me all the Ships——Yes, yes, I'm sure he will give me all the Ships; how shall I bestow 'em then? Let me see, let me see——Yes it shall be so——I will way-lay the Spanish Carrukes coming from the *Indies*, and master em. But whom should I intrust with the Command of this Fleet? for I dare not look Salt water in the Face my self, since an *Innes of Court* Man stal'd on me out of a Tavern Window once: if I should trust it to one and he should cheat me, and keep all to himself, what a pickle were I in then? No, no, I must find out some other expedient.

Isb. I'll do my errand to him, if it be but to feel his pulse. My Mistress——

Tho. Having three or four Knights to wait on me in blew Coats After the old fashion——

Isb. What, will you not hear me *Thomas*?

Tho. To whom I will allow thirty pounds wages, besides their Vales——And my Footmen ten shillings a week Board-wages.

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

Isb. Passion of me, I begin to fear; he did not use to deal thus Scornfully with me.

Tho. And two new Suits a year——

Isb. This vexes me, but I'll set a face on't as if I car'd not for him. Well sullen Fool, I must tell you my message, and therefore Take notice of it——
[Pulls him by the sleeve.]

Tho. O! Right Trusty and Well-belov'd *Isbel*, I cry thee mercy, I did not see thee.

Isb. No, not you: some body will repent this.

Tho. By the Faith of my Body, my dainty Duck——

Isb. Well said dissembler: no, no, you are for my Mistress Palate: She commanded me just now, to make haste to you, and tell You she was in Bed. I have not been a Chamber Maid so Long, but I can construe her part of Speech without an Interpreter.

Tho. Farewell till by and by.

[Goes out.]

Isb. So soon vanished? What's the reason, tro? he's gone down stairs, though that's not the way to her: Well *Thomas*, well, the case is altered, and may be again shortly: then good *Isbel* mend my Stockins, and sweet *Isbel* look my Head, and we'll go to *Islington*, and drink Ale in an Arbour: is there no Faith in Sugar-Cakes and Cream? Are Custards and Cheese-cakes hollow-hearted? Well, I faith I'll be coyer then I have been for this trick. Go thy ways, thou should'st never have kiss'd me as thou hast done, if I thought thou wouldst have served me so: but what's done is done, and cannot be helped.

To her *Thomas* and Hazzard.

Here he comes again, ha! what Gallant is that with him?

Tho. Sir, this way. [Hazzard gives his Spurs.] Tread softly, for fear my Master hear you.

Hazz. Why, he's almost asleep at best, for he's somewhat deaf: Both his Eyes and Ears are lock'd fast enough now I believe.

Tho. I, but you must think a man who has waded in oppression these Fifty or Threescore years has some Monitors, that give his conscience an *Item*, when he offers to wink.

Isb. I'll let em pass, but I'll observe em narrowly.

Haz. You are sure she has no manner of light in her Chamber.

Tho. But her light Heart I warrant you.

Haz. Have we any more Rooms to go through before We come at hers?

Tho. She lies in the very same Chamber she did when you Woo'd her: the blew Room on the right hand Sir.

Haz. Faith 'tis so long ago, I've almost forgotten it. I'd Almost spoyl'd all: good night *Thomas*, I'll grope out the Bed My selfe.

[Exit with *Thomas*.]

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

Isb. Is this the trick on't? then I see I wrong'd my Faithful *Thomas*——but yet he wrongs me, and takes My Office from me, and so I'll tell him: [*Enter Thomas.*] How now *Thomas*, from whence came you thus laden?

Tho. My pretty *Bell* I'll tell thee; thy Mistresses Husband having been outed his Free Tenement, is newly gone to make his entry on it.

Isb. Is that Mr. *Manley*?

Tho. The very Hee.

Isb. Truly he's a handsom Gentleman: 'tis a thousand pities——

Tho. What, a thousand pities that he's a handsom Gentleman?

Isb. No, but that he should not live with her: I warrant he's A good Comforter.

Tho. I, my aimable *Belly*, so would I be to thee, if thou wouldst But be plyable! But we men may speak our hearts out, you remorseless Virgins will either not hear us, or not believe us. How Often have I robb'd my Masters Bolsters of the Keys o'th' Celler? and w' had swil'd the Wine out, broke the Bottles, And told him 'twas the strength o'th' Wine? Yet thou hadst no more——

Isb. Well *Thomas*, well, you have no great reason to say so, Have not I found thee Handkerchiefs these two years? Have I not starch't thy Bands to bid defiance to thy Masters? Have I not sewed on thy little peeping Cuffs? Nay, have I Not slighted a Lords Footman for thee? Hast not thou compar'd my Leggs, and untied my Garters? Even yet canst thou call me hard? Unthankful *Thomas*! Unhappy *Isbel*!

[*She Cries.*

Tho. Then, Heart split asunder for very joy! Dear Chicken! I will dry thy Tears up with my Lips! Honey forgive me!

Isb. O! did I ever think this?

[*He kisses her.*

Tho. No more tryals of thy Love, my Dear! ✓

[*He embraces her, and in the Extasy drops the Boots and Spurs.*

Learcut. Thieves, thieves, thieves.

Tho. Passion o'mel the Old Man's awake.

Learcut. *Thomas*, *Andrew*, Thieves here!

Isb. What shall we do? he'll catch us, and then w'are undone.

Tho. Do you go that ways to bed? [*Isbel goes out.*] I'll make down this way.

Lear. Are my Knaves all deaf? shall I be murdered here? why *Thomas*, *Andrew*—— [*To him Learcut coming up stairs he jostles Thomas and falls on his knees, frighted.*] O! here they are: Good Gentlemen, as y'are Gentlemen Do not hurt an old man!

Tho. Do you take me for a Thief, Sir? 'tis I, Sir; *Thomas*.

Lear. *Thomas*? Let me look better on thee, is not that A Dark Lanthorn in thy hand?

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

Tho. No Sir, 'tis a Pewter Candlestick.

Lear. I think it be indeed: well Sirrah you put me into A villainous cold Sweat: but sure I heard a noise.

Tho. Alas, Sir! it was nothing but a humming in your head.

Lear. I, and I heard a chink too like money.

Tho. Trust your own Eyes, if I have lost my credit with you, Look round about the House.

Lear. I like the motion well, go before me, *Thomas*. [*They go out and return again.*] The Windows and Bolts are all secure: doth no body lie under The Tables or the Stools. [*He stumbles on the Boots.*

Tho. Now all will out, I must reveal my secret.

Lear. Ha! *Thomas*, how came these here?

Tho. Since it can no longer be hidden from you, be pleased to Know, there's a Gentleman within in Bed with my young Mistress, Who will not be afraid to own 'em.

Lear. What? are you turn'd Pander? set up in my own house? Begin with my Daughter? come out thou Villain, I'll have Thee Carted.

Tho. Good words, good words, and not too loud for fear of disturbing the young Couple; if this noise should make the Gentleman miscarry, 'twould be no small grief to your Daughter.

Lear. How have I been deluded in thee! out Impudence, Avow thy roguery!

Tho. Well, Sir, not taking notice at present of an Action of Slander, but desiring you to keep those termes to your self, to be as short as you have been with me, Your travelling Son-in-Law, having followed the track of Sir *Francis Drake's* Ship, is returned hither again; and now *Ulysses* is with his *Penelope*.

Lear. Villain: I had rather she had been a Whore. *Andrew*, rise, Fetch the Constable; I'll have him to the Gaol, He comes to rob me.

Tho. Softly, softly good Master! for if he over-hear you, y'are Undone; he'll recover God knows what of you.

Lear. Hang him, beggerly Rascal! I'll have him whipt, he Has a Plot upon me; he lies with my Daughter to fill my House with Vermin to destroy my goods.

Tho. Why, Sir, do you think he'll beget Rats and Weazels? I'm of a clear contrary opinion; for I have a conceit he Will get Children in embroydered Coats. Alas, alas, Sir! he's None of the Old Master *Manley*, who courted me for the Wing Of a mangled Capon; would kiss the Leg on't as 't had been his Mistresses Hand, and stand gazing on the Carcase, admiring The fair proportion of the Body. He's now in his glass Coach lin'd through with Velvet, Attended by his Pages and Laqueys, that look Like running Rain-bows: prances

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

in State to *Fish-street*, Eats of his twenty Dishes at a Dinner, maintains a brace Or two of Wits at's Table, and——

Lear. Is't impossible!

Tho. It is most certain.

Lear. Why what Estate hath he?

Tho. A small trifle of some Hundred thousands of pounds in Money, besides a dozen Ships that have been trading for Pearl in the *Indies*, and ride now at *Gravesend*.

Lear. 'Thou do'st amaze me! how i'th' name of Goodness Did he compass it?

Tho. It was an Uncle, when he died left him all this.

Lear. Do'st thou think there's no cheat in't?

Tho. Why, Sir, he sent to me to prove his Unkles Will at the Office, I took out Letters of Administration for him.

Lear. And art thou certain he hath so many rich Ships?

Tho. Certain? Lord, Sir, you make such a question of it, why I receiv'd but to day, Letters from the Masters of'em all, And all their Bills of Lading.

Lear. How long hath he been in Town?

Tho. Not above a fortnight, Sir.

Lear. So long? and neither I, nor my Daughter know it?

Tho. For you, he took some old passages to heart, to tell you The truth, I think he was dogged.

Lear. Alas! good Gentleman! why should he be angry with me? I never hurt him, only my Daughter being a tender gristle, I was Loath he should overstrain her: but I'll make him amends for't. But hear you *Thomas*.

Tho. Yes Sir——

Lear. Bring my Sable Jerkin down with you, and call *Isbel* by Th' way, we'll congratulate the conjunction of those small *Planets*.

Thomas to bed; disturb not the Young Couple:

There let 'em lie for me, and take their ease,
Since *Manley's* Rich, he may do what he please.

Exeunt.

Enter Thomas, and Isbel in her Night-gown.

Tho. Oh *Isbel*! fie, fie; *Isbel*, fie.

Isb. O the Lord! *Thomas*, where, where is the Fire? I'll Be hang'd if it be not in our Neighbours house The Pewterer; for they are up knocking Early and late: out upon't how it stinks, my Mistress, My Mistress will be burnt in her bed.

Tho. Gad, that's unhappily said, for I'm sure there's hot Work by this time, [*Isbel offers to go.*] Stay inhumane *Isbel*, still insensible, here is the Fire; thou like a careless Maid, hast thrown The burning

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

Snuf of thy Beauty into the Chink of my Heart, there it has smother'd long: But now, like *Ætna*, it breaks out, and throws Hot Stones and melted Mettle up.

Isb. Poh! now I hate you Mr. *Thomas*, so I do; you Wak'd me out of the sweetest Dream! high ho.

Tho. Pritty unconscionable Rogue! tell me thy Dream, And I'll let thee go.

Isb. Then I'll tell't yee, to be rid of yee, methought Mr. *Thomas*, I had a grievous fit of the Mother; And they burnt Feathers and soles of old Shoes under My Nose, but still it rose and rose like to Choak me; till a brisk young Doctor came, and turn'd All out of the Room, and then—Ah! you'll laugh At me: I won't——

Tho. What? the Doctor threw thee on the Bed——

Isb. Yes.

Tho. Then got upon thee, and held thee down with All his strength.

Isb. Aye.

Tho. Then tickled thee soundly, till thou turn'st up Like a Trout in the water.

Isb. O dear! Doctor! I was never so sweetly cur'd In all my life, and he would not take a farthing Of me. I was just falling into another Fit when You woo'd me, with a mischief to you; I have forgot The Doctors name too.

Tho. Poor Mistress *Isbel*! fear not, I'll cure thee when Thou wilt; I will so tickle thee!

Isb. Ah! tickle me thereabout! any body can Tickle me thereabout. Oh the sweet Heavens! We shall be hang'd if our Mistress hear us.

Tho. Our Mistress hear us! if ten couple of Cats were Making Love at her Pillow, and all the Kings Lyons Roaring at her Beds feet, she would not hear. Her Husband, our Master is a Bed with her: I call'd thee Up to tell thee of it.

Isb. What? Our Master that has been a married Batchelor These nine years?

Tho. The same: and they are just now dancing *The beginning of the World*.

Isb. O the sweet Father! I warrant our Mistress will tell Him such Tales, and ask him forty questions.

Tho. I, and have such grievous Fits of the Mother, *Isbel*!

Isb. For the Lords sake, what kind of man is he?

Tho. A very handsome, neat, accomplish'd, gentile, Pretty man, much of my make, and something Like me; and I'll assure you, well bred; for he Swore *Damme*, and call'd me *Son of a Whore*

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

Twenty times, and then he gave me a *Guinney*: But as soon as I was out of the Room, the Bed Crack'd like a Ship breaking on the Sands, And my Mistress cry'd out like a drowning Passenger, Ah!—

Isb. Alas! poor Mistress! if he should overlay her Mr. *Thomas*!

Tho. Nay, I'm sure he had some ill design, For his Eyes roll'd, and his Colour did come And go, and he shook all over, as if he Had the Palsie.

Isb. Mr. *Thomas*, you are a Fool.

Tho. Fool! Nay, if you go to that, I hearken'd At the door, and I'll take my Oath I heard her Cry, O deer! O Sweet Husband! Ah! And then I could hear no more.

Isb. Now am I so afraid to go to bed; For I shall dream of nothing but Dying; and falling into such grievous Fits, That the very bed will tremble: O sweet Doctor!

Tho. I tell thee, I'm as good a Doctor at that As any breathing: But talk not of bed Before we have drank to their *Hans* in *Kelder*. Come, let's to the Pantery.

Isb. A match.

Tho. Let them with too much Love destroy each other:
Good Wine is better then the Fits o'th' Mother. *Exeunt.*

ACT. II.

SCEN. I. *A Bed-Chamber, Mrs. Manley running in, in Night-Cloaths, Hazzard after her.*

Mrs. Man. **A** Las! I am betray'd! 'tis not my Husband.

Hazz. How now, my Heart! what's the matter?

Mrs. Man. Now I'm confirm'd; that's not his voice.

Haz. What would'st thou have? can'st thou not speak for it?

Mrs. Man. O me unhappy! O thou slie dissembler!

Haz. Dissembler? 'tis a word I understand not:

By thy own Fair Self, not one unmeant Oath

Of my affection hath escap'd my Lips.

Fair Sweetness! what a Paradise of Beauty!

'Twas well I saw thee not e're I enjoy'd thee.

[*Aside.*

She is so lovely! I could ev'n repent

I have deceiv'd her.

Mrs. Man. Was my Chastity

So envi'd by thee, thou must rob me of it?

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

Haz. By this Light, Madam,
You are the first Wife ever complained of that fault.

Mrs. Man. With what Forehead
Darest thou call me so?

Haz. Is *Pancrass* fallen down? or the Church burnt there?
The Parson, or our Parent-Clark deceas'd?
Or are you cloy'd, and surfeited on a Husband
After so long a Fast, that you dare ask
That Question?

Mrs. Man. Impudent Ravisher! unhand me;
Thou art not he; but some false Villain
Disclos'd these secrets to thee, and betray'd me.
Let me go Monster; I will fly from thee.

[She struggles to get from him.]

Into some Desart, where the direful *Screech-Owls*—

Haz. Prithce cast off this whining foolish humor:

[Kisses her. & whispers her aside.]

Be plyable; come, come,
You'll n'ere be right till I——

Mrs. Man. 'This startles me: this private token speaks him.

Haz. That stagger'd her.

Mrs. Man. I know not what to think on't.

Those Eyes, that Hair is very——He:
But, O! that Voice, like the Devils cloven Foot
Discovers an Impostor. Hence; I loath thee.

Haz. Art thou incurable for ever?

Mrs. Man. Yes: unless thou could'st restore me my stol'n Honor.

Haz. For that Fair Sweetness sake that once dwelt in thee
I am content to please thee to my ruine.

I'll take one Journey more, whose period
Shall be my Tomb; I'll travel to my death:

For 'tis no matter now whither I wander,
Since I have lost that dwelling which I had
In thy once tender and relenting Breast.

[Weeps.]

Yet for the Love you once pretended to me,
Deny not the last Kiss to a dying Martyr.

[Kisses her.]

Farewel for ever:

The Darts of Scorn are sharper far then those
Of Anger.

[He unbuttons and shews his Breast.]

This wound thou hast given me, strikes deeper here
Then e're my Rivals Sword did.

Mrs. Man. Bless me! I am amazed!
It should be he! and yet methinks it cannot:

[Haz. offers to go out.]

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

Pray good Sir, stay, Alas! my troubled Brain's
Distracted 'twixt the Love and Doubt of you;
And by two Strengths of equal pow'r my Fears
And my Affections bend two several ways:
Trembling I stand! tortur'd between them both;
But cannot yeild to the force of either.
So willingly I pray to be deceived,
That I could wish one Sense a Traytor to me,
For all things else conspire in your reception;
But this old trusty servant, the Sense of Hearing
Evinces plainly you are not the man.

Haz. That Servant you call Trusty, is a Traytor,
Or an o're-diligent officious Servant,
Whose care creates imaginary difficulties
And dangers, where the way is safe, and easie.
Please to consult the Steward of your Soul,
And Ruler of your Senses, Your wise *Reason*.
Ask if nine Winters cold, nine Summers Heats,
And almost a continual emptiness
Can chuse but alter th' Organs of the Voice?
Oh! Madam, Madam, did you know my Story,
You'd rather wonder I can speak at all,
Then that my Tone is chang'd: if that be all
The scruple, from this hour I will be dumb;
And give no food to your distrust.

Mrs. Man. It must be he.
Sir, you may spare that Pennance; I'll delight
To hear you tell with this Voice, how your old one
Departed from you, and by frequent hearing
Forget the difference of their sounds. Believe me!
My heart shall ever be so full of joyes
For your deliverance; I will not weep
When you relate your Sorrows.

Haz. Love, I am now thy Sacrifice, on this
Thy living Altar I lay down my life.

Mrs. Man. May the same fire that burns the Victim, seize
The Altar too, since I am it.

Haz. How charming she looks now?
When she was conceiv'd, her Mother look't on Lillies.
O! I could stare for ever here! Wild Poetry!
Creatrix of Impossibilities,
Shew me but such another 'mong thy Quire
Of Goddesses and I'll forgo my Conquest.

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

Thomas and Isbel with a Caudle.

Tho. Make haste, my Young Master may chance to long for Some excuse to be call'd away from his labour.

Isb. Mistress, forsooth.

Tho. Sir here's an Attendant of yours, a wise Maid that knows the smack of her Mistresses Pallate, and gives a shrewd guess at the sharpness of yours, has brought you a Repairer of Falling Nature, and your Father-in-law is in the next Room, who Desires to be inform'd, whether your Wife have breath enough left to ask him blessing.

Haz. Prithee, bid the Wench come in, and tell my Father We'll wait upon him presently.

Tho. Will you please to come in Sir.

[Hazard and Mrs. Manley kneel.]

Lear. Good morrow, Good morrow Children, God bless you both. What? ha' you gotten me a Grand-Child to night?

Haz. If we ha' not, Sir, 'tis the fault of the Planets, and not of us, For I have plow'd and sow'd in a rich mould.

Isb. O, Forsooth Cousin, was it for this you shifted me off Last night? is your Melancholy melted away In a Feather-bed?

Mrs. Man. Prithee Couz. excuse me, I'll give thee leave To cheat me so.

Isb. Beshrew me, Forsooth; but your Husband's A Gallant Gentleman!

Mrs. Man. Sweet Heart, here's my Cosin *Isbel*.

Haz. So, So, I'm glad I know my Cousins name. [Aside.]

Mrs. Man. She is a Lady, whom without a Letter of Attorney, From you, I made your Substitute in my Bed.

Haz. Your humble Servant, sweet Cousin [*Isb. salutes him.*] I'm much oblig'd to you for the Pains you have taken on my Wife in my absence. I hope, my good Cousin, Your Father and Mother are well.

Lear. You are mistaken, Son, this is my Cousin *Edwards* daughter.

Haz. O! I cry you mercy sweet Cousin, I thought You had been my other Cousins Daughter. 'Twas well I had two Cousins. [Aside.]

Mrs. Man. *Isbel* come after me, and dress me.

[Mrs. Manley and Isbel go out.]

Lear. What a fine proper Gentleman my Son is grown? Of what a goodly Garb and Presence! truly, Son, I sent two or Three several Messengers to hearken after you.

Tho. Yes: whether he were dead or no.

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

Haz. O, thank you heartily, loving kind Father for your care,
But I never saw any of'em.

Lear. The worse luck mine; I hope you tak't not ill.

Haz. No indeed Father.

Lear. Son, here's a Toy, pray desire your wife [*Gives a Carcanet.*]
To take it in good part; she shall have more speedily When I
die.

Lear. You are too bountiful, Sir, by this Light Oriental. [*Opens
it and gives it to Thomas.*] *Tom,* Go carry this to my Wife, it is her
Fathers Blessing, tell her.

Lear. And *Thomas,* fetch up the great Plate, and Set it on the
Cupboard in the Chamber——And the Looking-Glass inlay'd with
Pearl that The Knight pawn'd, and forfeited. [*Thomas goes out.*]

Haz. The Old man will grow mad sure.

Lear. Nay, Son, now you take good Courses, my assistance Shall
not be wanting to you. [*Cries.*]

Isb. A pretty Gentleman! why was not I a dozen years elder?
'Tis a wish few women e're were known to sigh after, and yet I
grieve I am not; then it might have been my fortune to have Taken
the Love my Cousin now enjoys. I cannot now think Thy tears
were in vain. Now I'm amaz'd thou didst not Die for him. Then had
not I dispaired for him, Or been content with transitory *Thomas.*
I'll to my Cousin and forget him. [*She goes out.*]

Haz. Come Father what service will you command me?

Lear. We'll e'n down to dinner and drink healths To *Hans in
Kelder.*

Haz. Content.

Lear. Have you burnt any Juniper in the Parlour?

Tho. Yes, Sir. [*Thomas holds up the Hangings.*] Come in *Jack,*
come in.

Enter Underwit with a Cabinet and a Packet.

Haz. How now *Jack?* what hast thou brought? my Cabinet?

Underw. Yes, Sir: and here's a Packet from *Van Stoven.* Your
Factor in the *Mary.* [*Hazzard reads the Letter.*]

Lear. Some good News sure; for he is very well pleas'd at it. It
tickles him, he smiles.

Haz. How long is't since these came?

Underw. Some two hours since, Sir.

Haz. Well then, I have leisure to stay here till Evening, But then
Father, I must crave your dispensation, and my Wives Leave for
this Night, the reason you may read there, if you Vouchsafe the
favour.

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

Learcut Reads.

Honoured Sir, my Love to you remembred; I received Yours of the Fourteenth Instant, wherein you commanded me to send you the state of your Affairs. I came down this Tyde with the Mary, and in my company came the Unicorn to Gravesend; the Leopard, the Tygar, the Crane, and the John of London we expect the next Tyde. The Marriners are greedy for Money, because they have not any to see the Searchers to let their Parcels go uncustom'd; wherefore your presence, some time this Evening would be necessary: you need not bring above twelve hundred pounds Sterling with you, for I have here near three thousand Pieces of Eight in Cash aboard. I have sent you herewith the Bills of Lading of your Six Ships for fear the former I sent you by Peter Horen might miscarry. I have nothing else at present to write, but that it would please Heaven to bless you; and so I rest,

Your Trusty and Faithful Servant.

[Here's a name will make my mouth ake.]

Hercules Herman Vansloven.

Haz. Now, he's poring on the *Bills of Lading*, where there are Parcels enough to furnish the City these twenty years.

Lear. Coperas, Coperas, Coperas——

Haz. Yes: with Gall of your Worshipful Conscience, Will make fine Ink for the Devil to write withall.

Lear. Indico, Indico——Scutchionele, Ingots of Gold——

Haz. As much as you can lift; this old Coxcomb will stand Poring there till his Spectacles grow blind: I must put him out of it: *Jack*, come hither, have you Receiv'd those Bills of Exchange from *Hans*?

Underw. He has accepted them, Sir, and for your present Occasion sent you a Thousand pounds, but will not pay The rest till the Bills are due, whereof Eight days Are unexpired; so there remains upon 'em Seven thousand pounds and upwards.

Lear. More wealth yet? sure he hath got a Colledge of coining Devils at his beck: else this was impossible.

Haz. Give me the Bills. Come, Sir, will you walk down Into the Garden?

Lear. I, Son, there we'll confer.

Haz. My Heart, prithee make haste down, I am no body Without thee.

[Between the Scenes.]

Mrs. Man. I obey you instantly.

Lear. What a fortunate man am I in a Loving and Rich Son? In the afternoon we'll to Gleeck till towards evening.

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

Haz. By that time my Coach may come, if you intend to make Visits to day.

To them Thomas.

Tho. Sir, just as I was going down through the Hall, I met The noise of Fiddlers that use to play the Healths to you, who heard Of your arrival, will not be kept out with twenty Whifflers.

Haz. Bid 'em strike up hastily; but thrust out that Old Violin that uses to set mens Teeth on edge.

Tho. Shall old blind *David* with the Harp come in Sir, he playes *Sellingers Round in Sippets* the rarest——

Haz. If he do, remove the Cloaks into the Buttery, He can feel, though he cannot see.

Tho. I will Sir. [*They all go out but Thomas.*] Do you hear Porter, put out the Mandrake with the Squeaking *Christopher*: Set the blind Harper in the Corner. Now Fiddlers, scrape your Guts till your Hearts ake.

A Dance and Song concludes the Act. Mrs. Manley, Isbel, and another Maid in the Dance.

Lear. 'Tis very well: Now Son let's in to Dinner.

Haz. We wait upon you, Sir: Come my Dear Love, Though Fortune and your Father once have try'd us, Their utmost spight again shall n'ere divide us: In kind Embraces we our lives will waste, And double Joyes to come, for Sorrows past.

Exeunt Omnes.

ACT: III.

SCEN. I. *A Chamber with a Bed in it.*

Enter Hazzard, and Underwit with a Pillow under his Cloak. On a Cupboard Plate and Jewels.

Mrs. Man. SWEET Love, make as much haste home again As you can. I shall be sick till I see you again. I'm afraid almost to trust You out of my sight, your former Voyage runs so in my mind.

[*Underwit packs the Plate and Jewels into the Pillowbear.*]

Haz. I will be back again to night, if possible. Business must be look'd after Sweet-heart: Once more Farewell till to morrow. Here,

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

Sirrah, take this Gold with you. [*Gives him a Purse.*] Hast thou got all? [*Aside.*]

Underw. Not left a Silver Spoon, nor a Hook to hang A Napkin at.

Haz. Away then, make haste, and get aboard the Ship I won at *Gravesend*: she rides now by Cuckolds Haven: Stay there till I come to thee.

Underw. Why, will you not along with me? methinks It would be very convenient to fly away in that For fear of a surprise. We have got a handsom Pittance that will make us live like Princes.

Haz. 'Tis not meer Avarice incites me further; but a Design Of higher consequence.

Underw. What then, wouldst have the Wench away too?

Haz. Prithee be not scrutinous, but obedient; give out That you are bound for the *Barbados*, and let your Streamers be display'd, that I may know you.

Underw. But heark you, I must share in the Woman too, When we come to *America*.

Haz. No more words, but away, lest some of the Servants Should discover you; Sirrah *Jack*, make haste after me, I'll stay at *Limehouse* for you. [*He goes out talking aloud with Underwit.*]

The SCENE, Learcut's House.

Enter Learcut and Thomas.

Tho. Will you please to have a Fire this Evening, Sir?

Lear. Unthrifty Knavel hast thou a Plot upon my Charcoale, Thou seek'st their ruine thus?

Tho. Truly, Sir, this Weather would endure two in latter fire; And your Worship knows that is your stint. (If I do not think [*Aside.*] His body's as miserable as his Conscience, I'm no upright Foreman.) The *Thames* is frozen over above-Bridge, Sir, and Sackcloth-Towns are built upon't: 'tis such a Season, Sir, Zeal cannot warm a man: for a *Fanaticks* Teeth, as he Pass'd by just now, shattered, as if one had plaid a Tune On the Gridiron.

To them Isbel running in haste, and presently after Mrs. Manley.

Lear. How now? whither so fast? Is your Mistress In labour already?

Isb. O Lord, forsooth, Sir, my Mistress is undone.

Tho. The more shame for her Husband.

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

Mrs. Man. O Father, we are robb'd.

Lear. That very Word sticks like a cake of Ice at my heart. I dare not ask of what.

Mrs. Man. All your Plate, and the Jewels you gave me Are vanished, as if they had been Apparitions.

Tho. Why, this comes of keeping no Fire in the house, Any manner of light would have frightened a Thief.

Lear. Where was my Son?

Mrs. Man. He went out upon business as soon as e're you left him.

Lear. Ah! curse of his Journey! this is one of his tricks. I thought what a Son I had got: send a Hue and Cry after him Presently.

Mrs. Man. Pray do not wrong him: I know his Noble Mind's so truly vertuous, that should he Hear of your suspicions: he'd blush to death for shame, Not of himself, but you.

Tho. He Sir? No, Sir, y'are mistaken in Mr. *Manley*: I'm sorry You should injure so worthy a Gentleman: I warrant he Forgot to shut the door, and some body 'een slipt in And stole away all.

Lear. This was your fault too, you Baggage; would You have such a Treasure in your Chamber, and dare to sleep? You never learn't that of me, I'm sure.

To them Hazzard in a Fume.

Tho. O, here's the Gentleman himself now: you shall see What he'll say to you.

Lear. 'Tis not he sure, if he were guilty, he durst not face me gain. You Housewife, hear you: [*Aside to Mrs. Manley.*] Not a word of what I said.

Mrs. Man. Be confident, Sir, I respect both your Honours And your Safeties more high then to reveal it.

Haz. Where is this drunken Dog? with a Pox to him! must my Business be neglected for his afternoons Drinkings? Prithee Sweet forgive me, [*To Mrs. Manley.*] I did not see thee, my impatience hoodwinks me. Where is this Villain?

Mrs. Man. Whom mean you Dear?

Haz. This careless Rascal.

Lear. Whom Son?

Haz. Thus he serve me always when my occasions require Greatest haste; he must be Tipling.

Lear. Good Son, tell us whom.

Tho. He's monstrous angry!

Haz. Why, my negligent Rascal *Jack*; I hope, *Thomas*, You would not detain him.

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

Tho. By my troth, I saw him not this Evening, nor heard Of him, till when you bid him make haste after you.

Haz. Is he not in the House then? now do not I know Where to find him without a Conjurer; the Rogue Has got my money too: Thirteen hundred pound in Gold, And without that, I am——

Lear. Ha! then I smell Knavery, had he so much of yours?

Haz. He wanted not a grain of the sum.

Lear. As sure as can be, this Fellow is run away with all.

Haz. No: do not think so: alas! he was Cashier unto my Uncle:

Lear. And, methinks now to you.

Haz. I dare swear, his innocence in that point's equal With mine.

Lear. Nay, be not over confident, for we are robb'd too.

Haz. Robb'd!

Lear. Yea, verily, robb'd, all my Plate is run away, and Your Wives Jewels

Mrs. Man. It could be none but he, for I mist him presently After your departure.

Haz. Nay, then I am confuted: O! these Knaves that can be so False hearted! do they think there is no Hell, Father?

Lear. O, good Son, do not put me in mind of Hell!

Haz. But has the Rogue taken all?

Mrs. Man. All but my Wedding Ring, Love.

Haz. Nay, if that be safe, it's no matter for the rest: We have more Jewels in my Ships. Come, Sir, be not dejected, leave the melancholy; Send it after the Thief, let it pursue his Conscience Like a Hue and Cry: but what an affront 'twill be unto My Credit, To have it said for a slight thousand pounds, *Manley* was fain to beg help of a Broker. O! I'm transported!

Mrs. Man. Dear Sir, be calmer, that may be soon repaired.

Haz. O! never! never!

Mrs. Man. Sweet Love, command your temper.

Haz. Shall my Factors send double Letters for so small a trifle?

Mrs. Man. He marks me not; good Father, do you speak To him: his duty will not let him use you so.

Lear. What ails you Son? can you be patient at a certain Loss? and care to think you must do that which Knights And Lords do, borrow: I, and glad too if they can have credit. You shall not stray for such a Sum; I'll be your Scriv'ner And your Usurer.

Mrs. Man. O my dear Father!

Lear. *Thomas*, go; go fetch a Thousand pounds from My house.

[*Thomas goes out.*]

Haz. How shall I defer this? for ought you know Sir, he's One whose tongue is taught to speak lyes to Gull you: this is too great a

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

Trust to repose in any one person. Oblige me but with your company, down stairs, and There I'll give you Security for't, I'll not finger one penny else.

Lear. Well; I will not force you to do this; but yet You may, Son, for mortality sake; for I protest, the Reason I go with you, is not for Jealousie of you, But to bear you company.

[*Thomas returns with a Bag.*]

Tho. Here 'tis in Gold, Sir.

Lear. Come will you walk Son, we'll take a Sculler at the Next stairs. [He goes out.]

Haz. I'll wait on you; my Dear, once more Farewel
This night will be the longest of our stay. *Thomas*, get you gone to Justice *Fowler* for a Warrant, And lay after my Renegado.

[*Mrs. Manley goes out.*]

Tho. I will Sir. If I catch him, I'll make his piss Vinegar for Stealing the Silver Chamber-pot. Ah, Rogue! no mercy of A Young Gentlewoman. [He goes out.]

Haz. Now, after my new Father-in-law—His Covetousness to have Security for his Thousand pounds, Has made him willing to go with me to my Ship; Where I will first clap him under Hatches, and then Return and plunder him to a Joyn'd-stool. It is decreed; Nor shall thy Fate, Old Man, resist my Vows. *Exit Hazzard.*

SCENE *Learcuts House.*

Enter Hazzard wet, Mrs. Manley runs to embrace him.

Mrs. Man. Dear Sir, Welcome, you have almost Outgone my wishes. Where's my Father! Ha! he weeps; nay, then [He weeps.] My heart misgives me.

Haz. Oh! My eyes will better relate the Story then my Tongue, which newly scap't the danger, trembles with fear, And hardly yet can stammer my misfortunes.

Mrs. Manley. Sir, the certainty of your safety will Keep me alive whatever you relate.

✓ *Haz.* Alas! the Story's short: Your Father's dead; He would needs take water in a Sculler; And to save part of the Charges, going to row, overturned the Boat upon a Buoy: he had a thousand *Guineys* in his pocket, which were too powerful for his Age, so his money weigh'd him down, and Heaven knows whither it has carried him. You may well think I did what I was able to have saved him; but it

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

was his destiny! Yet he had the comfort, which no other Usurrer ever had, to have his Gold go with him.

Mrs. Man. Miserable woman! my sorrows never end!
But as some pass by, others succeed,

More bitter then the former. [*She goes out with Isabel.*]

Isb. Beshrew his Heart for't! For, trust me, Sir, you discourse finely; methinks I Shall desire to hear you often, you have In a short time altered me much. [*She goes out.*]

Haz. Peace dwell in your soft breast! Io! She's mine.

Enter Thomas, Crying.

Haz. Now what would this whining fellow have? How now, *Thomas*, you hear the sad News *Thomas*?

Thomas. Yes Sir, I heard it to my grief, for having to no purpose search'd all day after your Man, I went in a Melancholly humour to the labour in vain, and condoling your Worships misfortune over two pots of Ale, a dismal voice Croaked out, my Masters death. Oh, Oh, Oh!

Haz. Alas poor *Thomas*, we must all die!

Tho. I have heard a great many say so, but they were all Parsons, Sir, Yet now me thinks I believe it too: And Die of such a death, Sir, and in such a place, where he shall never be at rest, but ro wlp and down with the Tide, till one ravenous Fish make a Leg of him travel on an errand to *Bermudos*, another lead him by one Arm to *China*, Oh it is lamentable, and makes me continually cry and howl.

Haz. Troth, *Thomas* I pittty thee, thou drivest notably, Why dost not get thee a bib?

Thom. I have bespoke one, Sir, and a dozen of Muckanders.

Haz. Look who knocks at door.

Tho. I Sir, who's there?

Underwit. Is Mrs *Manly* within?

Thom. Yes, Sir, please to come in.

[*To them Underwit disguised.*]

Underw. Save you, Sir, is your name Mr. *Manly*?

Haz. Yes, Sir, to serve you.

Underw. I'm glad to see you safe, Sir, but the Corps of the old man you left behind you was taken up at the Isle of Doggs, his body lay o' th' shore as I passed by there. I was inform'd he was your Father in Law.

Haz. He was Sir.

Underw. Understanding his Relation to a Gentleman of your Nobleness, my Piety commanded me to cloath him in a wooden Suit, and bring him hither to you.

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

Tho, I will go kiss him all over e're he's buried.

Underw. Spare your pains, Sir, 'twill be unnecessary, for the Coffin is nail'd up, and hoop'd with Iron.

Haz. You have shewed much Humanity in this Action. Sir, I beseech you, do not rob us of your company, till you have Finish'd that civility you have begun, leave him not now, till you have left him in the Earth. Take Order for his Funeral this Night, we must You know to save Tavern Charges; invite all the Neighbours, and make hast with him to perform the Will of the Dead, which was ever all's Acquaintance to assist our mourning; will you please to follow?

Underw. I wait on you.

[*Haz*. and *Underw*. go out.]

Thom. Doleful imployment!

How will I gnaw the sweet-meats in my fury!

Out eat a Justice, and out drink a Jury.

[*Exeunt*.]

ACT. IV.

SCEN. I. *Mr. Manley newly Landed.*

WHat a Megrim I have in my head! The world is very merry, as I passed along the Trees and Hills danced Trenchmore. Catch me at Sea again, and divide me among the Mackrel, hang me, if the tempest be not yet in my brains, well I'm glad I'm at my Journeys end. I hope *Hazard* hath thriven well, I was impatient to know it, and that made me hasten speedily after him; here's the Cloyster where my Wife's mew'd up, and that the door where those lights are! what's the matter tro? Those Torches speak a Funeral, pray heaven she be safe.

A Drawer passes over the Stage with *Pottle Pots*.

I'll ask, it is less difficult to bear a danger, then 'tis to instruct it; come hither boy, whose buried from that House?

Drawer. 'Tis Mr. *Learcut* Sir.

Mr. Manly. Ha, boy! prethee speak that again.

Drawer. 'Tis Mr. *Learcut*.

Mr. Man. There's a Crown for thy News boy. [*Gives money*.]

Draw. Thank you, Sir, would you please to know any thing else I can tell you?

Mr. Man. Yes prethee, how, and when died he?

Dra. He was Drown'd yesterday.

Mr. Man. I'm sorry—'twas no sooner. [*Aside*.] How hath he disposed of his Estate?

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

Dra. Troth Sir, I know not but I heard my Master say, his Daughter was to have all.

Mr. Man. There's an Angel boy. [Gives money.]

Dra. Sure the Gentleman's distracted. [Aside.]

Mr. Man. Sirra, I'll set thee up, Rogue, thou shalt be free of *Guild-Hall*. I'll change thy Apron into a Gold-Chain; thou shalt talk to Gentlemen with thy Hatt on, come tell more good news, how does his Daughter resent it.

Drawer. What's that Sir.

Mr. Manly. How doth she bare it Knave?

Draw. Very sadly, 'tis said Sir, and the servants of the house say she would do much worse, but that she is cheer'd up by her Husband.

Mr. Man. Ha Boy!

Dra. By her Husband Sir, that came very rich from beyond Sea lately.

Mr. Man. Give me my money again boy.

Draw. Excuse me for that Sir, my Father was a Gentlemans Falconer, and he told me the first Principle of Hawking was Hold-fast, if you are upon that lock, Farwell Sir.

[He offers to run away. Mr. Manly catches him.]

Mr. Man. Nay, friend, I shall take advice from your Father too, for holding fast, and keep you here a little longer.

Draw. O Lord Sir, for heavens sake, my Master will hang me for staying.

Mr. Man. And I'll cut your throat, if you offer to stir; this shakes me, if *Hazard* have served me an old trick of Trustees, and entr'd my Freehold for his own use. I'm rarely serv'd—yet if he would have don't, I have such high proofs of her Loyalty I know't impossible! Yet woman though she be a fine thing must be charily kept from touching, or she will crack like a *China* dish, with a little blow. It may be he hath assur'd her of my death, and so hath wrought her well, be what will, I am resolv'd I'll not appear till the solemnity be over, come Sirrah, get me a room where I may see the Funeral march by, here's t'other Crown for you.

Draw. I Sir, with all my heart, but beg pardon of my Master for me, hee'll rant like a Corporal. [They go out.]

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

SCEN. II. *In Learcut's-House.*

Andrew and George.

Andr. **M**ake hast up to *Isbel* quickly, there's an old toothless Lady that feels the *Burnt-Wine* needs no chewing, has mumbled the *Silver Flaggon* full, and calls for more still.

Georg. And there's the *Seamans* wife, that sits next to her has wept out the bowl twice fill'd in telling a mournful story, how her first Husband was wrackt 'oth' sands for want of water.

Andr. A curse on her old dun Chapps! where the Devil does she find Stowage for all she swallows?

Geo. Marry, hang her! shee's Hogs-head risen in the Waste. These women of a Dutch built are all Hold, within two inches of their Port-holes, both a low and abaft. *(He goes out.)*

Andr. Nurse, here's no body here but I now.

Nurse Reaches a gallon pot from behind the Scenes, and sayes within.

Nurse within, Here *Andrew* quickly clap this under the Stairs, and let my Son carry't home when he comes.

Andr. I warrant you, by this light, 'tis as hot as a smoothing Iron, now fill me mine speedily that I may be Jogging.

To him Dick.

Dick. Fly, fly *Andrew*, they are ready to Choak for want of you, in the back Chamber there's the Grocers daughter stands licking her lipps at the empty Goblet, like a Horse founder'd upon all four, and rocks her self from one Legg to tother.

Andr. I'm there already. *[He's going out with his Pott.]*

To him George.

Geo. More Wine for the Lords sake, there's a Feltmakers Wife within, come out of *Southwark*, that inveighs against intemperance, she has sipt off my Lading in her declamation, and is now fallen into a new discourse over *Andrews*. I'll say this for her, she keeps close to her Text still. Dispatch me, Nurse this Pot will hold'em some play. *[Goes out with the Pot.]*

To him Andrew.

Andr. The Women are all serv'd, *George* into the Chamber where the Corps are, the Gentlemen will be soon run over, for they are most of'em Sack drinkers, but have a care of the Constable, and be sure you fill him a brimmer, or hee'll call twice.

Geo. The best way to please him, is to set the Pot to his Nose, *[Goes out laden.]*

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

Andr. Prethee Nurse, quench me with a bowl of the sweetest. I am so dry, I shall take fire else. [*She reaches out a Bowl from behind, and he Drinks.*] Truly these burials are very comfortable things, they are tricks to make men do good works after their death, here Nurse, give me my charge now a bigger bowl for the Servingmen as you love me, they have breath that will suck like whirl-pools.

As he goes off, enter Hazard and a Footboy at the other door.

SCEN. III. *Learcus House.*

Haz. Art thou sure 'twas he?

Foot. **A** Am I sure you are not he? He was in the very Cloaths you gave him first, leaning out of the Tavern window one pair of Stairs high towards the Street with a Tobacco-pipe in his mouth.

Haz. Take that for thy discovery. [*Gives money.*]—I'll make thee more famous then *Columbus*, boy Call *Underwit* hither to me. [*The Footboy goes out.*] Is the Gentleman so hasty? Is he jealous? 'Twas an oversight in me to leave money with him. Had I only taken order for his Diet he might have stay'd there yet, and not like an unmannerly Cuckold have interrupted me in my banquet on his Spouse. Wit repair this Errour, or thou shalt for ever do pennance in dirty sheets, and wast thy Treasury in writing speeches for the City Pageants (He studies) it must be so, there is no remedy.

To him Underwit.

O Underwit, welcome, I want thy help indeed now.

Und. Why, what new accident?

Haz. *Manly's* come over.

Und. How!

Haz. Nay, I know not how; whether in an Egg-shell, or a Man of War.

Und. How came the Intelligence?

Haz. My boy going out for Torches saw him in the Tavern Window.

Und. All's spoil'd then, if we love our selves, let's sneak out at the back-door, with what we can take up privately, unto our Ship, and set sail.

Haz. Whence this fear? Art thou turn'd Coward lately?

Und. Faith, I thought I was valiant once, but then I was sthoned, I believe I could yet make a shift to fight, but to be wafted up to Tyburn in a Land Sculler, attended with a Train of Halberdiers, Truant-prentices, seems to mee much unlike a gentleman.

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

Haz. Come, be resolute, and dare thy fate. I'll teach thee how to ward this blow, be thou but bold.

Und. You know though I am no Master Architect of high design. I'm an indifferent subordinate workman, and can obey directions.

Haz. Then thus, (They whisper) how lik'st thou this? Let me hugg thee!

Und. Hast thou never a little *Cadua* that follows thee! Nothing less then a Devil could teach thee this.

Haz. Commit not Sacrilege to Mercury; Nor rob him of his honour, he's the God of Coyners boy, and Sublimates a wit. He flies into my fancy when I'm mov'd there. Away, about it quickly.

[*They go out severally.*]

SCEN. IV. *The Street.*

Mr. Manly. **W**Hat a deal ado is here about a Fellow rais'd from a Whole-sale Cheese-monger to be a Merchant, and Match into a Noble Family! What a Melody the Peckled boys of Christ-Church made! A Herald Usher'd the Hearse forsooth, and after that a mourning Serving-man with a Crest. *Thomas* succeeded him with a Helmet instead of a Butter Firkin, next marcht his Hearse beset with Funeral Scutcheons (Azure on a Fez Argent, three Tortoises, in chief as many Plates, which are by interpretation, three Holland-Cheeses on a Stall, and the Suffolk on a Shelf) in the rear of this came my Spouse, supported by my Benefactor, with a Pox to him, and after him the whole crew of *Billingsgate* and *Wapping*.

To him Haz. leading Mrs. Manly in mourning and Isabel.

Oh, here they are returning, now I will salute 'em.

Haz. Dear fair one, stop those flood-gates; you o're flow, Your health as well as beauty.

Isb. Sweet forsooth Cozen, be your self again.

To grieve that is to Capitulate with heaven.

Or repine at it, did you indent with Providence.

His Life should out last yours, thank Heaven for lending it so long; grudge not to part with what's not yours when the Owner calls for't, as the Parson sweetly told us.

Manly. By your Leave Gallants.

Mrs. Man. Sure I should know that Voice.

[*Lifts up her vail and sinks.*]

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Man. Do you know me Madam: Sure you are not so over-grown in Tears, but your Eye may discern whether you know me then:

Haz. I'll satisfie you briefly. Sir, I ne're till now beheld you.

Man. No Sir, I am her Husband.

Haz. If any former Contract do Intitle you to make a claim, do it by Law, Our Marriage cancels it, let the Church decide the Controversie.

Isbel. Sir, forbear you are uncivil, if you have ought to say, Do it by your Proctor.

Man. Do you think I'll be talk'd out of my wife?

Haz. Your Wife.

Man. I my Wife ravished by thee.

Haz. Call for a Beadle hear to conduct this Madman to *Bedlam*.

Man. Do, and bid him bring a whip with him, why thou base Impostor with what forehead darest thou deny these evident truths: canst thou deny thy promise made to me for my re-establishment in my Estate, and now instead of that, ransak'st my rich Treasure, thou perjur'd Trayterous Villain.

Haz. These fowl words I know not how to answer.

Man. I believe thee.

Haz. In terms as scurrillous, but the Laws shall revenge my silence, i'll provide you a Desk with a window to peep out at, where exalted above the Vulgar, you may declame to the Admiring Porters.

Man. 'Tis a place i'll not dis-sease you of, y'are heir apparent to the Pillow; and in great probability to inherit a more lofty tenement near *Paddington*.

Haz. You look as you would take a room there.

Man. Counterfitting my person makes it yours by the Statute, Did you supply my wants to begger me, your Charity was a Plot I see.

Haz. What means that *Orlando furioso*, is the Moon at full that he raves thus? Your name is *Tom*.

Man. Is it so, and you would make it Fool: but e're we part you'll find I've wit enough to prove you a Knave; you are Mr. *Manly* I hear Sir, whose rich Uncle died lately, and left you an Armado of rich *Indian Ships*.

Haz. The very same Sir, would you serve him; bring a Certificate that you'll bid none but your self: and that you can keep Close—— at Dinner time, and I may be wrought to bestow a pide Coat upon you.

Man. It would be better Husbandry to provide your self with a Clean Night-Cap, that go out like——

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

To them Thomas.

Tho. Will sorrow be buried with him: Now must I wriggle my self into my young Mistrisses favour; bless me Sir, you have chang'd Clothes very speedily!

Man. O here's one will dash thee, Know'st thou me *Thomas.*

Tho. Know you, Sir, 'tis not so long since I saw you, that I should forget you, d'you think I do not know you because your habits alter'd.

Mr. Man. Now, Sir, are you meditating an escape?

[To Haz. amazed.]

Tho. O Sir, I cry you mercy, I took you for Mr. *Man.* *[To Man.]* But I see I'm mistaken. *[runs to Hazard.]* I have bin with the Ringers, Sir, They are strong Knaves and have pull'd out a piece from me.

Haz. Now, Sir, are you in contemplation which is the nearest way to Bridewell.

[To Mr. Manly directed.]

Tho. Heres an impudent Fellow would perswade me I am not my self.

Mr. Manly. Is he of the Conspiracy too? Sirrah, dare you deny that I am her husband?

[Takes Tho. Violently by an Arm.]

Haz. Dar'st thou deny she is my Wife.

[Takes him as eagerly by the other.]

Tho. No, Truly gentlemen not I. But I am sure this is Mr. *Manly*, *[Points to Hazard.]* For I saw him in Bed with his Wife this morning, and help't to dress him in these very Cloathes, and indeed la, I think you are he too, *[to Manly.]*

Isb. Are you not well. She faints again, I'll cut her Lace, run up to the Cabinet, and fetch some Spirits somebody?

Tho. I saw a Goldsmiths boy slit a shilling once, and the Stamp was vissible on both parts: Hath no body serv'd you so Sir?

[To Hazard.]

Haz. Why Reason we with one that wants it thus, in the mean time neglecting her; forgive me Sweetest, *[Runs to Mrs. Man.]* come help here, *Thomas*, her eyes open.

Mrs. Manly. Oh!

Haz. Bow her this way.

Mrs. Manly. Prithce, let me prop my self with thy neck, O Villain thou hast ruin'd me——

[To Haz. in his care.]

And on my Name stuck an eternal infamy.

Haz. I, dear Love, thou shalt have any thing, give her more strong-waters, drink till th'rt——

Mrs. Manly. Drunk, and then I may be impudent! O whither shall I turn me?

[Aside.]

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If I am Just, I blast my fame for ever!

If I conserve my fame, my Faith's abandon'd.

To be a Loyal Wife I must proclaim my self

[*She weeps.*]

A Strumpet.

Haz. As I live, she begins to waver, do you hear

[*Whispers to Mrs. Man.*]

Renounce him stiffly, or you know with what Tittle

The Town will qualifie you.

Mrs. Man. It must be so. I must abominate a real Vertue,

That unto Vulgar eyes I seem unspotted.

Isb. Still weeping forsooth Cozen?

Mrs. Man. Pray rescue me from the impertinencies

Of that babbling brawling Fellow yonder.

Isb. Wee'l into your Chamber, there repose upon the Couch.

Mrs. Manly, Isb. go out.

Mr. Man. Such strange impudence I never heard of.

Haz. Will you vanish Sir? Do not disturb the quiet of this dwelling with your unmanner'd railings, had you come in a fair civil way you had bin welcome, and might have bin drinking with the Servingmen.

Tho. Friend, pray be moderate, if all this stir be for a Cup of burnt Wine, go home and fetch your Dish, and the Porter shall bring it out to you.

Mr. Man. Is't not enough to be gull'd, but I must be jeer'd too?

[*Draws.*]

As he is Drawing comes *Underwit* and *Snippe*,
With three Watchmen.

Und. That's he with the drawn Sword.

Snip. Come neighbours, let us steal behind him softly, softly.

Mr. Man. How now, what mean you?

[*Snip and his Watch seize on Mr. Man.*]

Snip. What! does he resist? Take away his Sword and knock him down Neighbours for a sawcy fellow! Not obey Officers?

Mr. Man. Wherefore do you pinnion me? I am no condemn'd Rogue.

Snip. No, not yet, but you may be in good time, let's away with these Pick-pocket Thieves, neither I, nor my Subjects can sleep on the stalls a night quietly for 'em.

1 *Wat.* I do not think but this is he that stole away my Lanthorn, I dreamt of him presently after.

2 *Wat.* I, and I warrant you, he had my Bill too. Sirrah confess.

Mr. Man: Is all the City Mad?

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3 *Wat.* No Neighbour, I see he has no grace in him; he will not confess.

Mr. Man. Let me but know my crime, and I'll obey your Wooden Power.

1 *Wat.* How now, Malepert Rascal! Talk to *Mr. Constable*, Kemb his Head with a Halbert.

Snip. No, Neighbour, patience, I will give him leave to speak; he has but a short time, his breath will be stopt suddenly, alas friend 'tis no great fault y'are accus'd of; 'tis only flat Felony, taking a purss upon *Shooters-hill*; that's all.

Mr. Man. Who I? Let me see my accuser, I know he'll acquit me.

Haz. Oh, are you one of that Fraternity! he came hither, *Thomas*, upon some design, is the Plate safe?

Tho. There was a silver spoon missing Yesterday, it may be he has it.

Mr. Manly. Let me but view the party robb'd.

Snip. There he is, Sir, [Points to Underwit.

Mr. Man. Oh! are you the man? then I smell whence this wind blows, you are that Cheaters Complice, when you robb'd Sir.

Und. Is Yesterday seven-night, so long ago you have forgotten it.

Mr. Man. What did I spoil you of? your vertues? or one bale of high men, and another of low? Forty copper Rings, and one gold one to put of the rest off?

Und. Yes, those very things, besides twelve pounds in silver. How readily he can tell the number! Gentlemen, remember he has confest the gold ring.

Sn. & Wa. I, I, I wee'll bear witness, come, hale him away.

Mr. Man. By heaven I'm abus'd! I came but this night from Sea.

Und. Oh, Sir; These excuses will not serve.

Mr. Man. Take but that Fellow along with me in the mourning Cloak, he's the arrant'st Cheat——

Snip. How now, Sawcebox! what! abuse *Mr. Manly*? away, away with him, he's an arrant Knave I warrant you.

[All goe out but *Haz.* and *Tho.*

Haz. Did you ever see such an impudent Rogue, *Thomas*?

Tho. Never since I was born Sir, but me thinks he's very like you good Sir, let me bite a mark about your face, that I may know you.

[*Thom.* goes out.

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SCEN. V. *A Chamber.*

Mrs. Manley alone.

TO what a Precipice do you hurry me,
My wicked thoughts! O whether am I reeling!
Why did I not acknowledge my delusion?
Then I had yet been white in my own innocence:
Whereas this rash black act of my denying him,
Stains me all over with incontinence.)
(Now I perceive sins do not walk alone;
But have long trains, endless concomitants,
Who acts but one will soon commit a Million. [Enter Hazard.
He comes again, this ravisher of my honour,
And yet; I know not why, I cannot hate him!
Would he could put on some less pleasing form;
I am not safe in this——But I must Muster
All I have left of vertue to resist him.

Haz. Peace to your fair thoughts, sweet Lady.

Mrs. Man. It must come then, by some other Messenger.
Thou art the Screech-owl to, the bird of night
That bod'st nought but ill: Why do'st thou follow me!

Haz. Why do you fly me!

Mrs. Man. Because thou Breath'st infection on me: thou art
A Pestilence (or should'st be!) to my Nature.

Haz. If I'm infectious, 'tis alone with Love;
And then no wonder, if like those who bear
Contagion about 'em, I desire
To infect you with the same Disease!

Mrs. Man. I bear thy spots already in my Fame:
And they are Mortal to it.

Haz. They are not visible:
And so long, all conclude you may be cur'd
I can bring Cordials to restore your honour,
But you shun your Physitian.

Mrs. Man. No, my Condition's desperate; 'tis past help.
I am undone for ever.

Haz. How many Women whose names stand white in the
Records of Fame, have acted willingly what you were wrought by
fraud to suffer; only they keep it from the publique knowledge, and
therefore they are innocent. How many Fair ones, were this your
story acted in a Play, would come to see it sitting by their Hus-
bands, and secretly accuse themselves of more. So full of spots and

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brakes is humane life, but only we see all things by false lights, which hide defects, and gloss 'ore what's amiss. —Grant me your Love once more, and I will yet restore your Honour: You shall appear as vertuous and innocent, as you are fair and charming.

Mrs. Man. How dar'st thou move so impudent a Suit,
Or hope the least success in't! Can I think
Of all Mankind thou canst restore my Honour;
Thou Thief, thou Murtherer, thou destroyer of it.

Haz. I grant I am a Thief, and who so proper
To give Wealth, as he who robb'd you of it?
But I have not destroy'd it: 'tis yet safe,
And does not that deserve some recompence.
Love me, and let me get a new possession
From knowledge of that good your Error gave me,
And you shall see what——

Mrs. M. Never, name it no more; no prayers shall ever win me.
No Sophistry seduce, or Tortures force me.
To one dishonest act, now known dishonest!

Haz. What contrary effects enjoyment causes!
In you a loathing, and in me a love!
The sence of such a blessing once possest,
Makes me long after what before I priz'd not!
And sure that needs must be the truest passion,
Which from possession grows; for then we know
Why 'tis, and what we love: all love before,
Is but a guess of an uncertain good,
Which often, when enjoy'd we find not so.

Mrs. Man. Why am I forc'd to tell you that I love you!
I do, and blush to say it; but my guilt
Shall reach no farther than my self; expect
No fruit from my Confession, no new yielding.
Yet love me still—for that I may permit you;
Think of no other woman for my sake,
And I'll forgive you what is past: and sometimes
More then I should remember you!

Haz. And is this all that I must ever hope?

Mrs. Manley. This is too much!
Have pity on me, and demand no more:
Leave me some Love for him who should have all:
And, if you have so much of honour in you,
Invent some means to piece my shatter'd Fame.

Haz. Madam, I will not shame your Charity:
You have forgiven me, and I'll deserve it:

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I'll give you from my self; though I can ne're
Forget you have been mine: You have left in me
An hatred to all woman kind besides,
And more undone me in this short visionary joy
Of once possessing, then I e're could you.

Mrs. Man. Then Farewell

Farewel the mutual ruine of each other:
Farwel a dream of Heaven; how am I tost
Betwixt my duty and my strong desires!
Dash't like a ship, upon an unseen Rock;
And when my care can hardly get me off:
Yet I am ready to repeat my crime;
And scarce forbear to strike a second time. [Exeunt severally.

Enter Isbel.

Haz. How now, what News from *Tripoly*?

Isb. O Lord, Sir, 'tis no jesting matter, my Mistress is in the strangest taking, she fomes as if she had the falling sickness, Curses like a Carman stopt going up *Ludgate-Hill*, and has whetted the point of her Steel bodkin, as if she had a plot on us, she has askt twice or thrice for a Knife.

Haz. Never fear her, I warrant you, she that will ask for a weapon is not desperate; get you gone in to her, and twattle her out of the sullens if you can; if not, I'll not long be absent. [Isb. goes out.

To him Underwit.

Underw. I have done the business, the Justice was as stately as a drunken Constable at midnight, till his Clark whisper'd him in the Ear what I had brought him, and told him of your promise of a Turkey Pye at *Easter*, then the weight of that made him lean to my party, and now he has committed him to Newgate.

Haz. *Thomas* (*Thom.* within) Sir? (*Hazard*) away to the Jaylour, grease him in the Fist, desire him to be the new Prisoners Sempster, and bestow Cuffs on him.

Underwit, a Word. We must break up house-keeping presently, and away; for this Woman's plaguy peevish, and will discover all: go abroad quickly, wee'l to Sea to Night, though I am monstrous loth to leave Her.

Underw. 'Tis impossible, for I spi'd one of the Sailours in a Strong-Water Shop, who tells me another Ship fell fowl of ours, and has broke her Stern and Galleries.

Haz. Then we are lost!

Underw. No, not so; I'll help you out, so that we may scape

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gainers, though not so great ones as we aimed to be. I thought on my expedient in my return from the Justices, and least my memory might fail me, writ it down: There 'tis, (gives him a Paper) you know *Manly's* credulous enough to believe a formal story, And while you prepare the woman; if I work not his dull clay brain to any thing, I am no Master Potter.

Haz. I like the design, let us about it presently; and with the Morning-Tide, down to the Ship. *[They go out.]*

SCEN. VI. *The Street.*

Snipp and three *Watchmen*.

Snip. Neighbours, I am a Searcher by my Place, and a Constable by my Office; you are my Trusty boys, that Watch my Candle, and take a care that I do not sleep in the dark. I am not ignorant of your abilities, for every night I'm on the Watch, you overcome eighteen penny-worth of my Ale apiece, besides what Thieves allow that they may steal by us, and our extortions from wandring Wastcoateers, with all which you are yet able to reel home in the mornings, which shews, you have not only able Legs (and those I have seen you use very nimbly when you have been assaulted by drunken Gentlemen) but strong Brains, wherefore Neighbours I ask your advice concerning this Warrant.

1 Pray Mr. Constable, whose Warrant is it.

[Snip. pulls out a Warrant.]

Snip. By' Lady, that's a hard question, for a Justice of Peace with the help of his Clark made it, my Gossip *Turnup* paid for it, and she delivered it to me.

1 I but I mean Mr. Constable, from what Justice came it?

Snip. Why it came from Justice *Shipwrack*, a very able man: I know not what rent he sits at, but that he paid a good fine for his place, it cost him a brace of hundreds to be put into Commission—but to the business—my Gossip that gave it me, told me it was a Warrant; but we Magistrates must not trust too much to Information. I cannot read it Neighbour, pray do you.

2 Truly, 'tis a very pretty thing, how evenly 'tis cut!

3 Hold up t'other end Neighbour.

2 Why, will you teach me to read?

3 No truly, I will not teach you to do that I cannot do my self; but I know you hold it as if you were about to shew tricks with the

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heels upwards. Well, this is from the purpose how do you like the Warrant?

2 Very handsomely indeed, Mr. Constable, these dainty fair black stroaks look very prettily upon the white Paper.

3 Lord! To see what some men can do! How many scratches go to the making of a Warrant!

Snip. Well, but what are the Contents?

2 Nay, there I leave you. I should have learn'd to write and read too, had not all my time been taken up in running of Errands.

3 Give it my neighbour here, he was Clerk of a Parish once, and might have been still, had he not frightened the Patron out of his sleep with Tuning a Psalm. He has his Written-Hand at his Fingers ends.

1 I Neighbour, I can spy the business through these thick Spectacles. These are——

[*He reads.*]

Snip. What are they Neighbour?

4 A Warrant I'll lay my life on't.

1 Patience, good Mr. Constable to will and Command you——

Snip. I and you too, Neighbours, I'll not go else, do you think I'm mad, to be duckt alone?

Snip. Well, one.

1 And Command you to——

Snip. Nay, by'r Lady, all four or none I say again.

1 Observe Mr. Constable——To make strict Search——

Snip. I promise you I'll be strict enough.

1 And Enquire——

Snip. Wee'll enquire into every Hogshead in the Ship. No Vessel shall scape unsearcht, even to the very *Aqua Vitæ* Bottle.

1 In all suspicious places——

Snip. Hold, Neighbour, here is a very suspicious house hard by old Mrs. what do you call's, that whiffes whole pots of Ale off, and cries Dam me you whore, pledge the Gentleman——*Super naculum*, or I'll fling the remainder on your Satin-gown. She's a good one I warrant her, had not we best look there?

1 Indeed Mr. Constable, she's a vertuous Matron, pays Church duties justly though she make no use of it, and does a great many Charitable deeds in the Parish, she took a likeing to my daughter, because she was somewhat handsome, and keeps her I warrant you, in good silk gowns by'r Lady all the Term time.

Snip. Read on then.

1 Namely in the Ship called the *William*.

Snip. Mark that Neighbour.

2 Yes my namesake.

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1 Riding about *Cuckholds Haven*.

Snip. Remember that Neighbour, that we do not forget whither we are to go.

3 Ne'er doubt it, I call to mind a very good token, a Shipwright got my eldest boy there in a Lanthorn of the great Ship.

1 For the Child of Widdow *Turnup*——O Young Rogue! steal already.

Snip. No, Neighbour, you misconceive that Child, for he is stol'n poor fool, some Knave or other has ticed him away with a baked Pair, and my Gossip hear's this Ship is bound for the *Bermudos*, and suspects he may be spirited into it, truly Neighbours consider soberly, and 'tis a very hard case, when we cannot get Children our selves, but are forc't to allow wages to Seamen, and labouring younger brothers to do it for us, and as soon as ever we have 'em they must be stollen, there's all our charges meerly throne away.

2 Does any body steal Children?

Snip. Yes, familiarly when they have poor folks bratts, the Church-wardens wink at such small faults; nay, and some think (under the Rose neighbours) 'tis done by their own Journeymen.

2 I would fain be acquainted with these Child-stealers. I have a Litter of my little Urchins at home, I'll shew 'em how they shall steal them every one, and their mother too if they please, but then they must come in armour, for she's a plaguy Jade, and will kick woundily.

Snip. On, On.

1 All persons whom you shall instruct, to bring before me, require in all persons to be aiding and assisting unto you——

Snip. That's some comfort yet.

1 Fail not at the Execution hereof——

3 Execution! What? have we more power to hang, draw, and quarter with 'em, but we cannot hang 'em, read that over again Neighbour.

1 Fail not the execution hereof on your peril.

Snip. I, There's the sting in the Tail of all Warrants, we must execute other mens wills on our own perils, while they snort in security.

2 By the Mass, this is a dangerous business indeed! these Mariners are boistrous Knaves.

Snip. We must even through stich with it. I have made my Will, and took my leave of my Wife and Children; let's run to the Ale-house and say prayers over a double pot, and then we may venture the more boldly by the time, Tide will serve.

3 Yes, Mr. Constable, but pray let's make all the haste you can,

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for you know the Warrant saies the Ship is now riding about *Cuck-holds-Haven*; but if it rides but a Trot or a hand gallop, it may be twice as far off e're morning.

Snip. Do not be afraid of that Neighbour, for while it turns round about it, it ever now and then comes into the same place again; and there certainly we shall find it, for it dares not disobey our Warrant.

ACT: V.

SCEN. I. *A Ship or Gunroom.*

Learcut, and the *Boatswain*, Duke *Watson*.

Learcut. I'll give thee a Tenement of four pound, *per annum* and let me go to Land again.

Boat. I'd rather lie i' th' Bilbows, then in such a Hovel; it cannot be so convenient as a Hammaque.

Learcut. I'll give thee Cheese to Victual thy whole Family for a Twelve-moneth, though every soul were Welch. A whole Tun of Butter to mollifie thy stony Bisket, and twenty new stamp't spankers tied up i' th' corner of a Handkerchief.

Boat. Your Cheese is mouldy, and your Butter fusty, your old Shop-keepers stick friend.

Lear. What temper is this fellow made on! [*Aside*.] This would have wrought me t'have sold my Father to the *Turks* I must bid higher yet, I'll give thy Wife a water'd Chamlet Petticoat, Lac'd with embroider'd Sattin; a Gold wedding Ring for every Finger, no body shall take for less then a Midwife, she shall have a rough Demicaster with a Sugar-loaf crown; Coifs and Cross-cloaths numberless, a Silver Bodkin to rectifie her stairing hairs; new Neats-leather Shooes that creak, and murrey Worsted Stockings.

Boat. You may as soon bribe Tempests, or with your entreaties calm raging Seas, as tempt me. ✓

Lear. Think the Land you see on either side to be a meer apparition. Your sole shall not touch ground till you are in *Bermudas*. If profit will not move, let pitty stir you. Let not these gray hairs Be subject to the mercy of a drunken, Or domineering Planter.

Boat. These hairs I reverence, that the honour I pay to them may be return'd to me, When age shall make mine such; But, Old man, your extortions have degraded you. Had you shewn pitty to the

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Needy Widow, Y'had here not wanted it: But to your Cabbin, see if you can sleep on't.

Lear. Set me a Shore, I'll make thee my heir.

✓*Boat.* Alas! Sir, I am too old to believe the promises of men In distress, I am a Seaman, and have been in a storm. } [*They go out.*]

Boatswain and Salteel.

Boat. This was a kind Visit indeed to come abroad, y'are welcome to the Masters Cabbin, Captain, were he here himself, I know he'd make very much of you; for he's an old Seaman, and loves one with his life.

Salt. Honest *Boatswain*, thank thee; I read thy kindness in thy eyes, before I heard it from thy mouth.✶

To them Swabber with a basket of Bisket, and a Bottle of Wine, Tobacco, Pipes and Match.

Boat. Noble Captain, once more, welcome; Here's good Wine aboard, and white Bisket, in to the Cook Boy, quickly, Bid him put some Beef in the Stew-pan.

Salt. I see it, and I taste it now.

Boat. What we have given for such in *Algiers*.

Salt. Nothing, for we had no money, had not you made your Escape, you might have staid as long as I.

Boat. I hope we shall be able to requite their courtesies one day. I wear their mark yet. [*Shows his arm, and Anchor on it.*]

Salt. I believe, you had but little faith in the *Hieroglyphick*. When they Printed it, that Anchor represented you but slender hopes of your redemption.

Boat. No, for each flook of it put me in mind how fast I was moor'd there.

Salt. But you took an occasion to Cut the Cable.

[*Boatswain Drinks.*]

Boat. Yet I was strong enough to bring the Anchor with me.

Salt. I stay'd till mine was weigh'd (I do you reason) [*Drinks.*]

Boat. T'other spoonful, noble Captain.

Salt. Here's to your boon Voyage. [*Drinks.*]

Boat. I pledge you. [*Drinks.*]

Salt. Whither are you bound, [*They take Tobacco.*]

Boat. For *Bermudas*.

Salt. Would I had never known't!

Boat. Had you any great loss on that shoar,

Salt. Yes, such a one as I shall never recover. [*Aside.*] I lost a quiet Conscience. What store of Passengers have you aboard?

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

Boat. Very few yet, but we keep our Spirits hungry, and they are seeking prey in all quarters.

Salt. How goes the Market now?

Boat. Faith low, a Crown a pole. Fling out a rope, fling out a rope.

Salt. Who the Divil are those coming aboard tro? Boy what are they? A Searcher come with a Warrant to Search The Ship.

Boat. Noble Captain, pray step upon the Deck, and hold 'em in discourse over a Bottle until I give the word.

Salt. 'Tis the least service I can do you. [Goes out.]

Boat. But it is greater, it may be, then you think of, what if they should come to search after this old fellow? Then there's a Ship clearly lost, I must tack about to gather wind, or I shall be driven backwards, now let me prove an able Pilot, or my designs sink, where are you, Mate? [Opens the Scuttle.] What think you of a little Fresh-air, give me your hand Father. [He pulls up to him Learcut.]

Learcut. Do you mean to air me that I may keep sweet? Or 'ist your plot I should see earth, and not to enjoy it, but to curse the want of it.

Boat. No, but to seat you in't if you'll be wise; the last Conference I had with you has struck a deep Impression on me, and so wrought me that could I see a probability you would perform what then you promised me, you should be free as I, within two hours.

Learcut. Art thou in earnest?

Boat. Were you in earnest when you promis'd me to make me your hire.

Learcut. Yes, by——

Boat. Nay, do not swear, but set your hand and seal to what I write here. [Writes]

Lear. I, I'll subscribe any thing. I'll sign any Covenants, but never perform any [Aside.] And if he sues, I'll plead *per Minas* to it.

Boat. Here Sir. [Gives Learcut a Paper, he reads.] I do promise to adopt *John Whistler* my Son, and settle my estate on him within these ten daies.

Boat. That's all.

Lear. A trifle, then here I sign and seal. Dull blockhead! He forgets witness too [Aside.] This will never hold.

Boat. Well Sir, now this is done; I'll be better then my word. I'll let you see, although I am your heir, I thirst not for your death, I'll save your life, Sir,

Lear. Am I design'd to death then?

Boat. Without remedy, unless you take my Council.

Lear. Honest Son!

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

Boat. Here will immediately a company of Ruffians come, pretending they are Officers (although in truth they are disguis'd Rogues,) hir'd by the Master to sound if you would me seek for the help of any you thought could free you from this prison.

Lear. O Villains!

Boat. They'll set a face of searching the Vessel from the Keel to the Top-gallant, and it may be they will blurt out some questions to entrap you; but if you speak the smallest word, or think too loud a Fellow with a butchers knife.

Lea. Were ever such things heard of! Twenty *per Cent.* is nothing to't.

Boat. They'll pair your weazand to the coar without any mercy.

Lear. How happy am I that thou art honest I'll warrant 'em. I'll not speak a word to 'em, I'll breath as softly as I can too.

[*He fixes his eyes on the ground.*]

Boat. They come now, be wise, what would you have? come upon the Quarter-deck here.

To them Salt-eele, Snip and Watchmen.

Snip. The child was in none of those bottles we tasted was it neighbour?

1 No sure, for the Wine tasted very sweet.

2 And the bottle did not smell of Chamber-lie.

3 Pray Mr. *Constable* lets make haste, for I begin to be Sea-sick.

Snip. My Stomack wambles too. [*He spies Learcut.*] God bless us Neighbour! The Devil in the shape of old Mr. *Lear*.

1, 2, 3. Ah, ah, where is he, Mr. *Constable*?

Snip. Oh, there, there, there, neighbours I think none of us can say our prayers, but I am sure we can all run.

[*Snip and the Watch goe out.*]

Salt. What hast they make! there's one of 'em tipt over into the River.

Boat. It may be he hath need on't.

Salt. His Comrades take little notice of it, for they are putting off without helping him. Oh the fellow has got hold of an Oar, and will not part with it, I'll go down to the Forecastle and keep sight of 'em as long as I can.

[*Exit Salteel.*]

Boat. Content. What chear?

Lear. Are they all gone?

Boat. Gone, Yes.

Lear. Shall we ashoar?

Boat. Yes.

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

Lear. Is the Boat ready?

Boat. Some three or four months hence it shall be to set you a shore in *America*.

Lear. Did you not promise Liberty to me, If I would sign a Writing I deliver'd.

Boat. Yes, I did so.

Lear. You talkt another kind of Language then.

Boat. Yes, but my meaning was the same as now.

Lear. Why, did you make me hope, but to despair?

Boat. Truth, there was much necessity for it, which you'll be apt to believe, when I tell you when these Searchers came aboard, I fear'd they had made some discovery of you, by some words you might let slip; wherefore I did apply that promise finely guilded for a preventing Pill.

Lear. Thou hast not only then deluded me, but lost thy self by't, if thou dost not yet perform it look but what an estate, I make thee heir of at least an hundred thousand pounds.

Boat. There take your meat again, do not I know men in necessity are alwaies prodigal of promises? but once escap'd the storm, the Saint to whom they vow'd is laught at. ✓

Lear. Well, Heaven thou art just! for when I made [*Aside.*] this promise I resolv'd to break it, and therefore I am paid in my own coyn, do but yet shew thy mercy in my deliverance, and here I vow a punctual observation of all promises I e'er shall make, though never so disadvantageous to me.

To them Underwit.

Boat. Noble owners, welcome aboard, now Sir you may beat your bargain with them, the old man and I have been bartering for his liberty, by the Mass he bids high.

Under. Would you be out of the Ship?

Lear. Yes any where else.

Und. Why, be but patient till we come to the Ocean; wee'll fling you over board, and tie a good Cannon Bullet about your neck instead of a Gold Ring in your ear.

Boat. Or what think you of being turn'd loose in a half Tubb, or a Wash-bowl, like a baited Cat.

Und. Yes, you shall have your freedom—but you shall serve for it some fourteen years among the flax-dressers in the *Summer-Islands*, exercise will get you such a stomach, Sir.

Lear. Is there no hope of ransome?

Boat. Yes, by sneaking out of the world to take a Nap with your Forefathers.

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

Under. Come I interpose, and on condition you'l be tractable, I'll prevail with this Gentleman, Sign those Articles.

Lear. Any.

Boat. He that is so precipitate in signing any, in my opinion resolves never to keep any, though he huddle on now, hee'l put on his spectacles, I fear, when he should perform 'em.

Lear. To clear that scruple I will swear performance, And if I fail may he whom I invoke——

Boat. There's a necessity in believing him, yet still I doubt.

Under. Do not, who knows his spare dyet may have caused much mortification? shall I read 'em to you?

Lear. With all my heart. [*Underwit reads.*] That you pay the Eight thousand pounds left to Mrs. *Manly* by her Grand-father with interest to this day to her Husband, that you bestow on me and the rest of my friends two thousand pounds for taking the pains to make you just and honest, that such as have had any hand in your Cure shall pass undamaged by any Suits from you, and indemnified from the rigour of any Laws, in Condition of which we will make restitution of all we have taken from you, together with your Liberty.

Lear. These are but reasonable, I assent to 'em,
Nay more, I thank you, and shall reckon you
My greatest benefactors, for you have
Restor'd me man, before I was a muck-worm

Underw. I have obtain'd my ends then, which were only to reduce you to terms of Justice. *Boatswain*, this Ship's the wages of thy fidelity.

Boat. Gentlemen I thank you, and I beseech you let a friend of mine be welcome to you in her, noble Captain, be pleased to come into the Cabin.

To them Salteel.

Under. I am astonish'd—but my amazement must turn to reverence. [*Kneels to Salteel.*]

Salt. All things conspire to crown me happy, spare that labour, Sir, reserve your knees for Heaven and your Parents——

Underw. Do you deny me then.

Salt. No, but I beg pardon of you My earnest Zeal to make you restitution Will not permit me, to relate the cause of it, Least it defer your happiness, but if you will with me——

Under. Will I? Yes into an earthquake, Mr. *Learcut* I beseech you dispencc with me till Evening; I'll meet you then at your own House.

Salt. With all swiftness imaginable, Will you along Sir.

[To the Boatswain.]

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

Boat. Yes, I follow you.

Under. Release the Waterman, how does he take it?

Boat. Faith very well, Sir, I've kept him drunk ever since.

Und. Give him that for the loss of his time. [*Gives him money.*]

Well, Sir, Farwell, at seven I'll be at your own home. [*Goes out.*]

Lear. Is the Boat ready now?

Boat. It is, Sir.

Lear. To shoar with me quickly, then I shall never believe I'm there, till I feel my feet touch the ground, a comfortable Ditch in the Isle of Doggs now would confirm me. [*They go out severally.*]

SCEN. II. *A Prison.*

Hazard and Manly Manacled.

Mr. Man. Suppose I did believe, that on necessity
This Usurpation of my name and bed
Were to be pardon'd, that my Wife's untoucht yet.
Yet comes it in the reach of possibility
That to be dragg'd to the Goal, hither, to *Newgate*
To be squeez'd down into the Dungeon
Among ten thousand grey Confederates,
But a degree beneath a Pick-pocket
To be thus Manacled, next Goal-delivery
To be turn'd o'er to *Tyburn* for my good.

Haz. Have you but patience, and you'll grant it is;
For your harsh usage here, 'twas you that pull'd it
Upon your self, had not this trick been put on you,
Y'had ruin'd both your self and me.

Mr. Man. Yes, I believe,
I had undone your hopes upon my Wife
But thereby built my self a goodly Fabrick
Seated full Lord of her estate.

Haz. There's your mistake you think that she is Mistress of all
Learcuts Wealth.

Mr. Manly. Yes, Sure.

Haz. She hath no interest in't at all.

Mr. Man. Why have you chang'd the property, and sent it
Beyond Seas?

Haz. No indeed. Yet she hath no right in't.

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

Man. Do not I know *Learcut* had none to give it to?
Not so much as a Gingerbread Cozen
To bestow a Ring with a Deaths-head on? is not she his Heir!

Haz. No.

Man. Who is then?

Haz. No body.

Mr. Manly. He was no *felo de se*.

Haz. Very far from it.

Mr. Man. The Man talks Riddles.

Haz. You will find 'em truths.

Because you saw the old man buried,
You therefore do conclude him dead.

Mr. Man. What if I do.

That way of reasoning, once upon a time,
Was not thought much incongruous, however now
You Wits o'th' first rate disapprove it.

Haz. 'Tis but a Fallacy, and I'll resolve it
Without the help of Logick, the old Usurer
By my contrivance was conveyed away
To a secure place; in the Interim
Your Wife and I did celebrate his Funerals,
Burying a weighty Coffin for his Worship,
Thus we resolv'd to keep him in restraint
Till we could either force him to be just,
Or re-imburse us out of his estate.
Now I have got's consent, hee'l pay you Sir,
Eight thousand pounds with interest, and receive
You into favour if you yield to this.
I would advise you to't; I will release him,
And in his liberty, you shall meet your own,
If not, I'll drown your Father in Law in earnest.
Transport away your Wife to the *West-Indies*.
Keep all the estate, and the next Sessions.
I'll hang you for a High-way man, I have Money,
And the City certainly can furnish me
With witnesses for good considerations.

Mr. Man. He talks unhappy, I must believe him,
For my own safety, this choak-pare must down.
I do believe you, that my Wife's unstain'd,
If I believe amiss, I pray forgive me.
I thank you for your fine contrivances:
If you have had any closer then ordinary
With my dear Chicken thank, you for them too.

[*Aside.*]

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

I am not the first Gentleman hath borne
A Horn in's Crest.

Haz. To clear that Scruple,
I Swear——

Mr. Man. Nay, good Sir do not, for an Oath
Will not make me believe a tittle more.

Haz. Come then, we'll walk down and discharge you instantly.
I have a Warrant here will do't, from thence,
Home to your Father-in-Laws.

Mr. Man. As speedy as you can, for I am
Much out of Love with this fashion of ruffle Cuffs. [*They go out.*]

SCEN. III. *Learcuts House.*

Learcut. Day light's shut in, and yet my doors are open, Here has
been good House-keeping, I warrant you, Since my departure, meat
Usher'd up with Musick, And all the Parish have been in the bot-
tom Oth' Cellar, I'll shut the door and steal in softly To discry the
behaviour of my Family. [*He goes out.*]

SCENE.

Isbel affrighted, and *Thomas* holding his Breeches.

Isb. O Lord *Thomas* shift for your self.

Tho. Is death such an excellent Cure for the Gout, he can walk
Now. Up to my Mrs. quickly *Isbel*, she can say prayers.

Isb. If he had been a mannerly Ghost he would never have Dis-
turb'd us.

Tho. This comes of not making Love in the day time, then
There's ne'er a Spirit of e'm all dares shew his face.

To them *Learcut.*

Isb. Oh! he comes again!

Lear. What do you fear? Why do you shun me thus. [*Tho. and*
Isb. run out.] I am not Pestilential, nor Leaprous. Gone without
answering, is this House mine? Sure I'm on Ship-board, yet my
giddy brains Have play'd the Carpenters and built these Houses.
Now, me thinks some body knocks at door, [*One knocks.*] And now,
methinks I open it. [*He opens the door.*]

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

To him *Drawer*.

And now, my thinks, here is a boy, I cannot dream All this, what would you have boy.

Draw. I should speak with Mr. *Manly*, Sir,

Lear. Me thinks he speaks too.

Draw. He bid my Master send in his Bill to Night, and I have brought it.

Lear. What is thy Master boy?

Draw. A Vintner, Sir.

Lear. Hey day! My years store exhausted in two daies, I'll examine this boy farther, For what Wine is't boy.

Draw. For the Burnt-Clarret, Sir, at Mr. *Learcus* Funeral.

Lear. Ha, boy! is he buried; if he be, they have not laid weight enough on him to keep him under ground, for I am he boy.

Draw. Ha, is the Devil so well pleas'd at a Usurers Burial, that he comes in person to defray the charges, bless me! I see his Cloven foot now, sure he cannot run as fast with that as I with mine.

[*Runs out.*]

Lear. How now, the boy is fled too? it seems then I am dead and buried, and bring my own Ghost to fright 'em, this is very pretty. I have a fine Daughter in the mean time, that this conspires against me, well, I will prosecute my adventure, and since you have made me an Inhabitant of the lower Region. I'll ramble through every Room, and play some fair Tricks among you. *Exit.*

SCEN. *The Street.*

Underwit, Salteel, and Boatswain.

Underw. Sir, I beseech you check these swelling Torrents of my amazement, lest the Lawless Flood pull up my fences by the roots; Why, do you deny to accept that duty you have hitherto smil'd on, when e're I tender'd?

Salt. Can you pardon my Usurpation of your bended knees, When you shall know that I am not your Father?

Under. It is a knowledge I should never thirst after, But with more fervent prayers wish, I may Continue in an ignorance I doat on: Yet, if it be your will to cast me off, I shall submit to it, and who 'ere

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

You turn me over for a Son unto,
My thoughts shall still acknowledge you my Father.

Salt. Some Five and twenty Years are past, since setting forth
A Ship for the *Bermudas*, and employing
My Agents (people commonly called Spirits)
To furnish me for my Plantation
With such as were to inhabit it, one of 'em
Brought you unto me in your Nurses armes.
I Shipt you both with me your Foster Mother
Dyed in the Voyage of a *Calenture*.
Seeing you destitute, and with my self
Considering I had made you so, my heart
Immediately was fill'd with Love and Pitty.
I carefully provided for your health,
And when you were ripe for generous education,
You wanted not what I could help you to.

Underw. You have by this astonishment given me occasion
To be inquisitive, pray be not offended
If I ask why, till now you neer disclos'd
This weighty secret to me. >

Salt. I was so proud of you,
That I resolv'd no man should lay claim to you
Unless my self; you may remember I
With swelling eyes upon your Cheeks did leave
My parting Tears in *Holland*, where I last left you.
You know, I then was a Captain of a Ship
I'th Fleet bound for *Brazile* in the *States* service
When a stout *Turkish* Squadron master'd them,
Then were we Fettered all and sent to *Algier*,
Where we were us'd with utmost Barbarisme.
✓Then penitence instructed my moist eyes
To wash my sins in Tears, I did so, vowing
(If I ever were free) as far as possible
To make you reparation; gentle Heaven,
Having a care of you, preserved me,
For about six months since, I was redeemed
'Mongst others by the Publique Charity.
We now wear the accomplishment of my penitence,
For to some House adjacent y'are indebted
For your birth, your father will be easier found,
And when we know him,
Hee'll make no scruple to acknowledge you,
After he views the Evidence, I bring with me:

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

But we burn day-light, and defer your blessing.
Let us enquire.

Boat. Hear are discoveries,
More worth the Note then those of the new World. [*They go out.*]

The SCENE, Learcut's House.

Mrs. Manly, Isbel, and Thomas.

Mrs. Manly. Have you leapt out of your Senses? Are you possess'd?

Isb. Sweet Mrs. send for a Cunning Man.

Tho. Good Mrs. *Isbel*, hide me under your Petticoats, that the Divel may not find me, they say he dares not peep under a Maids Coat.

Isb. Are you Lunatick?

Mrs. Man. What strange Monster have your fancies been brought to Bed of?

Isb. O Lord Mrs. he leapt in the Key-hole, he has got Firebrands instead of eyes.

Tho. I, and he draws a great Chain after him.

Isb. Is not the Monkey broke loose?

Tho. I will believe now? Now he's playing his pranks in the Kitchin, hee'll be in the Closset among [*Clattering among the Pewter.*] Your Sweetmeats and glasses presently.

Mrs. Manly. What should that noise be tro?

Isb. Ten to one but the Cats are shewing *Christmas* gambals.

To them Learcut.

Tho. Do I speak truth yet? good Spirit do not pick my bones, I am but lean, and not food good enough for an old Divel.

Isb. Spare me, I beseech you good Mr. *Belzebub*.

Learcut. Fear not t'approach me, for I am yet alive, rumour was somewhat too hasty to kill me, and some of my friends over pious to bury me before I was cold, but I forgive all.

Isb. What Miracle's this? The Emblem of an Apostate? The Spirit turn'd flesh. [*Mrs. Man. embraces Mr. Learcut.*]

Tho. This is comfortable News, I'm sure it makes the Spirits return to my flesh.

Isb. I'm afraid still, prithee *Thomas* Chear me up.

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

To them Hazard and Manly.

Haz. Madam I now at length present him to you, whose shadow I did represent—— *[Brings Manly to his Wife.]*

Mrs. Manly. Sir, you are welcom.

Mr. Manly. Do you know me now then?

Mrs. Manly. Sir, I hope this Gentleman your Friend, hath explain'd that to you.

Mr. Man. Yes, and all scruples are vanish'd now, And yet I hear the worst betwixt you. *[Aside.]*

Lear. How's this? are not you my Son in Law, Sir, *[To Hazard.]*

Haz. No indeed, Sir I only attempted your conversion in my Friends behalf.

Lear. But you were my Daughters Bed-fellow in his behalf.

Haz. Friend, That's a mistake too, She's free from any unchast touch of me.

Mr. Manly. Very likely. *[Aside.]*

Lear. Well then my true Son in Law, welcome, I will not fail a Syllable of my promises.

Isb. Use Exercise, as playing at Cards, or Shuttle-Cock, do any thing rather than be idle; and at night when you undress your self against the fire, chafe in three or four short pithy prayers and the deed sdone.

Haz. Why look you, Madam, to let you see how far I am from a desperate *Inamorato*, I promise you faithfully I will never trouble you with this Sugar Courtship while I live, if on these terms you please t'accept my Visits, they shall be frequent.

Mrs. Man. Most willingly, for I affect your Conversation.

Mr. Man. Well *Thomas*, I remit your errours; but have a care you prove true to me hereafter.

Tho. Else may my Pigs ney, here forsake her Trusty *Thomas*!

To them Underwit, Salteel, and Boatswain.

Boat. Lo're your Top-gallant, you must stick here Sir.

Under. I do with all obedience, and beg your Pardon Sir, For those discoveries I put you upon. *[Kneels to Learcut.]*

Lear. Why to me all this? Do you begin to feel compunction, And now come to restore?

Under. I do so, Sir.

Salt. Withal, I here make restitution too, A Son that six and twenty years ago was stol'n from you by some whom I employ'd; a Crime I hope heaven hath forgiven; if you cannot, here do I wait my doom: (Nay do not stand so like a Statue, 'tis a truth I publish.)

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

This gentleman an Infant was brought to me in his Nurses Arms, about his Neck this Whistle which I have kept like *Meleagers* brand.

[*Gives Learcut a Whistle.*]

Learcut. This is the same, now I am compleatly happy Ev'n ready for my Tombe, and only Thirst To live in thee.

Under. May you live long and happy, Dear Sister——

[*Runs and embraces Mrs. Learcut.*]

Lear. This Act of yours Cancels my anger. [To *Salteel.*]

Sal. You are kindly charitable.

Isb. The Brother and Sister are very intimate, and loving already; small kindred are not taken notice of.

Underw. Sister Excuse me, If I lay claim to my new Priviledge, I fear I have assisted an exploit will shame us both. Nay do not blush but tell me, Did *Hazard* e're enjoy you?

Haz. How do you like the new revived Gentleman?

Isb. In truth, he looks like a fine Fellow to make a Husband of.

Und. Sister, I am much taken with your free Confession, Could I now find a way to disanul the former Match, would you receive my Friend into your Bosom, that's the only means to save your good Name, people will talk else.

Mrs. Man. Brother, let me see how, least my fame will suffer, And I will fix on that.

Und. Sir, A word with you, [*He takes Manly aside.*] I will be plain with you though what I have to say concerns my Sisters innocence. I would advise you to disclaim her, Sir, for by this light, for ought I can hear, she is with Child.

Mr. Man. I will requite your plainness, Sir, in *Specie*. Were she now Teeming with a litter of seven; nay did she confirm the miracle of that Lady who brought three hundred sixty five at once, I would not quit her cause, I would not loose the money I have long suffer'd for; but knew I how to compass that, and then be rid of her, she should to grass to Night.

Und. Will you compound, and take one half?

Mr. Man. You tempt me shrewdly, how shall I be secur'd of it?

Und. It shall be paid you instantly.

Mr. Man. 'Tis done then, I'll to travail again; Come give me your hand.

Und. I, with it pawn my Faith to you.

Mr. Man. Me thinks, I have driven a very good [*Aside.*] Bargain now I shall be rid of a Skittish Jade, and have money to boot. Far-well Matrimony, if ever I be hamper'd in that noose again, let me be choakt with it!

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

Und. Cozen your pardon, heark thee *Haz.*

[*Salutes Isabel and takes Haz. aside.*]

Haz. Now your pleasure with me?

Und. What think'st thou of my Sister? how dost like her?

Haz. Faith I like her very well.

Und. What if I made a Match betwixt you two?

Haz. Faith I believe one of us would be content to forfeit our earnest, thou hast not a mind to have her hang'd hast thou?

Und. No certainly, but if I could lay level at the troublesome fences of the Law, what wouldst thou say?

Haz. I'd say thou wert an excellent Pioneer.

Und. Wouldst marry her?

Haz. Yes Fait, for we have both had the best tryal of liking one another, 'tis true I have had her before hand but that's but being my own Cuckold.

Lear. What mean these Whispers?

Und. Sir they concern you much, you must have another Son in Law.

Lear. Where must I find him?

Und. In this Gentleman—*Manly* (whatever was pretended to, he never enjoy'd my Sister, till last night she was a Virgin.

Tho. I'll be sworn she was for Mr. *Manly*.

Und. Then take your choice, there is a Marriage without Consummation; here's a Consummation without a Marriage.

Lear. If *Manly* be contented, I am; for that way which renders my Child an honest Woman.

Und. Sir, he must be contented; He has been above seven years away beyond Sea, and has never Writ her word he was alive; so that in Law the Marriage is void.

Lear. Then take her hand she's yours by my Consent.

Mrs. Man. And what is more, by mine. This way my honours safe, but by the other nothing but discontents and endless quarrels could have insu'd. I hope Sir, you will not judge the worse of my Vertue by what has past between us.

Haz. I was in fault not you, but 'twas a fault, so fortunate, that I can ne'r repent it; pardon me for what is past, and for the future all my wild follies and debaucheries I'll leave and place my happiness alone in you.

Lear. And to encourage your conversion I'll give you Twenty thousand pounds with her, and five times as much that I have in store for you Son.

Und. *Thomas* you look as if your mouth were big with some request or other.

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

Haz. Me thinks he simpers as if he had a mind to be Married to Morrow.

Tho. Truly Sir you read my Thoughts, for I am as they say, a young beginner, and fain would save the Charges of a Dinner.

Lear. 'Tis granted.

Tho. Thank your Worships. *Isbel* set back your appetite some Four and Twenty hours, and then you shall have your belly full.

Isb. 'Tis a great matter to forbear so long, when a Womans Stomack's up, but I'll endeavour.

Lear. Send for a Noise of Fidlers quickly.

Tho. I mean to daunce this month without Cessation, And to be drunk as at a Coronation. *[Exeunt omnes.]*

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

The Epilogue.

TWice lately have you Grac'd our House before;
For Loves sake, Gallants, give us this bout more.
'Tis all we ask, you've reason kind to be,
When we're so moderate to desire but Three.
Cou'd you deny the Dear that thus shou'd woo
My heart, you've pleas'd your self, now please me too.
Two damn'd ill Playes, your favour has o'repast;
We keep our Loving kindness for the last.
When we grow eager, 'twould show rude to scoff,
And to shrink from us with a dry come off.
You see what shift we make to meet again,
To All with raw Boyes, is Loving without Men.
What will not poor forsaken Women try,
When Man's not near, the Signior must supply.
Excuse our Play; we dare not hope its taking,
We're told of a fine House, and Clothes amaking.
And these hir'd Signiors when we meet together,
May then wear Sattin, though they now wear Leather.

FINIS

AURENG-ZEBE
A TRAGEDY

*Sed, cum fregit subsellia versu,
Esurit, intactam Paridi nisi vendat Agaven.*

Juv.

AURENG-ZEBE

SOURCE

THE source whence Dryden took the history of Aureng-Zebe (Aurang-zib), the incidents of which he has most justly and with rare felicity accommodated to heroic tragedy, was François Bernier's *Histoire de la dernière révolution des États du Grand Mogol*, Paris, vols. I and II, 12mo, 1670; followed by *Suite de Mémoires du sieur Bernier sur l'empire du Grand Mogol*, vols. III and IV, Paris, 1671. The work at once became exceedingly popular, and as *Voyages de V. Bernier, contenant la description des États du Grand Mogol de l'Indoustan, du royaume de Cachemire, etc.*, it was reprinted at Amsterdam in 1699, 1710, and 1724. It was translated into English, 1671, 1675; "The History Of The Late Revolution Of The Empire of the Great Mogol: Together With the most considerable Passages, for 5 years following in that Empire. To which is added, A LETTER to the Lord COLBERT . . . By Mons^r F. BERNIER, Physitian of the Faculty of Montpelier. English'd out of French. London . . . 1671."

François Bernier, a native of Angers, "le joli philosophe" as they called him, or more often "Mogul Bernier," was one of the most distinguished figures of his day. He studied medicine at Montpellier, and having proceeded with continual access of reputation through the various schools, proceeded Doctor *summa cum laude*. In 1654 he travelled in Syria and Egypt, whence he passed to India when he remained for twelve years, during eight of which he filled the honoured position of physician-in-chief to the Emperor Aurangzib. He was especially favoured by the influential Emir Danichmend. On his return to France Bernier published his travels and a number of philosophical works, of which Boileau has some mention, *épitre V*. In 1685 Bernier visited England. He died at Paris, 22 September, 1688. For an ampler account of Bernier and a list of his works see Walckenaer, *Vies de plusieurs personnages célèbres*, vol. II, pp. 74-77.

✓ Dryden may further have read the *Itinerario*, Rome, 1649, of Fra Sebastiano Manrique, an Augustinian Eremit, who visited the Jesuit missions at Agra and dined with Sháh-Jahán and his prime minister Ásaf Khán at a table where every delicacy was served. J. Davies had translated a work of Adam Olearius, *Voyages and Travels of the Ambassadors sent by Frederick, Duke of Holstein, to the great Duke of Muscovy and the King of Persia*, 1662, and this contains *The Voyages and Travels of J. Albert de Mandelslo*, 1638-40, a narrative probably also thus known to Dryden. ✓

Langbaine, *An Account of the English Dramatick Poets*, Oxford, 1691, when speaking of *Aureng-Zebe* remarks: "The Plot of this Play is related at large in *Tavernier's Voyages into the Indies*, Vol. I, Part 2, Ch. 2." Evidently this critic did not appreciate the many and important changes Dryden has made in the course of events, and the poet's adroit departures from strict historical fact. Dryden, of course, owes nothing to Tavernier whose *Voyages* did not appear until 1676-77, as noted below.

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The famous traveller Jean-Baptiste Tavernier was born at Paris in 1605. At the age of twenty-two he had already made extensive tours throughout Europe and spoke with facility several languages. He also saw something of active service, being present at the battle of Prague, 8 November, 1620; at the siege of Mantua; and in several other engagements. In 1638, 1643, 1651, 1657, and 1663, he travelled through Persia, India, and several countries of the East. The Oriental potentates universally received him with kindliness, and he was thus able to render important services to French commerce in those parts. Upon his return to France he was fêted, and on all hands courted and admired. The great riches, however, which he had accumulated began to wane owing to his reckless profusion, and he also fell under grave suspicion because of his fanatical and provocative opinions, so that at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1687, he found it convenient to leave France, when he was welcomed by the Elector of Brandenburg. He died, whilst preparing for yet another voyage, at the house of one Henry Moor in Copenhagen, 1689. His *Voyages*, corrected and arranged by Chappuzeau, appeared at Paris, 2 vols., 4to, 1676-77; *Les Six Voyages de J. B. Tavernier, qu'il a faits en Turquie, en Perse, et aux Indes pendant l'espace de quarante ans*. There were many subsequent editions; and an English translation, 2 vols, folio, was issued 1678 (*Term Catalogues*, Michaelmas, 26 November, 1677), "The six Voyages of *Jean Baptiste Tavernier*, Baron of *Aubonne*, through *Turkey* into *Persia* and the *East Indies*, for the space of forty years . . . made English by J. P." The book became popular and was more than once reprinted.

Langbaine, with the carping and niggling pettiness that is so much in evidence when he approaches Dryden, shows himself more than ordinarily unjust in his remarks upon *Aureng-Zebe*. He writes: "Our Author is not wholly free from Thefts in this Play, and those who have ever read *Seneca's Hippolytus*, will allow that *Aureng-Zebe* has some resemblance with his Character, and that *Nourmahal*, is in part copied from *Phaedra*, which will the better appear, if the Reader will compare the following Lines:

Hip. ———— *Thesei vultus amo*
Illos priores, quos tulit quondam puer;
Cum prima puras barba signaret genas.

[Langbaine here mistakes. The lines are not spoken by Hippolytus, but by *Phaedra*, Act II, 646-8.]

Aur. I am not chang'd, I love my Husband still;
 But Love him as he was when youthful Grace
 And the first bloom began to shade his Face.

[Langbaine again blunders. It was absurd for *Aureng-Zebe* to speak these lines. They are spoken by *Nourmahal*, Act IV, 1.]

Hip. ———— *Magne regnator Deum,*
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?
Ecquando Sæva fulmen emittes manu,
Si nunc serenum est?

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—————*Me velox cremet*
Transactus ignis. Sum nocens; merui mori;
Placui nouercae.

Aur. Heavens can you this without just vengeance hear,
When will you Thunder, if it now be clear!
Yet Her alone let not your Thunder seize:
I too deserve to dye, because I please.

I could cite other passages in this Play borrow'd from *Seneca*, but this is enough to convict our Author of borrowing from the Latine Poets, now give me leave to give you one Instance likewise of his borrowing from Mr. *Milton's Sampson Agonistes*.

Dal. I see thou art implacable, more deaf
To Prayers than winds and seas, yet winds to seas
Are reconcil'd at length, and sea to shore:
Thy anger unappeasable still rages,
Eternal Tempest never to be calm'd.

Emp. *Unmov'd she stood, & deaf to all my prayers,*
As Seas and Winds to sinking Mariners;
But Seas grow Calm, and Winds are reconcil'd:
Her Tyrant Beauty never grows more mild.

There are many other Hints from this Poem, that are inserted in this Play by Mr. *Dryden*, and which I should not have laid to his Charge had he not accus'd *Ben Johnson* of the Same Crime."

Giles Jacob in *The Poetical Register*, 1719 (pp. 79–80), very justly comments on this attack: "Mr. *Langbain* determines, that the Characters of *Aureng-Zebe* and *Nourmahal* are borrow'd from *Seneca's Phædra* and *Hippolytus*: But as a latter Writer observes, there's nothing alike through their whole Story, only the Love of a Son-in-law, and his Aversion; but that does by no means constitute the Character (which is a thing Mr. *Langbain* seems never to understand). *Hippolytus* has an Aversion to Love, *Aureng-Zebe* is in Love, and much more polite, *Hippolytus* was a Hunter, and *Aureng-Zebe* a Warrior: *Nourmahal* is a degree beyond the Lewdness of ev'n *Seneca's Phædra*, who degenerated extremely from her Original in *Euripides*; and, indeed, shows none of her Qualities but Revenge for Disappointment in Love. Mr. *Dryden* is blam'd by the Criticks for this Line.

Yet her alone let not your Thunder seize.

The Beauty of *Seneca's* Expression, *Me velox cremet transactus ignis* (which it must be confess'd, is borrow'd by Mr. *Dryden*) is lost in this Translation; for seizing is too calm and impotent a Word to express the force of a Thunder-bolt. But this seems to be the effect only of writing in Rhime, and not thro' any want of Judgment."

Indeed, to compare *Aureng-Zebe* with *Hippolytus* and to adduce far-fetched and strained parallels from *Samson Agonistes* with a hint that others might be found is spitefully absurd.

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In a lengthy and laborious but most tediously jejune article, "Über Dryden's heroisches drama" (*Englische Studien*, XIII, pp. 414-445; XV, pp. 13-52; XVI, pp. 201-209), F. Holzhausen endeavours to show (XV, p. 15) that Dryden in *Aureng-Zebe* borrowed from Racine's *Mithridate*, and goes so far as to write nonsense about Xipharès-Aureng-Zebe, Pharnace-Morat, and Monime-Indamora. To those who know both Dryden and Racine comment were mereest superfluity.

Mithridate was produced at the theatre of the Hôtel de Bourgogne in January, 1673. There is some doubt upon which day of the month this tragedy was first given, but most authorities are agreed that Friday, 13 January, is the correct date. A few writers prefer Friday, 6 January. La Fleur created the title-rôle, and Mlle Champmeslé, Monime. Aimé-Martin says that Champmeslé was Pharnace, and Brécourt Xipharès. This is probably the case, but it may be remarked that Robinet, who saw *Mithridate* on Tuesday, 21 February, is not precise in his report. He tells us that the actors

Y charment tous les spectateurs . . .
La Fleur, y désignant le Roi,
Semble être Grec en cet emploi . . .
La Champmeslé, faisant la Reine . . .
Son hereux époux et Brécour
Faisant les deux fils pleins d'amour,
Font aussi, sans plus long langage,
Des mieux chacun leur personnage.

Racine's tragedy was published in 1673, Chez Claude Barbin; the license for printing is dated 2 March of that year.

Holzhausen, entirely mistaking a reference in Dryden's Epistle Dedicatory, informs us that one of the incidents in *Aureng-Zebe* is taken from Mlle de Scudéry's *Grand Cyrus*. He alludes to the death of Morat, which incident he supposes was copied from the death of Philidaspes, King of Assyria, in the presence of Mandane, *Le Grand Cyrus*, IX, 1. The passage from the romance will be found quoted at some length in the Explanatory Notes.

It is remarkable into what errors critics and writers have fallen who seek to track out plagiarisms in *Aureng-Zebe*. A notable instance of this is afforded by Taine who in his *Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise*, III, 2 (1863, t. II, p. 268) quotes from Dryden's tragedy certain speeches of Nourmahal in Act IV;

I love my Husband still
But love him as he was . . .

and comments: "Remarquez que cette furie, six vers plus loin, copie une réponse de Phèdre. Dryden a cru imiter Racine." This is singularly unfortunate, as *Aureng-Zebe* was produced at the Theatre Royal, London, in November, 1675; and printed quarto, 1675, being entered at Stationers' Hall, 29 November, 1675. Racine's *Phèdre* was produced on 1 January, 1677. It is uncertain whether the first performance took place at Versailles before Louis XIV and Madame de Montespan, or whether it was given at the Hôtel de Bourgogne.

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Perhaps Racine was imitating Dryden. Actually both Dryden and Racine remembered Seneca's *Hippolytus*, II:

Hippolytus. Amore nempe Thesei casto furis.
Phædra. Hippolyte, sic est: Thesei vultus amo
Illos priores, quos tulit quondam puer;
Cum prima puras barba signaret genas . . .
In te magis refulget incomptus decor
Et genitor in te totus.

Many and ample quotations from Bernier will be found in the Explanatory Notes.

It need hardly be said that Dryden's hero, the gallant and noble Aureng-Zebe, is a figure of fiction, and has no relation at all to the real Aurangzib, who was actually reigning in Delhi when this fine heroic play was produced at the Theatre Royal in Bridges Street, Drury Lane.

THEATRICAL HISTORY

AURENG-ZEBE was produced at the Theatre Royal in November, 1675, probably on the 17th of that month when it was seen by the King, who was also present at a performance three days after, on the 20th. On 29 May, 1676, this tragedy was given at Court, and being received with unbounded applause both in the public theatre and at Whitehall—"The Court," says Davies (*Dramatic Miscellanies*, 1784, vol. III, p. 158), "greatly encouraged the play of Aureng-Zebe"—it took a prominent place in the repertory.

Since Colley Cibber was born in November, 1671, and Hart, Mohun, and Mrs. Marshall had left the stage before or upon the Union of the Two Companies in 1682, it cannot be supposed that he had a very clear remembrance of these famous actors, but he indeed particularly praises Kynaston, who continued in the theatre for some fifteen or more years later. "There were two Plays of Dryden in which he shone with uncommon Lustre; in *Aurence-Zebe* he play'd Morat, and in *Don Sebastian Muley Moloch*; in both these Parts he had a fierce, Lion-like Majesty in his Port and Utterance that gave the Spectator a kind of trembling Admiration!"

"Hart and Mohun greatly distinguished themselves in the characters of Aurengzebe and the old Emperor, Mrs. Marshall was admired in Nourmahal, and Kynaston has been much extolled by Cibber, for his happy expression of the arrogant and savage fierceness in Morat."

On 10 November, 1705, *Aureng-Zebe* was given at the new Haymarket theatre. The cast has not been recorded, but probably the principals were the same as when it was performed 19 February, 1708, for Mrs. Barry's benefit at Drury Lane, upon which stage it had not been played for thirteen years. George Powell acted Aureng-Zebe; Betterton, the old Emperor; Booth, Morat; Mrs. Barry, Nourmahal; Mrs. Rogers, Indamora; and Mrs. Porter, Melesinda. Cibber did not altogether approve of Booth as Morat. This fierce character has

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many sentiments of avowed barbarity, insolence, and vain-glory, which even at the risk of exciting a smile among the audience must be allowed their full force and vehemence. Booth "cover'd these kind of Sentiments with a scrupulous Coldness and unmov'd Delivery, as if he had fear'd the Audience might take too familiar a notice of them."

On 23 November, 1709, "By Her Majesty's License and Authority," the Theatre Royal opened under the direction of Aaron Hill. Ended was the reign of Rich. *Aureng-Zebe* had been chosen for this occasion, and Powell appeared in the title-rôle. Theophilus Keen, "a very good Actor," but one who "over-looking his Talents (a Fault sometimes very good Actors, of both Sexes, are guilty of)," was wont to stand "for Parts something out of his Road," played the Emperor, a character entirely suited to him as "altho' a very good Figure and Voice, his Person wanted Elegance for the soft Characters." Frances Maria Knight was the Nourmahal; and Mrs. Bradshaw, who ever made herself mistress of the words of her part and left the rest to nature, Indamora.

On 24 February, 1711, at Drury Lane, Powell, Mrs. Knight, and Mrs. Bradshaw again appeared in these rôles, and no doubt the rest of the cast was the same as before.

On 24 November of the same year at Drury Lane Mrs. Rogers succeeded Mrs. Bradshaw as Indamora; Mrs. Porter played Melesinda; whilst the remainder of the principals appeared in their old parts.

At the same house on 16 May, 1713, Dryden's tragedy was again given. It was also performed during the winter season on 15 December following.

Powell, who was so admired as *Aureng-Zebe*, died 14 December, 1714; wherefore Quin, who had appeared at Lincoln's Inn Fields for the first time (he had previously acted at Drury Lane) on 7 January, 1717, as Hotspur in *I Henry IV*, was emboldened on 13 February, following, at this house to essay Morat. The rest of the cast is not recorded.

On 11 December, 1721, *Aureng-Zebe* was announced as "Not acted 10 years" (at this house; which even so is slightly inaccurate), with Wilks in the title-rôle. John Mills was the Emperor; and Booth, who it will be remembered had appeared with Betterton, Powell, and Mrs. Barry, Morat; John Thurmond, "an Actor of Repute," especially in tragedy, who "stood in many capital Parts," Arimant; Mrs. Oldfield, Indamora (whom Davies mistakenly calls Indiana); Mrs. Porter, Nourmahal, a rôle which probably fitted this great actress better than Melesinda, since according to Walpole "Mrs. Porter surpassed Garrick in passionate tragedy," whilst Dr. Johnson declared "Mrs. Porter in the vehemence of rage, and Mrs. Clive in the sprightliness of humour, I have never seen equalled"; Mrs. Younger, an excellent actress but accounted superior in comedy to tragedy, Melesinda. Davies, *Dramatic Miscellanies*, III, p. 159, says that Melesinda was taken by "the first wife of Theophilus Cibber, a very pleasing actress, in person agreeable and in private life unblemished. She died in 1733." This lady, who died in January, 1733, was Miss Johnson. Since *Aureng-Zebe* was given five times during the season 1721-22 at Drury Lane, it is possible that Mrs. Younger, who as we have noted was more inclined to lighter rôles, may not have been entirely approved as Melesinda and so relinquished the part to Miss Johnson.

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Davies does not speak of any revival of *Aureng-Zebe* after the season of 1721-22, and it is almost certain that he would have noted any later performances of Dryden's tragedy. Although it were rash to argue from his silence, since he does not pretend to be an exhaustive chronicler, when in addition no production of any import can be traced in the bills, it seems safe to suppose that *Aureng-Zebe* did not survive after the first quarter of the eighteenth century. √

× Upon 7 April, 1774, there was produced at Covent Garden for the benefit of Mrs. Lessingham *The Prince of Agra* as altered from *Aureng-Zebe* by Mr. Addington. √ The *Biographia Dramatica* (1812) has: "The Prince of Agra. Trag. by [now Sir] W. Addington. Acted at Covent Garden one night April 7, 1774, for Mrs. Lessingham's benefit. It is an alteration of Dryden's *Aureng-zebe*. At the time this piece was acted, the alterations were generally ascribed to Mr. Kelly; who, the same season, had brought out the comedy of *The School for Wives*, at Drury Lane, in Mr. Addington's name. Not printed."

Upon the same evening was given Carey's burlesque opera (first produced at Covent Garden, 26 October, 1737), *The Dragon of Wantley*, with Du. Bellamy as Moore of Moore-Hall; Shuter, Gaffer Gubbins; Mrs. Thompson, Mauxalinda; and Miss Jameson, Margery.

Mrs. Lessingham who no doubt played the heroine of *The Prince of Agra* had won applause as Imogen, but she seems generally to have appeared in somewhat secondary rôles, Isabinda in *The Busy-Body*, Lady Grace in *The Provok'd Husband*, Hero in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Jacinta in *The Suspicious Husband*, Lady Constant in *The Way to Keep Him*, and the like; although on one occasion, her benefit at Covent Garden 27 April, 1773, she donned the breeches and actually played Prince Hal in a revival of 2 *Henry IV* with Shuter as Falstaff and Woodward, Shallow.

In *The Prince of Agra* she was supported by William Bensley, who, judged Lamb, "of all the actors who flourished in my time . . . was greatest in the delivery of heroic conceptions," Lewis, Wroughton, who "never gave offence as an actor, and in many parts was truly good," and Mrs. Mattocks. This latter lady, although in her earlier years occasionally seen in serious rôles, was presently with sound common sense about to forsake the buskin for the sock where her genius excelled.

AURENG-ZEBE

To the Right Honourable,
JOHN, EARL OF MULGRAVE,

Gentleman of his Majesty's Bed-Chamber,
and Knight of the most Noble Order
of the Garter.

My Lord,

TIS a severe Reflection which Montaign has made on Princes, That we ought not, in reason, to have any expectations of Favour from them; and that 'tis kindness enough, if they leave us in possession of our own. The boldness of the Censure shews the free Spirit of the Author: And the Subjects of England may justly congratulate to themselves, that both the Nature of our Government, and the Clemency of our King, secure us from any such Complaint. I, in particular, who subsist wholly by his Bounty, am oblig'd to give Posterity a far other account of my Royal Master, than what Montaign has left of his. Those Accusations had been more reasonable, if they had been plac'd on inferiour Persons. For in all Courts, there are too many who make it their Business to ruine Wit: And Montaign, in other places, tells us, what effects he found of their good Natures. He describes them such, whose Ambition, Lust, or private Interest, seem to be the onely end of their Creation. If good accrue to any from them, 'tis onely in order to own their designs: conferr'd most commonly on the base and infamous; and never given, but onely hapning sometimes on well deservers. Dulness has brought them to what they are; and Malice secures them in their Fortunes. But somewhat of Specious they must have to recommend themselves to Princes, (for Folly will not easily go down in its own natural form with discerning Judges.) And diligence in waiting, is their gilding of the Pill; for that looks like Love, though tis onely Interest. 'Tis that which gains 'em their advantage over witty Men; whose love of Liberty and Ease, makes them willing too often to discharge their burden of Attendance on these officious Gentlemen. 'Tis true, that the nauseousness of such Company is enough to disgust a reasonable Man; when he sees, he can hardly approach Greatness, but as a Moated Castle; he must first pass through the Mud and Filth with which it is encompass'd. These are they, who, wanting Wit, affect Gravity, and go by the name of Solid men: and a solid man is, in plain English, a solid, solemn Fool. Another disguise they have, (for Fools, as well as Knaves, take other names, and pass by an Alias) and that is the Title of honest Fellows. But this honesty of theirs

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ought to have many Grains for its Allowance; for certainly they are no farther honest, than they are silly: They are naturally mischievous to their power; and if they speak not maliciously, or sharply, of witty men, 'tis onely because God has not bestow'd on them the gift of utterance. They fawn and crouch to men of parts, whom they cannot ruine: quote their Wit when they are present, and when they are absent steal their Jest: But to those who are under 'em, and whom they can crush with ease, they show themselves in their natural Antipathy; there they treat Wit like the common Enemy, and give it no more Quarter than a Dutch-man would to an English Vessel in the Indies; they strike Sail where they know they shall be master'd, and murder where they can with Safety.

This, my Lord, is the Character of a Courtier without Wit; and therefore that which is a Satyre to other men, must be a Panegyrick to your Lordship, who are a Master of it. If the least of these Reflections could have reach'd your Person, no necessity of mine could have made me to have sought so earnestly, and so long to have cultivated your kindness. As a Poet, I cannot but have made some observations on Mankind: The lowness of my Fortune has not yet brought me to flatter Vice; and 'tis my duty to give testimony to Virtue. 'Tis true, your Lordship is not of that nature, which either seeks a Commendation, or want it. Your mind has always been above the wretched affectation of Popularity. A popular man is, in truth, no better than a Prostitute to common Fame, and to the People. He lies down to every one he meets for the hire of praise; and his Humility is onely a disguis'd Ambition. Even Cicero himself, whose Eloquence deserv'd the admiration of Mankind; yet by his insatiable thirst of Fame, he has lessen'd his Character with succeeding Ages: His Action against Catiline may be said to have ruin'd the Consul, when it sav'd the City: for it so swell'd his Soul, which was not truly great, that ever afterwards it was apt to be over-set with vanity. And this made his Virtue so suspected by his Friends, that Brutus, whom of all men he ador'd, refus'd him a place in his Conspiracy. A Modern Wit has made this Observation on him, That coveting to recommend himself to Posterity, he begg'd it as an Alms of all his Friends, the Historians, to remember his Consulship: And observe, if you please, the odness of the event; all their Histories are lost, and the vanity of his request stands yet recorded in his own Writings. How much more great and manly in your Lordship, is your contempt of popular applause, and your retir'd Virtue, which shines onely to a few; with whom you live so easily and freely, that you make it evident, you have a Soul which is capable of all the tenderness of Friendship; and that you onely retire your self from those, who are not capable of returning it. Your kindness, where you have once plac'd it, is inviolable: And 'tis to that onely I attribute my happiness in your love. This makes me more easily forsake an Argument, on which I could otherwise delight to dwell:

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I mean, your Judgment in your choice of Friends; because I have the honour to be one. After which, I am sure you will more easily permit me to be silent, in the care you have taken of my Fortune; which you have rescu'd, not onely from the power of others, but from my worst of Enemies, my own modesty and Laziness. Which favour, had it been employ'd on a more deserving Subject, had been an effect of Justice in your Nature; but, as plac'd on me, is onely Charity. Yet, withal, 'tis conferr'd on such a man, as prefers your kindness it self before any of its Consequences; and who values, as the greatest of your Favours, those of your Love, and of your Conversation. From this constancy to your Friends, I might reasonably assume, that your Resentments would be as strong and lasting, if they were not restrain'd by a nobler Principle of good Nature and Generosity. For certainly, 'tis the same composition of Mind, the same Resolution and Courage, which makes the greatest Friendships, and the greatest Enmities. And he who is too lightly reconcil'd, after high Provocations, may recommend himself to the World for a Christian, but I should hardly trust him for a Friend. The Italians have a Proverb to that purpose, To forgive the first time shews me a good Catholic, the second time a Fool. To this firmness in all your Actions (though you are wanting in no other Ornaments of Mind and Body, yet to this) I principally ascribe the Interest your Merits have acquir'd you in the Royal Family. A Prince, who is constant to himself, and steady in all his undertakings; one with whom that Character of Horace will agree.

Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ,

Such an one cannot but place an esteem, and repose a confidence on him, whom no Adversity, no change of Courts, no Bribery of Interests, or Cabals of Factions, or Advantages of Fortune, can remove from the solid Foundations of Honour and Fidelity.

Ille meos, primus qui me sibi junxit, amores
Abstulit; ille habeat secum, servetque sepulcro.

How well your Lordship will deserve that Praise, I need no inspiration to foretel. You have already left no room for Prophecy: your early undertakings have been such, in the service of your King and Countrey, when you offer'd your self to the most dangerous employment, that of the Sea; when you chose to abandon those delights, to which your Youth and Fortune did invite you, to undergo the hazards, and, which was worse, the company of common Sea-men, that you have made it evident, you will refuse no opportunity of rendring your self useful to the Nation, when either your Courage or Conduct shall be requir'd. The same zeal and faithfulness continues in your Bloud, which animated one of your Noble

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Ancestors to Sacrifice his life in the Quarrel of his Sovereign: though, I hope, both for your sake and for the publick Tranquillity, the same occasion will never be offer'd to your Lordship, and that a better Destiny will attend you. But I make haste to consider you as abstracted from a Court, which (if you will give me leave to use a term of Logick) is onely an Adjunct, not a Propriety of Happiness. The Academicks, I confess, were willing to admit the Goods of Fortune into their Notion of Felicity, but I do not remember, that any of the Sects of old Philosophers did ever leave a room for Greatness. Neither am I form'd to praise a Court, who admire and covet nothing, but the easiness and quiet of retirement. I naturally withdraw my sight from a Precipice; and admit the Prospect be never so large and goodly, can take no pleasure even in looking on the downfall, though I am secure from the danger. Methinks there's something of a malignant joy in that excellent description of Lucretius,

Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis
E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem;
Non quia vexari quenquam est jucunda voluptas,
Sed quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere suave est.

I am sure his Master Epicurus, and my better Master Cowley, prefer'd the solitude of a Garden, and the conversation of a friend to any consideration, so much as a regard, of those unhappy People, whom in our own wrong, we call the great. True greatness, if it be any where on Earth, is in a private Virtue; remov'd from the notion of Pomp and Vanity, confin'd to a contemplation of it self, and centring on it self:

Omnis enim per se Divum natura, necesse est
Immortali ævo summâ cum pace fruatur;
———Curâ semota, metuque
Ipsa suis pollens opibus———

If this be not life of a Deity, because it cannot consist with Providence; 'tis at least a godlike life: I can be contented, (and I am sure I have your Lordship of my opinion) with an humbler station in the Temple of Virtue, than to be set on the Pinnacle of it.

Despicere unde queas alios, passimque videre,
Errare, atque viam palantis quærere vitæ.

The truth is, the consideration of so vain a Creature as man, is not worth our pains, I have fool enough at home without looking for it abroad; and am a sufficient Theater to my self of ridiculous actions, without expecting company, either in a Court, a Town, or Play-house. 'Tis on this account that I am weary with drawing the deformities of Life, and Lazars of the People, where every figure of imperfection more resembles me than

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it can do others. If I must be condemn'd to Rhyme, I should find some ease in my change of punishment. I desire to be no longer the Sisyphus of the Stage; to rowl up a Stone with endless Labour (which to follow the Proverb, gathers no Mosse) and which is perpetually falling down again, I never thought my self very fit for an Employment, where many of my Predecessors have excell'd me in all kinds; and some of my Contemporaries, even in my own partial Judgment, have out-done me in Comedy. Some little hopes I have yet remaining, and those too, considering my abilities, may be vain, that I may make the world some part of amends, for many ill Playes, by an Heroique Poem. Your Lordship has been long acquainted with my design; the subject of which you know is great, the Story English, and neither too far distant from the present Age, nor too near approaching it. Such it is in my opinion, that I could not have wish'd a nobler occasion to do honour by it to my King, and Country, and my friends; most of our antient Nobility being concern'd in the Action. And your Lordship has one particular reason to promote this undertaking, because you were the first who gave me the opportunity of discoursing it to his Majesty, and his Royal Highness: They were then pleas'd both to commend the Design, and to encourage it by their Commands. But the unsentl'dness of my condition has hitherto put a Stop to my thoughts concerning it. As I am no successor to Homer in his Wit, so neither do I desire to be in his Poverty. I can make no Rhapsodies, nor go a begging at the Græcian doors, while I sing the Praises of their Ancestors. The times of Virgil please me better, because he had an Augustus for his Patron. And to draw the Allegory nearer you, I am sure I shall not want a Mecenas with him. 'Tis for your Lordship to stir up that remembrance in His Majesty, which his many avocations of business have caus'd him, I fear, to lay aside. And, (as himself and his Royal Brother are the Heroes of the Poem) to represent to them the Images of their Warlike Predecessors; as Achilles is said to be rous'd to Glory, with the sight of the Combat before the Ships. For my own part, I am satisfi'd to have offer'd the Design; and it may be to the advantage of my Reputation to have it refus'd me.

In the mean time, my Lord, I take the confidence to present you with a Tragedy; the Characters of which are the nearest to those of an Heroick Poem. 'Twas dedicated to you in my heart, before 'twas presented on the Stage. Some things in it have pass'd your approbation, and many your amendment. You were likewise pleas'd to recommend it to the King's perusal, before the last hand was added to it, when I receiv'd the favour from him, to have the most considerable event of it modell'd by his Royal Pleasure. It may be some vanity in me to add this Testimony then, and which he graciously confirm'd afterwards, that it was the best of all my Tragedies; in which he has made Authentick my private opinion of it;

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at least, he has given it a value by his Commendation, which it had not by my Writing.)

That which was not pleasing to some of the fair Ladies in the last Act of it, as I dare not vindicate, so neither can I wholly condemn, till I find more reason for their Censures. The procedure of Indamora and Melesinda, seems yet, in my judgment, natural, and not unbecoming of their Characters. If they who arraign them fail not more, the World will never blame their conduct: And I shall be glad for the honour of my Countrey, to find better Images of Vertue drawn to the life in their behaviour, than any I could feign to adorn the Theatre. I confess, I have onely represented a practicable Vertue, mix'd with the frailties and imperfections of humane life. I have made my Heroine fearful of death, which neither Cassandra nor Cleopatra would have been; and they themselves, I doubt it not, would have outdone Romance in that particular. Yet their Mandana (and the Cyrus was written by a Lady) was not altogether so hard-hearted: for she sat down on the cold ground by the King of Assyria, and not onely piti'd him, who dy'd in her defence, but allow'd him some favours, such, perhaps, as they would think, should onely be permitted to her Cyrus. I have made my Melesinda in opposition to Nourmahal, a Woman passionately loving of her Husband, patient of injuries and contempt, and constant in her kindness, to the last: and in that, perhaps, I may have err'd, because it is not a Vertue much in use. Those Indian Wives are loving Fools, and may do well to keep themselves in their own Countrey, or, at least, to keep company with the Arria's and Portia's of old Rome: some of our Ladies know better things. But, it may be, I am partial to my own Writings: yet I have labour'd as much as any man to divest my self of the self opinion of an Author; and am too well satisfied of my own weakness, to be pleas'd with any thing I have written. But on the other side, my reason tells me, that, in probability, what I have seriously and long consider'd, may be as likely to be just and natural, as what an ordinary Judge (if there be any such amongst those Ladies) will think fit, in a transient Presentation, to be plac'd in the room of that which they condemn. The most judicious Writer is sometimes mistaken, after all his care: but the hasty Critick, who judges on a view, is full as liable to be deceiv'd. Let him first consider all the Arguments, which the Author had, to write this, or to design the other, before he arraigns him of a fault: and then, perhaps, on second thoughts, he will find his Reason oblige him to revoke his Censure. Yet, after all, I will not be too positive. *Homo sum, humani à me nihil alienum puto.* As I am a Man, I must be changeable: and sometimes the gravest of us all are so, even upon ridiculous accidents. Our minds are perpetually wrought on by the temperament of our Bodies, which makes me suspect: they are nearer alli'd, than either our Philosophers or School-Divines will allow them to be. I have

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observ'd, says Montaign, that when the Body is out of Order, its Companion is seldom at his ease. An ill Dream, or a Cloudy day, has power to change this wretched Creature, who is so proud of a reasonable Soul, and make him think what he thought not yesterday. And Homer was of this opinion, as Cicero is pleas'd to translate him for us:

Tales sunt hominum mentes quali pater ipse
Jupiter, auctiferâ lustravit lampade terras.

Or as the same Author in his Thusculane Questions, speaks with more modestly than usual of himself: Nos in diem vivimus; quodcunque animos nostros probabilitate percussit, id dicimus. 'Tis not therefore impossible, but that I may alter the conclusion of my Play, to restore my self into the good Graces of my fair Criticks. And your Lordship, who is so well with them, may do me the Office of a Friend and Patron, to intercede with them on my promise of amendment. The Impotent Lover in Petronius, though his was a very unpardonable crime, yet was receiv'd to mercy on the terms I offer. Summa excusationis meæ hæc est: placebo tibi, si culpam emendare permiseris.

But I am conscious to my self of offering at a greater boldness in presenting to your view what my meanness can produce, than in any other error of my Play. And therefore make haste to break off this tedious Address which has, I know not how, already run it self into so much of Pedantry, with an excuse of Tully's, which he sent with his Books De Finibus, to his Friend Brutus, De ipsis rebus autem, sæpenumerò Brute vereor ne reprehendar, cum hæc ad te scribam, qui tum in Poesi, (I change it from Philosophiâ) tum in optimo genere Poeseos tantum processeris. Quod si facerem quasi te erudiens, jure reprehenderer. Sed ab eo plurimum absum: nec, ut ea cognoscas quæ tibi notissima sunt ad te mitto: sed quia facillimè in nomine tuo acquiesco, & quia te habeo æquissimum eorum studiorum, quæ mihi communia tecum sunt, æstimatorem & judicem. Which you may please, my Lord, to apply to your self, from him, who is,

Your Lordship's most obedient humble Servant,

DRYDEN.

PROLOGUE

(OUR Author by experience finds it true,
 'Tis much more hard to please himself than you:
 And out of no feign'd modesty, this day,
 Damns his laborious Trifle of a Play:
 Not that its worse than what before he writ,
 But he has now another taste of Wit;
 And to confess a truth, (though out of time)
 Grows weary of his long-lov'd Mistress, Rhyme.
 Passion's too fierce to be in Fetters bound,
 And Nature flies him like Enchanted Ground.
 What Verse can do, he has perform'd in this,
 Which he presumes the most correct of his:
 But spite of all his pride a secret shame,
 Invades his breast at *Shakespear's* sacred name:
 Aw'd when he hears his Godlike *Romans* rage,
 He, in a just despair, would quit the Stage.
 And to an Age less polish'd, more unskill'd,
 Does, with disdain the foremost Honours yield,
 As with the greater Dead he dares not strive,
 He would not match his Verse with those who live:
 Let him retire, betwixt two Ages cast,
 The first of this, and hindmost of the last.
 A losing Gamester, let him sneak away;
 He bears no ready Money from the Play.
 The Fate which governs Poets, thought it fit,
 He should not raise his Fortunes by his Wit.
 The Clergy thrive, and the litigious Bar;
 Dull Heroes fatten with the spoils of War:
 All Southern Vices, Heav'n be prais'd, are here;
 But Wit's a luxury you think too dear.
 When you to cultivate the Plant are loath,
 'Tis a shrewd sign 'twas never of your growth:
 And Wit in Northern Climates will not blow,
 Except, like *Orange-trees*, 'tis hous'd from Snow.
 There needs no care to put a Play-House down,
 'Tis the most desert place of all the Town.
 We and our Neighbours, to speak proudly, are
 Like Monarchs, ruin'd with expensive War.
 While, like wise *English*, unconcern'd, you sit,
 And see us play the Tragedy of Wit.

PERSONS REPRESENTED

		By
T HE old Emperor.		Mr. <i>Mohun</i> .
<i>Aureng-Zebe</i> his Son.		Mr. <i>Hart</i> .
<i>Morat</i> , his younger Son.		Mr. <i>Kynaston</i> .
<i>Arimant</i> , Governour of <i>Agra</i> .		Mr. <i>Wintershal</i> .
<i>Dianet</i> .	}	
<i>Solyman</i> .		
<i>Mir Baba</i> .		Indian Lords, or Om- rahs, of several Fac- tions.
<i>Abas</i> .		
<i>Asaph Chan</i> .		
<i>Fazel Chan</i> .		
<i>Nourmahal</i> , the Empress,		Mrs. <i>Marshal</i> .
<i>Indamora</i> , a Captive Queen.		Mrs. <i>Cox</i> .
<i>Melesinda</i> , Wife to <i>Morat</i> .		Mrs. <i>Corbet</i> .
<i>Zayda</i> , Favourite Slave to the Empress.		Mrs. <i>Uphil</i> .

SCENE, *Agra*, in the Year 1660.

AURENG-ZEBE

A TRAGEDY

ACT I.

Arimant, Asaph Chawn, Fazel Chawn.

Arim. **H**EAUVN seems the Empire of the East to lay
On the success of this important day:
Their Arms are to the last decision bent,
And Fortune labours with the vast event:
She now has in her hand the greatest stake,
Which for contending Monarchs she can make
What e'er can urge ambitious Youth to fight,
She pompously displays before their sight:
Laws, Empire, All permitted to the Sword,
And Fate could ne'r an ampler Scene afford.

Asaph. Four several Armies to the Field are led,
Which, high in equal hopes four Princes Head:
Indus and *Ganges*, our wide Empires Bounds,
Swell'd their dy'd Currents with their Natives wounds:
Each purple River winding, as he runs,
His bloody arms about his slaughter'd Sons.

Fazel. I well remember you foretold the Storm,
When first the Brothers did their Factions form:
When each, by curs'd Cabals of Women, strove
To draw th' indulgent King to partial Love.

Arim. (What Heav'n decrees, no prudence can prevent.
To cure their mad Ambition, they were sent
To rule a distant Province each alone.
What could a careful Father more have done?
He made provision against all, but Fate;
While, by his health, we held our peace of State.
The weight of seventy Winters prest him down,
He bent beneath the burthen of a Crown:
Sickness, at last, did his spent Body seize,

AURENG-ZEBE

And life almost sunk under the disease:
Mortal 'twas thought, at least by them desir'd,
Who, impiously, into his years inquir'd:
As at a Signal, streight the Sons prepare
For open force, and rush to sudden War:
Meeting, like Winds broke loose upon the Main,
To prove, by Arms, whose Fate it was to Reign.

Asaph. Rebels and Parricides!

Arim. Brand not their actions with so foul a name:
Pity, at least, what we are forc'd to blame,
When Death's cold hand has clos'd the Father's eye,
You know the younger Sons are doom'd to die.
Less ills are chose greater to avoid,
And Nature's Laws are by the States destroy'd.
What courage tamely could to death consent,
And not, by striking first, the blow prevent?
Who falls in fight, cannot himself accuse,
And he dies greatly, who a Crown pursues.

To them, Solyman Agah.

Solym. A new Express all *Agra* does afright:
Darah and *Aureng-Zebe* are joyn'd in Fight;
The Press of people thickens to the Court,
Th' impatient crowd devouring the report.

Arim. T' each changing news they chang'd affections bring,
And servilely from Fate expect a King.

Solym. The Ministers of State, who gave us Law,
In corners, with select'd Friends, withdraw:
There, in deaf murmurs, solemnly are wise;
Whisp'ring, like Winds, ere Hurricanes arise.
The most corrupt are most obsequious grown,
And those they scorn'd, officiously they own.

Asaph. In change of Government,
The Rabble rule their great Oppressors Fate:
Do Sovereign Justice, and revenge the State.

Solym. The little Courtiers who ne'r come to know
The depth of Factions, as in Mazes go,
Where Int'rests meet and cross so oft, that they
With too much care are wilder'd in their way.

Arim. What of the Emperor?

Solym. Unmov'd, and brave, he like himself appears,
And, meriting no ill, no danger fears:
Yet mourns his former vigour lost so far,

AURENG-ZEBE

To make him now spectator of a War:
Repining that he must preserve his Crown
By any help or courage but his own:
Wishes each minute, he could unbeget
Those Rebel-Sons, who dare t'usurp his Seat:
To sway his Empire with unequal skill,
And mount a Throne, which none but he can fill.

Arim. Oh! had he still that Character maintain'd,
Of Valour, which in blooming Youth he gain'd!
He promis'd in his East a glorious Race;
Now sunk from his Meridian, sets apace.
But as the Sun, when he from Noon declines,
And with abated heat, less fiercely shines,
Seems to grow milder as he goes away,
Pleasing himself with the remains of Day:
So he who, in his Youth, for Glory strove,
Would recompence his Age with Ease and Love.

Asaph. The name of Father hateful to him grows,
Which, for one Son, produces him three Foes.

Fazel. *Darah*, the eldest bears a generous mind;
But to implacable revenge inclin'd.
Too openly does Love and hatred show:
A bounteous Master, but a deadly Foe.

Solym. From *Sujah's* valour I should much expect,
But he's a *Bigot* of the *Persian* Sect:
And, by a Foreign Int'rest seeks to Reign,
Hopeless by Love the Scepter to obtain.

Asaph. *Morat's* too insolent, too much a Brave,
His Courage to his Envy is a Slave.
What he attempts, if his endeavours fail
T' effect, he is resolv'd no other shall.

Arim. But *Aurenge-Zebe*, by no strong passion sway'd,
Except his Love, more temp'rate is, and weigh'd:
This *Atlas* must our sinking State uphold;
In Council cool, but in Performance bold:
He sums their Virtues in himself alone,
And adds the greatest, of a Loyal Son:
His Father's Cause upon his Sword he wears,
And with his Arms, we hope, his Fortune bears.

Solym. Two vast Rewards may well his courage move,
A Parent's Blessing, and a Mistress Love.
If he succeed, his recompence, we hear,
Must be the Captive Queen of *Cassimere*.

AURENG-ZEBE

To them, Abas.

Abas. Mischiefs on mischiefs, greater still, and more:
The neighb'ring Plain with Arms is cover'd o'r:
The Vale an Iron-Harvest seems to yield
Of thick-sprung Lances in a waving Field.
The pollish'd Steel gleams terribly from far,
And every moment nearer shows the War.
The Horses Neighing by the Wind is blown,
And Castl'd-Elephants o'r-look the Town.

Arim. If, as I fear, *Morat* these Pow'rs commands,
Our Empire on the brink of ruine stands:
Th' ambitious Empress with her Son is joyn'd,
And, in his Brother's absence, has design'd
The unprovided Town to take with ease,
And then, the Person of the King to seize.

Solym. To all his former Issue she has shown
Long hate, and labour'd to advance her own.

Abas. These Troops are his.

Surat he took; and thence, preventing Fame,
By quick and painful Marches hither came.
Since his approach, he to his Mother sent,
And two long hours in close debate were spent.

Arim. I'll to my Charge, the Cittadel, repair,
And shew my duty by my timely care.

*To them the Emperor with a Letter in his hand: after him an
Ambassador, with a Train following.*

Asaph. But see, the Emperor! a fiery red
His Brows and glowing Temples does o'r-spread,
Morat has some displeasing Message sent.

Amb. Do not, great Sir, misconstrue his intent:
Not call Rebellion what was prudent care,
To guard himself by necessary War:
While he believ'd you living, he obey'd;
His Governments but as your Vice-Roy sway'd:
But, when he thought you gone,
T' augment the number of the Bless'd above,
He deem'd 'em Legacies of Royal love:
Nor arm'd his Brothers Portions to invade,
But to defend the present you had made.

Emp. By frequent Messages, and strict Commands,
He knew my pleasure to discharge his Bands:

AURENG-ZEBE

Proof of my Life my Royal Signet made;
Yet still he arm'd, came on, and disobey'd.

Amb. He thought the *Mandat* forg'd, your death conceal'd:
And but delay'd, till truth should be reveal'd.

Emp. News of my death from Rumor he receiv'd;
And what he wish'd, he easily believ'd:
But long demurr'd, though from my hand he knew
I liv'd, so loath he was to think it true.
Since he pleads ignorance to that command,
Now let him show his duty, and disband.

Amb. His Honour, Sir, will suffer in the Cause,
He yields his Arms unjust if he withdraws:
And begs his Loyalty may be declar'd,
By owning those he leads to be your guard.

Emp. I, in my self, have all the Guard I need;
Bid the presumptuous Boy draw off with speed:
If his audacious Troops one hour remain,
My Cannon from the Fort shall scour the Plain.

Amb. Since you deny him entrance, he demands
His Wife, whom cruelly you hold in Bands:
Her, if unjustly, you from him detain,
He justly will by force of Arms regain.

Emp. O'r him, and his, a right from Heav'n I have;
Subject and Son, he's doubly born my Slave.
But whatsoe'r his own demerits are,
Tell him, I shall not make on Women, War.
And yet I'll do her Innocence the grace,
To keep her here, as in the safer place.
But thou, who dar'st this bold defiance bring,
May'st feel the rage of an offended King.
Hence from my sight without the least reply:
One word, nay, one look more and thou shalt die.

[Exit Ambassador.]

Re-enter Arimant.

Arim. May Heav'n, great Monarch, still augment your bliss
With length of days, and every day like this.
For, from the Banks of *Gemna* news is brought,
Your Army has a bloody Battel fought:
Darah from Loyal *Aureng-Zebe* is fled;
And fourty thousand of his Men lie dead.
To *Sujah* next your conquering Army drew;
Him they surpriz'd, and easily o'r-threw.

AURENG-ZEBE

Emp. 'Tis well.

Arim. But well! what more could at your wish be done,
Than two such Conquests gain'd by such a Son?
Your pardon, mighty Sir;
You seem not high enough your Joys to rate;
You stand indebted a vast sum to Fate:
And should large thanks for the great Blessing pay,

Emp. My fortune owes me great every day.
And, should my joy more high for this, appear,
It would have argu'd me before of fear.
How is Heav'n kind, where I have nothing won,
And Fortune onely pays me with my own?

Arim. Great *Aureng-Zebe* did duteous care express:
And durst not push too far his good success.
But lest *Moras* the City should attack,
Commanded his victorious Army back;
Which, left to march as swiftly as they may,
Himself comes first, and will be here this day,
Before a close-form'd Siege shut up his way. }

Emp. Prevent his purpose, hence, hence, with all thy speed.
Stop him; his entrance to the Town forbid.

Arim. How, Sir? your Loyal, your Victorious Son?

Emp. Him would I, more than all the Rebels, shun.

Arim. Whom with your pow'r and fortune, Sir, you trust;
Now to suspect is vain, as 'tis unjust.

He comes not with a Train to move your fear,
But trusts himself, to be a pris'ner here.
You knew him brave, you know him faithful now:
He aims at Fame, but Fame from serving you.
'Tis said, Ambition in his breast does rage:
Who would not be the *Hero* of an Age?

All grant him prudent: prudence interest weighs,
And interest bids him seek your love and praise.
I know you grateful; When he march'd from hence,
You bad him hope an ample recompence:
He conquer'd in that hope; and from your hands,
His Love, the precious pledge he left, demands.

Emp. No more; you search too deep my wounded mind:
And show me what I fear, and would not find.
My Son has all the debts of duty paid:
Our Prophet sends him to my present aid.
Such virtue to distrust were base and low:
I'm not ungrateful——or I was not so!

AURENG-ZEBE

Inquire no farther, stop his coming on:

I will not, cannot, dare not see my Son.

Arim. 'Tis now too late his entrance to prevent:

Nor must I to your ruine give consent.

At once your Peoples heart and Son's you lose:

And give him all when you just things refuse.

Emp. Thou lov'st me sure; thy faith has oft been tri'd,

In ten pitch'd Fields, not shrinking from my side,

Yet giv'st me no advice to bring me ease.

Arim. Can you be cur'd, and tell not your disease?

I ask'd you, Sir.

Emp. ———Thou should'st have ask'd again:

There hangs a secret shame on guilty men.

Thou should'st have pull'd the secret from my breast,

Torn out the bearded Steel to give me rest:

At least thou should'st have gness'd——

Yet thou art honest, thou could'st ne'er have gness'd.

Ha'st thou been never base? did Love ne'r bend

Thy frailer Virtue, to betray thy Friend?

Flatter me, make thy Court, and say, It did:

Kings in a Crowd would have their Vices hid.

We would be kept in count'nance, sav'd from shame:

And own'd by others who commit the same.

Nay, now I have confess'd.——

Thou see'st me naked, and without disguise:

I look on *Aureng-Zebe* with Rivals eyes.

He has abroad my enemyes o'recome,

And I have sought to ruin him at home.

Arim. This free confession shoves you long did strive:

And virtue, though oppress'd, is still alive.

But what success did your injustice find?

Emp. What it deserv'd, and not what I design'd.

Unmov'd she stood, and deaf to all my prayers,

As Seas and Winds to sinking Mariners.

But Seas grow calm, and Winds are reconcil'd:

Her Tyrant beauty never grows more mild.

Pray'rs, promises, and threats were all in vain.

Arim. Then cure your self by generous disdain.

Emp. Virtue, disdain, despair, I oft have tri'd,

And foil'd, have with new Arms my Foe defi'd;

This made me with so little joy to hear

The Victory, when I the Victor fear.

Arim. Something you swiftly must resolve to do,

AURENG-ZEBE

Lest *Aureng-Zebe* your secret Love should know.
Morat without does for your ruine wait;
And would you lose the Buckler of your State?
A jealous Empress lies within your Arms,
Too haughty to endure neglected Charms,
Your Son is duteous, but (as Man) he's frail.
And just revenge o'r vertue may prevail.

Emp. Go then to *Indamora*, say from me,
Two Lives depend upon her secresie.
Bid her conceal my passion from my Son.
Though *Aureng-Zebe* return a Conqueror,
Both he and she are still within my pow'r.
Say, I'm a Father, but a Lover too:
Much to my Son, more to my self I owe.
When she receives him, to her words give Law:
And even the kindness of her glances awe.

See, he appears! [After a short whisper, *Arimant* departs.]

Enter Aureng-Zebe, Dianet, and Attendants. *Aureng-Zebe*
kneels to his Father, and kisses his hand.

Aur. My Vows have been successful as my Sword:
My prayers are heard, you have your health restor'd.
Once more 'tis given me to behold your face:
The best of Kings and Fathers to embrace.
Pardon my tears; 'tis joy which bids 'em flow,
A joy which never was sincere till now.
That which my Conquest gave I could not prize;
Or 'twas imperfect till I saw your eyes.

Emp. Turn the discourse: I have a reason why
I would not have you speak so tenderly.
Knew you what shame your kind expressions bring,
You would in pity spare a wretched King.

Aur. A King! you rob me, Sir, of half my due:
You have a dearer name, a Father too.

Emp. I had that name.

Aur. —What have I said or done,
That I no longer must be call'd your Son?
'Tis in that name, Heaven knows, I glory more,
Than that of Prince, or that of Conqueror.

Emp. Then you upbraid me; I am pleas'd to see
You're not so perfect, but can fail, like me.
I have no God to deal with.

Aur. —Now I find

A U R E N G - Z E B E

Some slie Court-Devil has seduc'd your mind:
 Fill'd it with black suspicions, not your own:
 And all my actions through false Optics shown.
 I ne'r did Crowns ambitiously regard:
 Honour I sought, the generous mind's reward.
 Long may you live! while you the Sceptre sway
 I shall be still most happy to obey.

Emp. Oh *Aureng-Zebe!* thy virtues shine too bright,
 They flash too fierce: I, like the Bird of Night,
 Shut my dull eyes, and sicken at the sight.
 Thou hast deserv'd more love than I can show:
 But 'tis thy fate to give, and mine to owe.
 Thou seest me much distemper'd in my mind:
 Pull'd back, and then push'd forward to be kind.
 Virtue, and——fain I wou'd my silence break,
 But have not yet this confidence to speak.
 Leave me, and to thy needful rest repair.

Aur. Rest is not suiting with a Lover's care.
 I have not yet my *Indamora* seen.

[*Is going.*]

Emp. Somewhat I had forgot; come back again:
 So weary of a Father's company!

Aur. Sir, you were pleas'd your self to license me.

Emp. You made me no relation of the Fight.
 Besides, a Rebels Army is in sight.
 Advise me first: yet go——

He goes to *Indamora*; I should take
 A kind of envious joy to keep him back.
 Yet to detain him makes my love appear:
 I hate his presence, and his absence fear.

[*Aside.*]

[*Exit*]

Aur. To some new Clime, or to thy native Sky,
 O Friendless and forsaken Virtue flie.
 Thy *Indian* Air is deadly to thee grown:
 Deceit and canker'd malice rule thy Throne.
 Why did my Arms in Battel prosp'rous prove,
 To gain the barren praise of Filial love?
 The best of Kings by Women is misled,
 Charm'd by the Witchcraft of a second Bed.
 Against my self I Victories have wonn,
 And by my fatal absence am undone.

To him Indamora, with Arimant.

But here she comes!
 In the calm Harbour of whose gentle breast,

AURENG-ZEBE

My Tempest-beaten Soul may safely rest.
Oh, my heart's joy! what e'r my sorrows be,
They cease and vanish in beholding thee!
Care shuns thy walks; as at the cheerful light,
The groaning Ghosts and Birds obscene take flight.
By this one view, all my past pains are paid:
And all I have to come more easie made.

Ind. Such sullen Planets at my Birth did shine,
They threaten every Fortune mixt with mine.
Fly the pursuit of my disastrous love,
And from unhappy Neighbourhood remove.

Aur. Bid the laborious Hind,
Whose harden'd hands did long in Tillage toil,
Neglect the promis'd Harvest of the Soil.
Should I, who cultivated Love with Bloud,
Refuse possession of approaching good?

Ind. Love is an aery good Opinion makes:
Which he who onely thinks he has, partakes.
Seen by a strong Imagination's Beam;
That tricks and dresses up the gaudy Dream.
Presented so, with rapture 'tis enjoy'd:
Rais'd by high Fancy, and by low destroy'd.

Aur. If Love be Vision, mine has all the fire,
Which, in first Dreams, young Prophets does inspire:
I dream, in you, our promis'd Paradice:
An Ages tumult of continu'd bliss.
But you have still your happiness in doubt:
Or else 'tis past, and you have dream't it out.

Ind. Perhaps not so.

Aur. ————— Can *Indamora* prove
So alter'd? Is it but, Perhaps you Love?
Then farewell all! I thought in you to find
A Balm, to cure my much distemper'd mind.
I came to grieve a Father's heart estrang'd;
But little thought to find a Mistris chang'd.
Nature her self is chang'd to punish me:
Virtue turn'd Vice, and Faith Inconstancy.

Ind. You heard me not Inconstancy confess:
'Twas but a Friends advice to love me less.
Who knows what adverse Fortune may befall?
Arm well your mind: hope little, and fear all.
Hope, with a goodly prospect, feeds your Eye:
Shows, from a rising ground, possession nigh:

A U R E N G - Z E B E

Shortens the distance, or o'r-looks it quite:
So easie 'tis to travel with the sight.

Aur. Then to despair you would my Love betray,
By taking hope, its last kind Friend, away.
You hold the Glass, but turn the Perspective;
And farther off the lessen'd Object drive.
You bid me fear: in that your change I know:
You would prepare me for the coming blow.
But, to prevent you, take my last Adieu;
I'll sadly tell my self, you are untrue,
Rather than stay to hear it told by you.

} [Going.

Ind. Stay, *Aureng-Zebe*, I must not let you go,
And yet believe your self, your own worst Foe,
Think I am true, and seek no more to know.

}

Let in my breast the fatal Secret lie,

'Tis a sad Riddle, which, if known, we die. [Seeming to pause.

Aug. Fair Hypocrite, you seek to cheat in vain;
Your silence argues you ask time to feign.
Once more, farewell: the snare in sight is laid,
'Tis my own fault if I am now betray'd.

[Going again.

Ind. Yet once more stay; you shall believe me true,
Though in one Fate I wrap my self and you.
Your absence——

Arim. ——Hold; you know the hard Command
I must obey; you onely can withstand
Your own mishap. I beg you on my Knee,
Be not unhappy by your own Decree.

Aug. Speak, Madam, by (if that be yet an Oath)
Your Love, I'm pleas'd we should be ruin'd both.
Both is a sound of joy.

In Death's dark Bow'rs our Bridals we will keep:
And his cold hand
Shall draw the Curtain when we go to sleep.

Ind. Know then, that Man whom both of us did trust,
Has been to you unkind, to me unjust.
The Guardian of my Faith so false did prove,
As to sollicite me with lawless Love:
Pray'd, promis'd, threaten'd, all that Man could do,
Base as he's great; and need I tell you who?

Aug. Yes; for I'll not believe my Father meant:
Speak quickly, and my impious thoughts prevent.

Ind. Yo've said; I wish I could some other name!

AURENG-ZEBE

Arim. My duty must excuse me, Sir, from blame.
A Guard there.

Enter Guards.

Aur. ——— Slave, for me?

Arim. ——— My Orders are
To seize this Princess, whom the Laws of War
Long since made Prisoner.

Aur. ——— Villain.

Arim. ——— Sir, I know
Your Birth, nor durst another call me so.

Aur. I have redeem'd her; and as mine she's free.

Arim. You may have right to give her liberty:
But with your Father, Sir, that right dispute;
For his commands to me were absolute;
If she disclos'd his love, to use the right
Of War, and to secure her from your sight.

Aur. I'll rescue her, or die.

[*Draws.*

And you, my Friends, though few, are yet too brave
To see your Gen'ral's Mistress made a Slave.

[*All draw.*

Ind. Hold, my dear Love! if so much pow'r there lies,
As once you own'd, in *Indamora's* Eyes.
Lose not the Honour you have early wonn;
But stand the blameless pattern of a Son.
My Love your claim inviolate secures:
'Tis writ in Fate, I can be onely yours.
My Sufferings for you make your heart my due:
Be worthy me, as I am worthy you.

Aur. (*Putting up his sword.*) I've thought, and bless'd be you who
gave me time:

My Virtue was surpris'd into a Crime.
Strong Virtue, like strong Nature, struggles still:
Exerts it self, and then throws off the ill.

I to a Son's and Lover's praise aspire:
And must fulfil the parts which both require.
How dear the cure of jealousy has cost!
With too much care and tenderness y'are lost.
So the fond Youth from Hell redeem'd his Prize,
Till looking back, she vanish'd from his eyes!

[*Exeunt severally.*

AURENG-ZEBE

ACT II.

Betwixt the Acts, a Warlike Tune is plaid, shooting off Guns, and shouts of Souldiers are heard as in an Assault.

Aureng-Zebe, Arimant, Asaph Chawn, Fazel Chawn, Solyman.

Aur. **W**Hat man could do, was by *Morat* perform'd:
The Fortress thrice himself in person storm'd.
Your valour bravely did th' Assault sustain:
And fill'd the Moats and Ditches with the Slain.
Till, mad with Rage, into the Breach he fir'd:
Slew Friends and Foes, and in the Smoak retir'd.

Arim. To us you give what praises are not due:
Morat was thrice repuls'd, but thrice by you.

High, over all, was your great conduct shown:
You sought our safety, but forgot your own.

Asaph. Their Standard, planted on the Battlement,
Despair and death among the Souldiers sent:
You, the bold *Omrakh* tumbled from the Wall;
And shouts of Victory pursu'd his Fall.

Fazel. To you, alone, we owe this prosp'rous day:
Our Wives and Children rescu'd from the prey:
Know your own int'rest, Sir, where e'r you lead,
We joyntly vow to owe no other Head.

Solyman. Your wrongs are known. Impose but your commands;
This hour shall bring you twenty thousand hands.

Aur. Let them who truly would appear my friends,
Employ their Swords, like mine, for noble ends.

No more: remember you have bravely done:

Shall Treason end, what Loyalty begun?

I own no wrongs; some grievance I confess,

But Kings, like Gods, at their own time redress.

Yet, some becoming boldness I may use:

I've well deserv'd, nor will he now refuse.

[*Aside.*

I'll strike my Fortunes with him at a heat:

And give him not the leisure to forget. [*Exit, attended by the Omrahs.*

Arim. Oh! *Indamora*, hide these fatal Eyes;

Too deep they wound whom they too soon surprise:

My Virtue, Prudence, Honour, Interest, all

Before this Universal Monarch fall.

(Beauty, like Ice, our footing does betray;

AURENG-ZEBE

Who can tread sure on the smooth slippery way?)
Pleas'd with the passage, we slide swiftly on:
And see the dangers which we cannot shun.

To him, Indamora.

Ind. I hope my liberty may reach thus far:
These Terras Walks within my limits are.
I came to seek you, and to let you know,
How much I to your generous Pity owe.
The King, when he design'd you for my Guard,
Resolv'd he would not make my Bondage hard:
If otherwise, you have deceiv'd his end;
And whom he meant a Guardian, made a Friend.

Arim. A Guardian's Title I must own with shame:
But should be prouder of another Name.

Ind. And therefore 'twas I chang'd that Name before:
I call'd you Friend, and could you wish for more?

Arim. I dare not ask for what you would not grant:
But wishes, Madam, are extravagant.
They are not bounded with things possible:
I may wish more then I presume to tell:
Desire's the vast extent of humane mind,
It mounts above, and leaves poor hope behind.
I could wish——

Ind. What?

Arim. Why did you speak? yo've dash'd my Fancy quite:
Ev'n in the approaching minute of delight.
I must take breath——

Ere I the Rapture of my wish renew,
And tell you then, It terminates in you.

Ind. Have you consider'd what th' event would be?
Or know you, *Arimant* your self, or me?
Were I no Queen, did you my beauty weigh,
My Youth in bloom, your Age in its decay?

Arim. I my own Judge, condemn'd my self before:
For pity aggravate my crime no more.
So weak I am, I with a frown am slain:
You need have us'd but half so much disdain.

Ind. I am not cruel yet to that degree:
Have better thoughts both of your self, and me.
Beauty a Monarch is,
Which Kingly power magnificently proves,
By crouds of Slaves, and peopled Empire loves.

AURENG-ZEBE

And such a Slave as you, what Queen would lose?
Above the rest, I *Arimant* would chuse:
For counsel, valour, truth, and kindness too,
All I could wish in man, I find in you.

Arim. What Lover could to greater joy be rais'd!
I am, methinks, a God by you thus prais'd.

Ind. To what may not desert, like yours, pretend?
You have all qualities——that fit a Friend.

Arim. So Mariners mistake the promis'd Coast:
And, with full Sails, on the blind Rocks are lost.
Think you my aged veins so faintly beat,
They rise no higher than to Friendships heat?
So weak your Charms, that, like a Winter's night,
Twinkling with Stars, they freez me while they light?

Ind. Mistake me not, good *Arimant*, I know
My Beauty's pow'r, and what my charms can do.
You your own Talent have not learn'd so well;
But practise one, where you can ne'r excel.
You can at most,

To an indiff'rent Lover's praise pretend:
But you would spoil an admirable Friend.

Arim. Never was Amity so highly priz'd;
Nor ever any Love so much despis'd.
Ev'n to my self ridiculous I grow;
And would be angry if I knew but how.

Ind. Do not. Your Anger, like your Love, is vain:
When e'r I please, you must be pleas'd again,
Knowing what pow'r I have your will to bend,
I'll use it; for I need just such a Friend.
You must perform, not what you think is fit:
But to what ever I propose, submit.

Arim. Madam, you have a strange Ascendant gain'd;
You use me like a Courser, spurr'd and rein'd:
If I fly out, my fierceness you command,
Then sooth, and gently stroke me with your hand.
Impose; but use your pow'r of Taxing well:
When Subjects cannot Pay, they soon Rebel.

Enter the Emperor, unseen by them.

Ind. My Rebels punishment would easie prove:
You know y'are in my pow'r by making Love.

Arim. Would I, without dispute, your Will obey,
And could you, in return, my life betray?

A U R E N G - Z E B E

Emp. What danger, *Arimant*, is this you fear?
Or what Love-secret which I must not hear?
These alter'd looks some inward motion show,
His cheeks are pale, and yours with blushes glow.

[*To her.*

Ind. 'Tis what, with justice, may my anger move:
He has been bold, and talk'd to me of Love.

Arim. I am betray'd, and shall be doom'd to die!

[*Aside.*

Emp. Did he, my Slave, presume to look so high?
That crawling Insect, who from Mud began,
Warm'd by my Beams, and kindl'd into Man?
Durst he, who does but for my pleasure live,
Intrench on Love, my great Prerogative?
Print his base Image on his Sovereign's Coin?
'Tis Treason if he stamp his Love with mine.

Arim. 'Tis true, I have been bold; but if it be
A crime——

Ind. ——He means, 'tis onely so to me.
You, Sir, should praise, what I must disapprove:
He insolently talk'd to me of Love:
But, Sir, 'twas yours, he made it in your name:
You, if you please, may all he said disclaim.

Emp. I must disclaim what'er he can express:
His groveling sense will shew my passion less.
But stay, if what he said my message be,
What fear, what danger could arrive from me?
He said, He feard you would his life betray.

Ind. Should he presume again, perhaps I may.
Though in your hands he hazard not his life,
Remember, Sir, your fury of a Wife;
Who, not content to be reveng'd on you,
The Agents of your passion will pursue.

Emp. If I but hear her nam'd, I'm sick that day;
The sound is mortal, and frights life away.
Forgive me, *Arimant*, my jealous thought:
Distrust in Lovers is the tender'st fault.
Leave me, and tell thy self in my excuse,
Love, and a Crown, no Rivalship can bear;
And precious things are still possess'd with fear. [*Exit Arimant*
This, Madam, my excuse to you may plead; *bowing.*
Love should forgive the faults which Love has made.

Ind. From me, what pardon can you hope to have,
Robb'd of my Love, and treated as a Slave?

AURENG-ZEBE

Emp. Force is the last relief which Lovers find:
And 'tis the best excuse of Wooman-kind.

Ind. Force never yet a generous Heart did gain?
We yield on parley, but are storm'd in vain.
Constraint in all things makes the pleasure less;
Sweet is the Love which comes with willingness.

Emp. No; 'tis resistance that inflames desire:
Sharpens the Darts of Love, and blows his Fire.
Love is disarm'd that meets with too much ease:
He languishes, and does not care to please.
And therefore 'tis your golden Fruit you guard
With so much care, to make possession hard.

Ind. Was't not enough, you took my Crown away,
But cruelly you must my Love betray?
I was well-pleas'd to have transferr'd my right,
And better chang'd your Claim of Lawless might,
By taking him, whom you esteem'd above
Your other Sons, and taught me first to love.

Emp. My Son, by my command his course must steer:
I bad him love, I bid him now forbear.
If you have any kindness for him still,
Advise him not to shock a Father's Will.

Ind. Must I advise?
Then let me see him, and I'll try to obey.

Emp. I had forgot, and dare not trust your way.
But send him word,
He has not here an Army to command:
Remember he and you are in my hand.

Ind. Yes, in a Father's hand, whom he has serv'd;
And, with the hazard of his life, preserv'd.
But piety to you, unhappy Prince,
Becomes a crime, and duty an offence:
Against your self you with your Foes combine,
And seem your own destruction to design.

Emp. You may be pleas'd your Politiques to spare:
I'm old enough, and can my self take care.

Ind. Advice from me was, I confess, too bold:
Y' are old enough it may be, Sir, too old.

Emp. You please your self with your contempt of Age:
But Love, neglected, will convert to Rage.
If on your head my fury does not turn,
Thank that fond dotage which so much you scorn.

AURENG-ZEBE

But, in another's person you may prove,
There's warmth for Vengeance left, though not for Love.

Re-enter Arimant.

Arim. The Empress has the Anti-Chambers past,
And this way moves with a disorder'd haste:
Her Brows, the stormy marks of anger bear.

Emp. Madam, retire: she must not find you here.

[Exit Indamora with Arimant.]

Enter Nourmahal hastily.

Nour. What have I done, that *Nourmahal* must prove
The scorn and triumph of a Rival's Love?
My eyes are still the same, each glance, each grace,
Keep their first lustre, and maintain their place;
Not second yet to any other face. }

Emp. What rage transports you? are you well awake?
Such Dreams distracted minds in Feavers make.

Nour. Those Feavers you have giv'n, those Dreams have bred,
By broken Faith, and an abandon'd Bed.
Such Visions hourly pass before my sight;
Which from my eyes their Balmy slumbers fright, }
In the severest silence of the night.
Visions, which in this Cittadel are seen;
Bright, glorious Visions of a Rival Queen.

Emp. Have patience, my first flames can ne'r decay:
These are but Dreams, and soon will pass away.
Thou know'st, my Heart, my Empire, all is thine:
In thy own Heav'n of Love serenely shine:
Fair as the Face of Nature did appear,
When Flowers first peep'd, and Trees did Blossoms bear, }
And Winter had not yet deform'd th' inverted Year.
Calm as the Breath which fans our Eastern Groves,
And bright as when thy Eyes first lighted up our Loves.
Let our eternal Peace be seal'd by this,
With the first ardour of a Nuptial Kiss.

[Offers to kiss her.]

Nour. Me would you have, me your faint kisses prove,
The dregs and droppings of enervate Love?
Must I your cold long-labouring age sustain,
And be to empty joys provok'd in vain?
Receive your sighing after other Charms,
And take an absent Husband in my Arms?

Emp. Even these reproaches I can bear from you,
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AURENG-ZEBE

You doubted of my Love, believe it true.
Nothing but Love this patience could produce,
And I allow your rage that kind excuse.

Nour. Call it not patience; 'tis your guilt stands mute:
You have a cause too foul to bear dispute.

You wrong me first, and urge my rage to rise,
Then I must pass for mad; you, meek and wise,
Good man, plead merit by your soft replies,
Vain priviledge poor Women have of tongue:
Man can stand silent and resolve on wrong.

Emp. What can I more? my friendship you refuse,
And even my mildness, as my crime, accuse.

Nour. Your sullen silence cheats not me, false Man;
I know you think the bloudest things you can.
Could you accuse me, you would raise your voice:
Watch for my crimes, and in my guilt rejoyce.
But my known virtue is from scandal free,
And leaves no shadow for your calumny.

Emp. Such virtue is the plague of humane life:
A Virtuous Woman but a cursed Wife.
In vain of pompous chastity y're proud:
Virtue's adultery of the Tongue, when loud.
I, with less pain, a Prostitute could bear,
Than the shrill sound of Virtue, virtue hear.
In unchaste Wives——

There's yet a kind of recompensing ease:
Vice keeps 'em humble, gives 'em care to please:
But against clamorous Virtue, what defence?
It stops our mouthes, and gives your noise pretence.

Nour. Since Virtue does your indignation raise,
'Tis pity but you had that Wife you praise.
Your own wild appetites are prone to range;
And then you tax our humours with your change.

Emp. What can be sweeter than our native home!
Thither for ease, and soft repose, we come:
Home is the sacred refuge of our life:
Secur'd from all approaches, but a Wife.
If thence we fly, the cause admits no doubt:
None but an Inmate Foe could force us out.

Clamours, our privacies uneasie make:
Birds leave their Nests disturb'd, and Beasts their Haunts forsake.

Nour. Honour's my crime that hath your loathing bred:
You take no pleasure in a virtuous Bed.

AURENG-ZEBE

Emp. What pleasure can there be in that estate,
Which your unquietness has made me hate?
I shrink far off——

Dissembling sleep, but wakeful with the fright,
The day takes off the pleasure of the night.

Nour. My thoughts no other joys but pow'r pursue:
Or if they did, they must be lost in you.
And yet the fault's not mine——

Though Youth and Beauty cannot warmth command;
The Sun in vain shines on the barren Sand.

Emp. 'Tis true, of Marriage-bands I'm weary grown;
Love scorns all ties, but those that are his own.
Chains that are drag'd, must needs uneasie prove:
For there's a God-like liberty in Love.

Nour. What's Love to you?
The bloom of Beauty other years demands;
Nor will be gather'd by such wither'd hands:
You importune it with a false desire:
Which sparkles out, and makes no solid fire.
This impudence of Age, whence can it spring?
All you expect, and yet you nothing bring.
Eager to ask, when you are past a grant;
Nice in providing what you cannot want.
Have conscience; give not her you love this pain:
Sollicite nor your self, and her, in vain.
All other Debts may compensation find:
But Love is strict, and will be paid in kind.

Emp. Sure of all ills, Domestic are the worst;
When most secure of blessings, we are curst.
When we lay next us what we hold most dear,
Like *Hercules*, invenom'd Shirts we wear;
And cleaving mischiefs.

Nour. —— What you merit, have:
And share, at least, the miseries you gave.
Your days, I will alarm, I'll haunt your nights.
And, worse than Age, disable your delights.
May your sick Fame still languish till it die:
All Offices of Pow'r neglected lie,
And you grow cheap in every Subject's eye.
Then as the greatest Curse that I can give;
Unpiti'd, be depos'd: and after live.

Emp. Stay; and now learn,
How criminal soe'r we Husbands are,
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[Going off.] }

AURENG-ZEBE

'Tis not for Wives to push our crimes too far.
Had you still Mistress of your temper been,
I had been modest, and not own'd my Sin.
Your Fury hardens me, and what e'r wrong
You suffer, you have cancell'd by your tongue.
A Guard there; seize her: she shall know this hour,
What is a Husband's, and a Monarch's pow'r, [*Guard seizes her.*]

Enter Aureng-Zebe.

Nour. I see for whom your Charter you maintain:
I must be fetter'd, and my Son be slain,
That *Zelyma's* ambitious Race may Reign. }
Not so, you promis'd when my Beauty drew
All *Asia's* Vows; when *Persia* left for you
The Realm of *Candahar* for Dow'r I brought:
That long contended Prize for which you fought.

Aur. The name of Step-mother, your practis'd Art,
By which you have estrang'd my Father's Heart,
All you have done against me, or design,
Shews your aversion, but begets not mine.
Long may my Father *India's* Empire guide:
And may no breach your Nuptial Vows divide.

Emp. Since Love obliges not, I from this hour,
Assume the right of Man's Despotic pow'r:
Man is by Nature form'd your Sexes head:
And is himself the Canon of his Bed.
In Bands of Iron fetter'd you shall be:
An easier yoke than what you put on me.

Aur. Though much I fear my int'rest is not great, [*Kneeling.*]
Let me your Royal Clemency intreat.
Secrets of Marriage still are Sacred held:
There sweet and bitter by the wise conceal'd.
Errors of Wives reflect on Husbands still:
And, when divulg'd, proclaim you've chosen ill.
And the mysterious pow'r of Bed and Throne,
Should always be maintain'd, but rarely shown.

Emp. To so perverse a Sex all Grace is vain:
It gives 'em courage to offend again:
For with feign'd tears they penitence pretend:
Again are pardon'd, and again offend.
Fathom our pity when they seem to grieve;
Onely to try how far we can forgive.

AURENG-ZEBE

Till lanching out into a Sea of strife,
They scorn all pardon, and appear all Wife.
But be it as you please: for your lov'd sake,
This last and fruitless trial I will make.
In all requests, your right of merit use:
And know, There is but one I can refuse.

[He signs to the Guards, and they remove from the Empress.]

Nour. You've done enough, for you design'd my Chains:
The Grace is vanish'd, but th' Affront remains.
Nor is't a Grace, or for his merit done;
You durst no farther, for you fear'd my Son.
This you have gain'd by the rough course you prove;
I'm past Repentance, and you past my Love.

[Exit.]

Emp. A Spirit so untam'd the world ne'r bore.

Aur. And yet worse usage had incens'd her more.
But since by no obligation she is ti'd,
You must betimes for your defence provide.
I cannot idle in your danger stand;
But beg once more I may your Arms command.
Two Battels your auspicious Cause has wonn;
My Sword can perfect what it has begun,
And from your Walls dislodge that haughty Son.

Emp. My Son, your valour has, this day, been such,
None can enough admire, or praise too much.
But now, with reason, your success I doubt:
Her Faction's strong within, his Arms without.

Aur. I left the City in a Panic fright,
Lions they are in Council, Lambs in Fight.
But my own Troops by *Mirzah* led, are near:
I, by to morrow's dawn, expect 'em here.
To favour 'em I'll sally out ere day,
And through our slaughter'd Foes enlarge their way.

Emp. Age has not yet
So shrunk my Sinews, or so chill'd my Veins,
But conscious Virtue in my breast remains,
But had I now
That strength, with which my boiling Youth was fraught;
When in the Vale of *Balasar* I fought,
And from *Bengale* their Captive Monarch brought.
When Elephant 'gainst Elephant did rear
His Trunck, and Castles justl'd in the Air;
My Sword thy way to Victory had shown :
And ow'd the Conquest to it self alone.

AURENG-ZEBE

Aur. Those fair Idea's to my aid I'll call,
And emulate my great Original.

Or, if they fail, I will invoke in Arms,
The pow'r of Love, and *Indamora's* Charms.

Emp. I doubt the happy influence of your Star:
T' invoke a Captives name bodes ill in War.

Aur. Sir, give me leave to say, What ever now
The Omen prove, it boded well to you.
Your Royal Promise, when I went to fight,
Oblig'd me to resign a Victor's right.
Her liberty I fought for, and I wonn:
And claim it as your General, and your Son.

Emp. My ears still ring with noise, I'm vext to death:
Tongue-kill'd, and have not yet recover'd breath.
Nor will I be prescrib'd my time by you:
First end the War, and then your Claim renew.
While to your Conduct I my Fortune trust,
To keep this pledge of duty is but just.

Aur. Some hidden cause your jealousy does move,
Or you could ne'r suspect my Loyal Love.

Emp. What love soever by an Heir is shown,
He waits but time to step into the Throne.
You're neither justifi'd, nor yet accus'd:
Mean while, the Pris'ner with respect is us'd.

Aur. I know the kindness of her Guardian such,
I need not fear too little, but too much.
But how, Sir, how have you from virtue swerv'd?
Or what so ill return have I deserv'd?
You doubt not me, nor have I spent my bloud,
To have my faith no better understood:
Your Soul's above the baseness of distrust:
Nothing but Love could make you so unjust.

Emp. You know your Rival then; and know 'tis fit,
The Son's should to the Father's Claim submit.

Aur. Sons may have right, which they can never quit.
Your self first made that Title which I claim:
First bid me love, and authoris'd my flame.

Emp. The value of my gift I did not know:
If I could give, I can resume it too.

Aur. Recal your gift, for I your power confess:
But first, take back my life, a gift that's less.
Long life would now but a long burthen prove:
You're grown unkind, and I have lost your love.

AURENG-ZEBE

My grief let unbecoming speeches fall:
I should have dy'd, and not complain'd at all.

Emp. Witness yee Pow'rs,
How much I suffer'd, and how long I strove
Against th'assaults of this imperious Love!
I represented to my self the shame
Of perjur'd Faith, and violated Fame.
Your great deserts, how ill they were repay'd;
All arguments in vain, I urg'd and weigh'd:
For mighty Love, who Prudence does despise,
For Reason, show'd me *Indamora's* Eyes.
What would you more, my crime I sadly view,
Acknowledge, am asham'd, and yet pursue.

Aur. Since you can love, and yet your error see,
The same resistless pow'r may plead for me.
With no less ardor I my claim pursue:
I love, and cannot yield her even to you.

Emp. Your elder Brothers, though o'come, have right:
The youngest yet in Arms prepar'd to fight.
But, yielding her, I firmly have decreed,
That you alone to Empire shall succeed.

Aur. To after Ages let me stand a shame,
When I exchange for Crowns my Love or Fame.
You might have found a mercenary Son,
To profit of the Battels he had won:
Had I been such what hinder'd me to take
The Crown? nor had th' exchange been yours to make.
While you are living, I no right pretend;
Wear it, and let it where you please descend.
But from my Love, 'tis Sacrilege to part:
There, there's my Throne in *Indamora's* heart.

Emp. 'Tis in her heart alone that you must Reign;
You'll find her person difficult to gain.
Give willingly what I can take by force:
And know, Obedience is your safest course.

Aur. I'm taught by Honour's Precepts to obey:
Fear to Obedience is a slavish way.
If ought my want of duty could beget;
You take the most prevailing means, to threat:
Pardon your Bloud that boils within my veins;
It rises high, and menacing disdains.
Even death's become to me no dreadful name:
I've often met him, and have made him tame.

AURENG-ZEBE

In fighting fields, where our acquaintance grew,
I saw him, and condemn'd him first for you.

Emp. Of formal duty make no more thy boast:
Thou disobey'st where it concerns me most.
Fool, with both hands thus to push back a Crown:
And headlong cast thy self from Empire down.
Though *Nourmahal* I hate, her Son shall Reign:
Inglorious thou, by thy own fault remain.
Thy younger Brother I'll admit this hour:
So mine shall be thy Mistress, his thy Pow'r.

[*Exit.*

Aur. How vain is Virtue which directs our ways
Through certain danger, to uncertain praise!
Barren and aery name! thee Fortune flies;
With thy lean Train, the Pious and the Wise.
Heav'n takes thee at thy word, without regard;
And lets thee poorly be thine own reward.
The World is made for the bold impious man;
Who stops at nothing, seizes all he can.
Justice to merit does weak aid afford;
She trusts her Ballance, and neglects her Sword.
Virtue is nice to take what's not her own;
And, while she long consults, the Prize is gone.

To him, Dianet.

Dia. Forgive the Bearer of unhappy news:
Your alter'd Father openly pursues
Your ruine; and, to compass his intent,
For violent *Morat* in haste has sent.
The Gates he order'd all to be unbarr'd:
And from the Market-place to draw the Guard.

Aur. How look the People in this turn of State?

Dia. They mourn your ruine as their proper Fate.
Cursing the Empress: for they think it done
By her procurement, to advance her Son.
Him too, though aw'd, they scarcely can forbear:
His pride they hate, his violence they fear.
All bent to rise, would you appear their Chief,
Till your own Troops come up to your relief.

Aur. Ill treated, and forsaken, as I am,
I'll not betray the glory of my name:
'Tis not for me who have preserv'd a State,
To buy an Empire at so base a rate.

Dia. The points of Honour Poets may produce;

AURENG-ZEBE

Trappings of life, for Ornament, not Use:
Honour, which onely does the name advance,
Is the meer raving madness of Romance.
Pleas'd with a word, you may sit tamely down;
And see your younger Brother force the Crown.

Aur. I know my Fortune in extremes does lie:
The Sons of *Indostan* must Reign, or die.
That desperate hazard Courage does create;
As he plays frankly, who has least Estate.
And that the World the Coward will despise,
When Life's a Blank, who pulls not for a Prize.

Dia. Of all your knowledge, this vain fruit you have,
To walk with eyes broad open to your Grave.

Aur. From what I've said, conclude, without reply,
I neither would Usurp, nor tamely die.
Th' attempt to flie, would guilt betray, or fear:
Besides, 'twere vain; the Fort's our Prison here.
Somewhat I have resolv'd——

Morat perhaps, has Honour in his breast:
And, in extremes, bold Counsels are the best.
Like Emp'ric Remedies they last are tri'd;
And by th' event condemn'd, or justifi'd.
Presence of mind and courage in distress,
Are more than Armies to procure success.

[*Exit.*]

ACT III.

Arimant, with a Letter in his hand: Indamora.

Arim. **A**ND I the Messenger to him from you?
Your Empire you to Tyranny pursue:
You lay commands, both cruel and unjust,
To serve my Rival, and betray my trust.

Ind. You first betray'd your trust in loving me,
And should not I my own advantage see?
Serving my Love, you may my Friendship gain,
You know the rest of your pretences vain.
You must, my *Arimant*, you must be kind:
'Tis in your Nature, and your Noble Mind.

Arim. I'll to the King, and streight my trust resign.

AURENG-ZEBE

Ind. His trust you may, but you shall never mine.
Heav'n made you love me for no other end,
But to become my Confident and Friend.
As such, I keep no Secret from your sight,
And therefore make you judge how ill I write:
Read it, and tell me freely then your mind:
If 'tis indited as I meant it, kind.

Arim. Reading.] I ask not Heav'n my freedom to restore,
But onely for your sake—I'll read no more:
And yet I must——

Reading.] Less for my own, than for your sorrow, sad——
Another line, like this, wou'd make me mad——

As Reading.] Heav'n! she goes on—yet more—and yet more kind!
Each Sentence is a Dagger to my mind.

Reading.] See me this night——
Thank Fortune, who did such a Friend provide,
For faithful *Arimant* shall be your Guide:
Not onely to be made an Instrument,
But preingag'd without my own consent!

Ind. Unknown t'ingage you still augments my score,
And gives you scope of meriting the more.

Arim. The best of men
Some int'rest in their actions must confess;
None merit, but in hope they may possess.
The fatal Paper rather let me tear,
Than, like *Bellerophon*, my own Sentence bear.

Ind. You may; but 'twill not be your best advice:
'Twill onely give me pains of writing twice.
You know you must obey me, soon or late:
Why should you vainly struggle with your Fate?

Arim. I thank thee, Heav'n, thou hast been wondrous kind!
Why am I thus to slavery design'd,
And yet am cheated with a free-born mind?
Or make thy Orders with my reason sute,
Or let me live by Sense a glorious Brute——
You frown, and I obey with speed before
That dreadful Sentence comes, *See me no more:*
See me no more! that sound, methinks, I hear
Like the last Trumpet thund'ring in my ear.

[*She frowns.*]

Enter Solyman.

Solym. The Princess *Melesinda*, bath'd in tears,
And toss'd alternately with hopes and fears.

A U R E N G - Z E B E

If your affairs such leisure can afford,
Would learn from you the fortunes of her Lord.

Arim. Tell her, that I some certainty may bring;
I go this minute to attend the King.

Ind. This lonely Turtle I desire to see:
Grief, though not cur'd, is eas'd by Company.

Arim. (to Solym.) Say, if she please, she hither may repair.
And breath the freshness of the open Air. [*Exit* Solym.]

Ind. Poor Princess! how I pity her estate,
Wrapt in the ruines of her Husband's Fate!
She mourn'd *Morat* should in Rebellion rise;
Yet he offends, and she's the Sacrifice.

Arim. Not knowing his design, at Court, she staid;
Till, by command, close pris'ner she was made.
Since when,

Her Chains with *Roman* Constancy she bore;
But that, perhaps, an *Indian* Wife's is more.

Ind. Go, bring her comfort; leave me here alone.

Arim. My love must still be in obedience shown. [*Exit* Arim.]

Enter Melesinda, led by Solyman, who retires afterwards.

Ind. When graceful sorrow in her pomp appears,
Sure she is dress'd in *Melesinda's* tears.

Your head reclin'd, (as hiding grief from view,
(Droops, like a Rose surcharg'd with morning Dew,

Mel. Can Flow'rs but droop in absence of the Sun,
Which wak'd their sweets? and mine, alas! is gone.

But you the noblest Charity express:
For they who shine in Courts still shun distress.

Ind. Distress'd my self, like you, confin'd I live:
And therefore can compassion take, and give.

We're both Love's Captives, but with Fate so cross,
One must be happy by the others loss,
Morat or *Aurenge-Zebe* must fall this day.

Mel. Too truly *Tamerlain's* Successors they,
Each thinks a World too little for his sway.
Could you and I the same pretences bring,
Mankind should with more ease receive a King:
I would to you the narrow World resign,
And want no Empire while *Morat* was mine.

Ind. Wish'd freedom I presage you soon will find;
If Heav'n be just, and be to Virtue kind.

AURENG-ZEBE

Mel. Quite otherwise my mind foretels my Fate:
Short is my life, and that unfortunate.
Yet should I not complain, would Heav'n afford
Some little time, ere death, to see my Lord.

Ind. These thoughts are but your melancholy's food;
Rais'd from a lonely life, and dark abode:
But whatsoe'r our jarring fortunes prove,
Though our Lords hate, me-thinks we two may love.

Mel. Such be our Loves as may not yield to Fate:
I bring a heart more true than fortunate. [Giving their hands.]

To them Arimant.

Arim. I come with haste surprising news to bring:
In two hours time, since last I saw the King,
Th' affairs of Court have wholly chang'd their face:
Unhappy *Aureng-Zebe* is in disgrace:
And your *Morat* (proclaim'd the Successor)
Is call'd, to awe the City with his power.
Those Trumpets his triumphant Entry tell,
And now the Shouts waft near the Cittadel.

Ind. See, Madam, see th' event by me foreshown:
I envy not your chance, but grieve my own.

Mel. A change so unexpected must surprise:
And more, because I am unus'd to joys.

Ind. May all your wishes ever prosp'rous be,
But I'm too much concern'd th'event to see,
My eyes too tender are——

To view my Lord become the publick scorn,
I came to comfort, and I go to mourn.

[Taking her leave.]

Mel. Stay, I'll not see my Lord,
Before I give your sorrow some relief;
And pay the charity you lent my grief.
Here he shall see me first with you confin'd:
And if your virtue fail to move his mind,
I'll use my int'rest that he may be kind.
Fear not, I never mov'd him yet in vain.

Ind. So fair a Pleader any Cause may gain.

Mel. I have no taste, me-thinks, of coming joy;
For black presages all my hopes destroy.
Die, something whispers, *Melesinda*, die;
Fulfil, fulfil thy mournful Destiny.
Mine is a gleam of bliss, too hot to last,
Watry it shines, and will be soon o'r-cast.

AURENG-ZEBE

Indamora and Melesinda re-enter, as into the Chamber:

Arim. Fortune seems weary grown of *Aureng-Zebe*,
While to her new made Favourite, *Morat*,
Her lavish hand is wastfully profuse:
With Fame and flowing Honour tided in,
Born on a swelling Current smooth beneath him.
The King and haughty Empress, to our wonder,
If not atton'd, yet seemingly at peace;
As Fate for him that Miracle reserv'd,

Enter in Triumph, Emperor, Morat, and Train.

Emp. I have confess'd I love.
As I interpret fairly your design,
So look not with severer eyes on mine.
Your Fate has call'd you to the Imperial Seat:
In duty be, as you in Arms, are great.
For *Aureng-Zebe* a hated name is grown,
And Love less bears a Rival than the Throne.

Mor. To me, the cries of fighting Fields are Charms:
Keen be my Sable, and of proof my Arms.
I ask no other blessing of my Stars:
No prize but Fame, nor Mistress but the Wars.
I scarce am pleas'd I tamely mount the Throne:
Would *Aureng-Zebe* had all their Souls in one,
With all my elder Brothers I would fight,
And so from partial Nature force my right.

Emp. Had we but lasting Youth, and time to spare,
Some might be thrown away on Fame and War:
But Youth, the perishing good, runs on too fast:
And unenjoy'd will spend it self to waste;
Few know the use of life before 'tis past. }
Had I once more thy vigour to command,
I would not let it die upon my hand:
No hour of pleasure should pass empty by,
Youth should watch joys, and shoot 'em as they flie.

Mor. Me-thinks all pleasure is in greatness found,
Kings, like Heav'n's Eye, should spread their beams around.
Pleas'd to be seen while Glory's race they run:
Rest is not for the Chariot of the Sun.
Subjects are stiff-neck'd Animals, they soon
Feel slackend Reins, and pitch their Rider down.

Emp. To thee that drudgery of Pow'r I give:

AURENG-ZEBE

Cares be thy lot; Reign thou, and let me live.
The Fort I'll keep for my security,
Bus'ness and public State resign to thee.

Mor. Luxurious Kings are to their People lost;
They live, like Drones, upon the public cost.
My Arms, from Pole to Pole, the World shall shake:
And, with my self, keep all Mankind awake.

Emp. Believe me, Son, and needless trouble spare;
'Tis a base World, and is not worth our care.
The Vulgar, a scarce animated Clod,
Ne'r pleas'd with ought above 'em, Prince or God.
Were I a God the drunken Globe should roul:
The little Emmets with the humane Soul
Care for themselves, while at my ease I sat,
And second Causes did the work of Fate.
Or, if I would take care, that care should be,
For Wit, that scorn'd the World, and liv'd like me.

To them Nourmahal, Zayda, and Attendants.

Nour. My dear *Morat*, *[Embracing her Son.]*
This day propitious to us all has been:
You're now a Monarch's Heir, and I a Queen.
Your youthful Father now may quit the State,
And finds the ease he sought, indulg'd by Fate.
Cares shall not keep him on the Throne awake,
Nor break the golden Slumbers he would take.

Emp. In vain I struggl'd to the Goal of Life,
While Rebel-Sons, and an imperious Wife,
Still dragg'd me backwards into noise and strife. }

Morat. Be that remembrance lost; and be't my pride
To be your pledge of peace on either side.

To them Aureng-Zebe.

Aur. With all th' assurance Innocence can bring,
Fearless without, because secure within.
Arm'd with my courage, unconcern'd I see
This pomp; a shame to you, a pride to me.
Shame is but where with wickedness 'tis joyn'd;
And, while no baseness in this breast I find
I have not lost the birth-right of my mind. }

Emp. Children (the blind effect of Love and Chance,
Form'd by their sportive Parents ignorance)
Bear from their birth th'impressions of a Slave:

AURENG-ZEBE

Whom Heav'n for play-games first, and then for service gave.
One then may be displac'd, and one may Reign:
And want of Merit, render Birth-right vain.

Mor. Comes he t' upbraid us with his innocence?
Seize him, and take the preaching *Brachman* hence.

Aur. Stay, Sir; I, from my years, no merit plead: [*To his Father.*
All my designs and acts to duty lead.
Your Life and Glory are my onely end;
And for that Prize I with *Morat* contend.

Mor. Not him alone; I all Mankind defie,
Who dare adventure more for both than I?

Aur. I know you brave, and take you at your word:
That present service which you vaunt, afford.
Our two Rebellious Brothers are not dead:
Though vanquish'd, yet again they gather head.
I dare you, as your Rival in renown,
March out your Army from th' Imperial Town:
Chuse whom you please, the other leave to me:
And set our Father absolutely free.

This, if you do, to end all future strife,
I am content to lead a private life:
Disband my Army to secure the State,
Nor aim at more but leave the rest to Fate.

Mor. I'll do't, Draw out my Army on the Plain:
War is to me a pastime, Peace a Pain.

Emp. (*To Morat.*) Think better first.
(*To Aur.*) You see your self inclos'd beyond escape,
And therefore, *Proteus*-like, you change your shape.
Of promise prodigal, while pow'r you want,
And preaching in the Self-denying Cant.

Mor. Plot better; for these Arts too obvious are,
Of gaining time, the Masterpiece of War:
Is *Aureng-Zebe* so known?

Aur. ——— If Acts like mine,
So far from int'rest, profit, or design,
Can show my heart, by those I would be known:
I wish you could as well defend your own.
My absent Army for my Father fought:
Yours, in these Walls, is to inslave him brought.
If I come singly, you an armed guest;
The World with ease may judge whose Cause is best.

Morat. My Father saw you ill designs pursue:
And my admission show'd his fear of you.

AURENG-ZEBE

Aur. Himself best knows why he his Love withdraws:
I owe him more than to declare the cause.
But still I press our duty may be shown
By Arms.

Mor. ——— I'll vanquish all his foes alone,

Aur. You speak as if you could the Fates command,
And had no need of any other hand.

But, since my Honour you so far suspect,

'Tis just I should on your designs reflect.

To prove your self a Loyal Son, declare,

You'll lay down Arms when you conclude the War.

Morat. No present answer your demand requires;

The War once done, I'll do what Heav'n inspires.

And while the Sword this Monarchy secures,

'Tis manag'd by an abler Arm than yours.

Emp. *Morat's* design a doubtful meaning bears:

[*Apart.*

In *Aureng-Zebe* true Loyalty appears.

He, for my safety, does his own despise;

Still, with his Wrongs, I find his duty rise.

I feel my Virtue struggling in my Soul,

But stronger Passion does its pow'r controul.

Yet be advis'd your ruine to prevent,

[*To Aur. apart.*

You might be safe, if you would give consent.

Aur. So to your welfare I of use may be,

My life and death are equal both to me.

Emp. The Peoples hearts are yours; the Fort yet mine:

Be wise, and *Indamora's* love resign.

I am observ'd; remember that I give

This my last proof of kindness, die, or live.

Aur. Life, with my *Indamora*, I would chuse;

But, losing her, the end of living lose.

I had consider'd all I ought before:

And fear of death can make me change no more.

The Peoples love so little I esteem,

Condemn'd by you, I would not live by them.

May he who must your favour now possess,

Much better serve you, and not love you less.

Emp. I've heard you; and, to finish the debate,

[*Aloud.*

Commit that Rebel pris'ner to the State.

Mor. The deadly draught he shall begin this day:

And languish with insensible decay.

Aur. I hate the lingring summons to attend,

Death all at once would be the nobler end.

A U R E N G - Z E B E

Fate is unkind! me-thinks a General
Should warm, and at the head of Armies fall.
And my ambition did that hope pursue,
That so I might have di'd in fight for you.

[*To his Father.*]

Mor. Would I had been disposer of thy Stars;
Thou should'st have had thy wish, and di'd in Wars.
'Tis I, not thou, have reason to repine,
That thou should'st fall by any hand, but mine,

Aur. When thou wert form'd, Heav'n did a Man begin;
But the brute Soul, by chance, was shuff'd in.
In Woods and Wilds thy Monarchy maintain,
Where valiant Beasts, by force and rapine, reign.
In Life's next Scene, if Transmigration be,
Some Bear or Lion is reserv'd for thee.

Mor. Take heed thou com'st not in that Lion's way:
I prophecy thou wilt thy Soul convey
Into a Lamb, and be again my Prey.
Hence with that dreaming Priest.

Nour. ——— Let me prepare
The pois'nous draught: his death shall be my care:
Near my Apartment let him pris'ner be:
That I his hourly ebbs of life may see.

Aur. My life I would not ransom with a pray'r:
'Tis vile, since 'tis not worth my Father's care.
I go not, Sir, indebted to my grave:
You paid your self, and took the life you gave.

Emp. O that I had more sense of vertue left,
Or were of that, which yet remains, bereft.
I have just enough to know how I offend,
And, to my shame, have not enough to mend.
Lead to the Mosque———

[*Exit.*
Aside.]

Mor. Love's pleasures why should dull devotion stay?
Heav'n to my *Melesinda's* but the way.

[*Exeunt* Emperor, Morat, and Train.

Zayd. Sure *Aureng-Zebe* has somewhat of Divine,
Whose virtue through so dark a clowd can shine.
Fortune has from *Morat* this day remov'd
The greatest Rival, and the best belov'd.

Nour. He is not yet remov'd.

Zayd. ——— He lives, 'tis true;
But soon must die, and, what I mourn, by you.

Nour. My *Zayda*, may thy words prophetic be:

[*Embracing her eagerly.*]

AURENG-ZEBE

I take the Omen, let him die by me.
He stiff'd in my arms, shall lose his breath:
And Life it self shall envious be of Death.

Zayd. Bless me, you Pow'rs above!

Nour. ————— Why dost thou start?

Is Love so strange, or have not I a heart?
Could *Aureng-Zebe* so lovely seem to thee,
And I want eyes that noble worth to see?
Thy little Soul was but to wonder mov'd:
My sense of it was higher, and I lov'd.
That Man, that Godlike Man, so brave, so great;
But these are thy small praises I repeat.
I'm carri'd by a Tide of Love away:
He's somewhat more than I my self can say.

Zayd. Though all th' Idea's you can form be true,
He must not, cannot be possess'd by you.
If contradicting int'rest could be mixt,
Nature her self hath cast a bar betwixt.

And, ere you reach to this incestuous Love,
You must Divine and Humane Rights remove,

Nour. Count this among the Wonders Love has done:
I had forgot, he was my Husband's Son!

Zayd. Nay, more; you have forgot who is your own:
For whom your care so long design'd the Throne.
Morat must fall, if *Aureng-Zebe* should rise.

Nour. 'Tis true; but who was e're in love, and wise.
Why was that fatal knot of Marriage ti'd,
Which did, by making us too near, divide?
Divides me from my Sex! for Heav'n, I find,
Excludes but me alone of Woman-kind.

I stand with guilt confounded, lost with shame,
And yet made wretched onely by a name.
If names have such command on humane Life,
Love's sure's a name that's more Divine than Wife.
That Sovereign power all guilt from action takes,
At least the stains are beautiful it makes.

Zayd. Th' incroaching ill you early should oppose:
Flatter'd 'tis worse, and by indulgence grows.

Nour. Alas! and what have I not said or done?
I fought it to the last: and Love has wonn.
A bloody Conquest; which destruction brought,
And ruin'd all the Countrey where he fought.
Whether this Passion from above was sent

AURENG-ZEBE

The Fate of him Heav'n favours to prevent,
Or as the curse of Fortune in excess;
That, stretching, would beyond its reach possess:
And, with a taste which plenty does deprave,
Loaths lawful good, and lawless ill does crave?

Zayd. But yet consider——

Nour. ——No, 'tis loss of time:
Think how to farther, not divert my crime.
My artful Engines instantly I'll move:
And chuse the soft and gentlest hour of Love.
The Under-Provost of the Fort is mine,
But see, *Morat!* I'll whisper my design.

Enter Morat with Arimant, as talking: Attendants.

Arim. And for that cause was not in public seen:
But stays in Prison with the captive Queen.

Mor. Let my Attendants wait; I'll be alone:
Where least of State, there most of Love is shown.

Nour. My Son, your bus'ness is not hard to gness; [*To Morat.*
Long absence makes you eager to possess:
I will not importune you by my stay;
She merits all the Love which you can pay. [*Exit with Zayda.*

*Re-enter Arimant, with Melesinda; then Exit. Morat runs to
Melesinda, and embraces her.*

Mor. Should I not chide you, that you chose to stay,
In gloomy shades, and lost a glorious day?
Lost the first-fruits of joy you should possess,
In my return, and made my Triumph less?

Mel. Should I not chide, that you could stay and see,
Those joys, preferring public Pomp to me?
Through my dark Cell your shouts of Triumph rung;
I heard with pleasure; but I thought 'em long.

Mor. The Public will in Triumphs rudely share:
And Kings the rudeness of their joys must bear.
But I made haste to set my Captive free:
And thought that work was onely worthy me.
The Fame of antient Matrons you pursue;
And stand a blameless pattern to the new.
I have not words to praise such Acts as these:
But take my Heart, and mold it as you please.

Mel. A trial of your kindness I must make,

AURENG-ZEBE

Though not for mine so much as Virtue's sake.

The Queen of *Cassimeer*——

Mor. ——No more, my love;
That onely suit I beg you not to move.
That she's in Bonds for *Aureng-Zebe* I know,
And should, by my consent, continue so,
The good old man, I fear, will pity show.
My Father dotes, and let him still dote on;
He buys his Mistris dearly with his Throne.

Mel. See her; and then be cruel if you can.

Mor. 'Tis not with me as with a private Man.
Such may be sway'd by Honour, or by Love;
But Monarchs, onely by their int'rest move.

Mel. Heav'n does a Tribute for your pow'r demand,
He leaves th' oppress'd and poor upon your hand.
And those who Stuards of his pity prove,
He blesses, in return, with public Love.
In his distress, some Miracle is shown:
If exil'd, Heav'n restores him to his Throne.
He needs no Guard while any Subject's near:
Nor, like his Tyrant Neighbours, lives in fear:
No Plots th' Alarm to his retirements give:
'Tis all Mankinds concern that he should live.

Mor. You promis'd friendship in your low estate;
And should forget it in your better Fate;
Such Maxims are more plausible than true;
But somewhat must be giv'n to Love and you.
I'll view this Captive Queen; to let her see,
Pray'rs and complaints are lost on such as me.

Mel. I'll bear the news: Heav'n knows how much I'm pleas'd,
That, by my care, th' afflicted may be eas'd.

As she is going off, Enter Indamora.

Ind. I'll spare your pains, and venture out alone,
Since you, fair Princess, my protection own.
But you, brave Prince, a harder task must find;

[*To Morat kneeling, who takes her up.*

In saving me, you would but half be kind.
An humble Suppliant at your feet I lie;
You have condemn'd my better part to die.
Without my *Aureng-Zebe* I cannot live;
Revoke his Doom, or else my Sentence give.

AURENG-ZEBE

Mel. If *Melesinda* in your love have part,
Which, to suspect, would break my tender heart:
If Love, like mine, may for a Lover plead,
By the chaste pleasures of our Nuptial Bed.
By all the int'rest my past suff'rings make,
And all I yet would suffer for your sake;
By you your self, the last and dearest tie——

Mor. You move in vain; for *Aureng-Zebe* must die.

Ind. Could that Decree from any Brother come?
Nature her self is sentenc'd in your doom.
Piety is no more, she sees her place
Usurp'd by Monsters, and a savage Race.
From her soft Eastern Climes you drive her forth,
To the cold Mansions of the utmost North.
How can our Prophet suffer you to Reign,
When he looks down, and sees your Brother slain?
Avenging Furies will your Life pursue:
Think there's a Heav'n, *Morat*, though not for you.

Mel. Her Words imprint a terror on my mind,
What if this death, which is for him design'd,
Had been your Doom, (far be that Augury!)
And you, not *Aureng-Zebe*, condemn'd to die?
Weigh well the various turns of Humane Fate,
And seek, by Mercy, to secure your State.

Ind. Had Heav'n the Crown for *Aureng-Zebe* design'd,
Pity, for you, had pierc'd his generous mind.
Pity does with a Noble Nature suit:
A Brother's life had suffer'd no dispute.
All things have right in life, our Prophet's care,
Commands the beings eve'n of Brutes to spare.
Though int'rest his restraint has justifi'd,
Can life, and to a Brother, be deni'd?

Mor. All Reasons for his safety urg'd, are weak:
And yet, me-thinks, 'tis Heav'n to hear you speak.

Mel. 'Tis part of your own being to invade——

Mor. Nay, if she fail to move, would you perswade?

[Turning to Indamora.

My Brother does a glorious Fate pursue,
I envy him, that he must fall for you.
He had been base had he releas'd his right:
For such an Empire none but Kings should fight.
If with a Father, he disputes this prize,
My wonder ceases when I see these Eyes.

AURENG-ZEBE

Mel. And can you then deny those Eyes you praise?
Can Beauty wonder, and not pity raise?

Mor. Your intercession now is needless grown:
Retire, and let me speak with her alone.

[*Melesinda retires, weeping, to the side of the Theatre.*

Queen, that you may not fruitless tears employ,

[*Taking Indamora's hand.*

I bring you news to fill your heart with joy:
Your Lover King of all the East shall Reign:
For *Aureng-Zebe* to morrow shall be slain.

Ind. The hopes you rais'd y'ave blasted with a breath:

[*Starting back.*

With Triumphs you began, but end with Death.

Did you not say, my Lover should be King?

Mor. I, in *Morat*, the best of Lovers bring?
For one forsaken both of Earth and Heav'n,
Your kinder Stars a nobler choice have given:
My Father, while I please, a King appears;
His Pow'r is more declining than his Years.
An Emperour and Lover but in show:
But you, in me, have Youth and Fortune too.
As Heav'n did to your eyes and form Divine,
Submit the Fate of all the Imperial Line.
So was it order'd by its wise Decree,
That you should find 'em all compris'd in me.

Ind. If, Sir, I seem not discompos'd with rage,
Feed not your fancy with a false presage.

Farther to press your Courtship is but vain:

A cold refusal carries more disdain.

Unsettled Virtue stormy may appear:

Honour, like mine, serenely is severe.

To scorn your person, and reject your Crown,

Disorder not my face into a frown.

[*Turns from him.*

Mor. Your Fortune you should rev'rently have us'd:

Such offers are not twice to be refus'd.

I go to *Aureng-Zebe*, and am in haste:

For your Commands, they're like to be the last.

Ind. Tell him,

With my own death I would his life redeem;

But, less than Honour, both our Lives esteem.

Mor. Have you no more?

Ind. ————What shall I do or say?
He must not in this fury go away.

AURENG-ZEBE

Tell him, I did in vain his Brother move;
And yet he falsly said, he was in love.
Falsly; for had he truly lov'd, at least,
He would have giv'n one day to my request.
A little yielding may my love advance.

Mor. She darted from her eyes a sidelong glance,
Just as she spoke; and, like her words, it flew:
Seem'd not to beg, what yet she bid me do.
A Brother, Madam, cannot give a day;
A Servant, and who hopes to merit, may.

[To her.]

Mel. If, Sir——

[coming to him.]

Mor. No more——set speeches, and a formal tale,
With none but States-men and grave Fools prevail.
Dry up your tears, and practise every Grace,
That fits the Pageant of your Royal place.

[Exit.]

Mel. Madam, the strange reverse of Fate you see:

I piti'd you, now you may pity me.

[To Indamora.
Exit after him.]

Ind. Poor Princess! thy hard Fate I could bemoan,
Had I not nearer sorrows of my own.
Beauty is seldom fortunate, when great:
A vast Estate, but overcharg'd with Debt.
Like those whom want to baseness does betray:
I'm forc'd to flatter him I cannot pay.
O would he be content to seize the Throne:
I beg the Life of *Aureng-Zebe* alone.
Whom Heav'n would bless, from Pomp it will remove,
And make their wealth in privacy and Love.

[Exit.]

ACT IV.

Aureng-Zebe Solus.

Distrust, and darkness, of a future state,
Make poor Mankind so fearful of their Fate.
Death, in it self, is nothing; but we fear
To be we know not what, we know not where.
This is the Ceremony of my Fate:
A parting Treat; and I'm to die in State.
They lodge me, as were I the *Persian King*:
And with luxurious Pomp my death they bring.

[Soft Music.]

A U R E N G - Z E B E

To him Nourmahal.

Nour. I thought before you drew your latest breath,
To smoothe your passage, and to soften death;
For I would have you, when you upward move,
Speak kindly of me, to our Friends above:
Nor name me there th'occasion of your Fate;
Or what my Interest does, impute to Hate.

Aur. I ask not for what end your Pomp's design'd;
Whether t' insult, or to compose my mind:
I mark'd it not.

But, knowing Death would soon th' Assault begin,
Stood firm collected in my Strength within.
To guard that breach did all my Forces guide,
And left unmann'd the quiet Senses side.

Nour. Because *Morat* from me his being took,
All I can say will much suspected look:
'Tis little to confess your Fate I grieve;
Yet more than you would easily believe.

Aur. Since my inevitable death you know,
You safely unavailing pity show:
'Tis Popular to mourn a dying Foe.

Nour. You made my Liberty your late request:
Is no return due from a grateful breast?
I grow impatient, till I find some way,
Great Offices, with greater, to repay.

Aur. When I consider Life, 'tis all a cheat;
Yet, fool'd with hope, men favour the deceit;
Trust on, and think to morrow will repay:
To morrow's falser than the former day;
Lies worse; and while it says, We shall be blest
With some new joys, cuts off what we possess.
Strange couzenage! none would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain;
And, from the dregs of Life, think to receive,
What the first sprightly running could not give.
I'm tir'd with waiting for this Chymic Gold,
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old.

Nour. 'Tis not for nothing that we life pursue;
It pays our hopes with something still that's new:
Each day's a Mistress, unenjoy'd before;
Like Travellers, we're pleas'd with seeing more.

AURENG-ZEBE

Did you but know what joys your way attend,
You would not hurry to your journeys end.

Aur. I need not haste the end of Life to meet;
The precipice is just beneath my feet.

Nour. Think not my sense of Virtue is so small:
I'll rather leap down first, and break your fall.
My Aureng-Zebe, (may I not call you so?)

[Taking him by the hand.]

Behold me now no longer as your Foe;
I am not, cannot be your Enemy:
Look, is there any malice in my eye?
Pray sit——

[Both sit.]

That distance shews too much respect, or fear:
You'll find no danger in approaching near.

Aur. Forgive th' amazement of my doubtful state:
This kindness from the Mother of *Moral!*

Or is't some Angel, pitying what I bore,
Who takes that shape, to make my wonder more?

Nour. Think me your better *Genius* in disguise;
Nor any thing that more may charm your eyes.
Your Guardian Angel never could excel,
In care, nor could he love his charge so well.

Aur. Whence can proceed so wonderful a change?

Nour. Can kindness to desert like yours, be strange?
Kindness by secret Sympathy is ty'd;
For Noble Souls in Nature are alli'd.

I saw with what a brow you brav'd your Fate;
Yet with what boldness bore your Father's hate.
My Virtue, like a String wound up by Art,
To the same sound, when yours was touch'd, took part,
At distance shook, and trembled at my heart. }

Aur. I'll not complain my Father is unkind,
Since so much pity from a Foe I find.
Just Heav'n reward this act.

Nour. 'Tis well the debt no payment does demand,
You turn me over to another hand.

But happy, happy she,
And with the Bless'd above to be compar'd,
Whom you your self would, with your self, reward:
The greatest, nay, the fairest of her kind,
Would envy her that Bliss which you design'd.

Aur. Great Princes thus, when Favourites they raise,
To justify their Grace, their Creatures praise.

AURENG-ZEBE

Nour. As Love the Noblest Passion we account,
So to the highest Object it should mount.
It shows you brave, when mean desires you shun.
An Eagle onely can behold the Sun:
And so must you; if yet, presage Divine
There be in Dreams, or was't a Vision mine?

Aur. Of me?

Nour. ——— And who could else employ my thought?
I dream'd, your Love was by Love's Goddess sought;
Officious *Cupids* hov'ring o'r your head,
Held Myrtle wreaths: beneath your feet were spread
What Sweets soe'r *Sabeen* Springs disclose,
Our *Indian* Jasmine, or the *Syrian* Rose:
The wanton Ministers arround you strove
For service, and inspir'd their Mother's Love:
Close by your side, and languishing, she lies,
With blushing cheeks, short breath, and wishing eyes;
Upon your breast supinely lay her head,
While, on your face, her famish'd sight she fed.
Then, with a sigh, into these words she broke,
(And gather'd humid kisses as she spoke.)
Dull, and ingratfull must I offer love?
Desir'd by gods, and envi'd ev'n by *Jove*:
And dost thou ignorance or fear pretend?
Mean Soul and dar'st not gloriously offend?
Then, pressing thus his hand——

Aur. I'll hear no more.

[*Rising up.*]

'Twas impious to have understood before;
And I, till now, endeavour'd to mistake,
Th' incestuous meaning which too plain you make.

Nour. And why this niceness to that pleasure shown,
Where Nature sums up all her joys in one;
Gives all she can, and labouring still to give,
Makes it so great, we can but taste and live:
So fills the Senses, that the Soul seems fled,
And thought it self does, for the time, lie dead.
Till like a String scru'd up with eager haste,
It breaks, and is too exquisite to last?

Aur. Heav'ns! can you this, without just vengeance, hear?
When will you thunder, if it now be clear?
Yet her alone let not your Thunder seize:
I, too, deserve to die, because I please.

Nour. Custom our Native Royalty does awe;

AURENG-ZEBE

Promiscuous Love is Nature's general Law:
For whosoever the first Lovers were,
Brother and Sister made the second Pair,
And doubled by their love, their piety.

Aur. Hence, hence, and to some barbarous Climate fly,
Which onely Brutes in humane Form does yield,
And Man grows wild in Nature's common Field.
Who eat their Parents, piety pretend;
Yet there no Sons their Sacred Bed ascend.
To vail great Sins, a greater Crime you chuse;
And, in your Incest, your Adult'ry lose.

Nour. In vain this haughty fury you have shown,
How I adore a Soul so like my own!
You must be mine, that you may learn to live:
Know joys, which onely she who loves can give.
Nor think that action you upbraid, so ill:
I am not chang'd; I love my Husband still;
But love him as he was, when youthful grace,
And the first down began to shade his face:
That Image does my Virgin-flames renew,
And all your Father shines more bright in you.

Aur. In me a horror of my self you raise;
Curs'd by your love, and blasted by your praise.
You find new ways to prosecute my Fate;
And your least-guilty passion was your Hate.

Nour. I beg my death, if you can Love deny.

[Offering him a Dagger.

Aur. I'll grant you nothing; no, not ev'n to die.

Nour. Know then, you are not half so kind as I.

[Stamps with her foot.

Enter Mutes, some with Swords drawn, one with a Cup.

You've chosen, and may now repent too late,
Behold th' effect of what you wish'd, my Hate.
This Cup, a cure for both our ills has brought:

[Taking the Cup to present him.

You need not fear a Philtre in the Draught.

Aur. All must be poison which can come from thee;

[Receiving it from her.

But this the least. T' immortal Liberty.

This first I pour——like dying Socrates: [Spilling a little of it.
Grim though he be, Death pleases when he frees.

A U R E N G - Z E B E

As he is going to drink, Enter Morat attended.

Mor. Make not such haste, you must my leisure stay:
Your Fate's deferr'd, you shall not die to day. [*Taking the Cup from*

Nour. What foolish pity has possess'd your mind, *him.*
To alter what your prudence once design'd?

Mor. What if I please to lengthen out his date,
A day, and take a pride to cozen Fate?

Nour. 'Twill not be safe to let him live an hour.

Mor. I'll do't, to shew my Arbitrary pow'r.

Nour. Fortune may take him from your hands again,
And you repent th'occasion lost in vain.

Mor. I smile at what your Female fear foresees:
I'm in Fate's place, and dictate her Decrees.

Let *Arimant* be call'd. *[Exit one of his Attendants.]*

Aur. Give me the poison, and I'll end your strife:
I hate to keep a poor precarious life.

Would I my safety on base terms receive,
Know, Sir, I could have liv'd without your leave.

But those I could accuse, I can forgive:

By my disdainful silence, let 'em live.

Nour. What am I, that you dare to bind my hand? *[To Morat.]*
So low, I've not a Murder at command!

Can you not one poor Life to her afford,
Her who gave up whole Nations to your Sword?
And from th' abundance of whose Soul and Heat,
Th' o'rflowing serv'd to make your mind so great.

Mor. What did that greatness in a Woman's mind?
Ill lodg'd and weak to act what it design'd.

Pleasures your portion, and your slothful ease:

When Man's at leisure, study how to please.

Softens his angry hours with servile care,

And when he calls, the ready Feast prepare.

From Wars, and from affairs of State abstain:

Women Emascuate a Monarch's Reign;

And murmuring Crouds, who see 'em shine with Gold,

That pomp, as their own ravish'd Spoils behold.

Nour. Rage choaks my words: 'tis Womanly to weep *[Aside.]*

In my swoll'n breast my close revenge I'll keep; *[Exit.]*

Aur. Your strange proceeding does my wonder move;

Yet seems not to express a Brother's love.

Say to what Cause my rescu'd life I owe.

AURENG-ZEBE

Mor. If what you ask would please, you should not know.
But since that knowledge, more than Death, will grieve,
Know, *Indamora* gain'd you this Reprieve.

Aur. And whence had she the pow'r to work your change?

Mor. The pow'r of Beauty is not new or strange.
Should she command me more, I could obey;
But her request was bounded with a day.
Take that; and, if you'll spare my farther crime,
Be kind, and grieve to death against your time.

Enter Arimant.

Remove this Pris'ner to some safer place:
He has, for *Indamora's* sake, found grace.
And, from my Mother's rage must guarded be,
Till you receive a new Command from me.

Arim. Thus Love, and Fortune, persecute me still,
And make me Slave to every Rivals will.

[*Aside.*

Aur. How I disdain a Life, which I must buy,
With your contempt, and her inconstancy!
For a few hours, my whole content I pay:
You shall not force on me another day.

[*Exit with Arimant.*

Enter Melesinda.

Mel. I have been seeking you this hour's long space,
And fear'd to find you in another place;
But, since you're here, my jealousy grows less:
You will be kind to my unworthiness.
What shall I say? I love to that degree,
Each glance another way is robb'd from me.
Absence, and Prisons I could bear again;
But sink, and die, beneath your least disdain.

Mor. Why do you give your mind this needless care,
And, for your self, and me, new pains prepare?
I ne'r approv'd this passion in excess:
If you would show your love, distrust me less.
I hate to be pursu'd from place to place;
Meet, at each turn, a stale domestic face.)
Th' approach of jealousy Love cannot bear,
He's wild, and soon on wing, if watchful eyes come near.

Mel. From your lov'd presence, how can I depart?
My eyes pursue the object of my heart.

AURENG-ZEBE

Mor. You talk as if it were our Bridal night:
Fondness is still th' effect of new delight;
And Marriage but the pleasure of a day:
The Metall's base the Gilding worn away.

Mel. I fear I'm guilty of some great offence,
And that has bred this cold indifference.

Mor. The greatest in the world to flesh and bloud:
You fondly love much longer than you shou'd.

Mel. If that be all which makes your discontent,
Of such a crime I never can repent.

Mor. Would you force Love upon me, which I shun?
And bring course fare when appetite is gone?

Mel. Why did I not, in Prison, die before
My fatal freedom made me suffer more?
I had been pleas'd to think I dy'd for you,
And doubly pleas'd, because you then were true:
Then I had hope; but now, alas, have none.

Mor. You say you love me; let that love be shown.
'Tis in your power to make my happiness.

Mel. Speak quickly: to command me is to bless.

Mor. To *Indamora* you my Suit must move:
You'll sure speak kindly of the man you love.

Mel. Oh! let me rather perish by your hand,
Than break my heart, by this unkind command:
Think 'tis the onely one I could deny;
And that 'tis harder to refuse than die.
Try, if you please, my Rival's heart to win:
I'll bear the pain, but not promote the sin.
You own whater perfections man can boast,
And if she view you with my eyes she's lost.

Mor. Here I renounce all love, all Nuptial ties:
Henceforward live a stranger to my eyes:
When I appear, see you avoid the place,
And haunt me not with that unlucky face.

Mel. Hard, as it is, I this command obey,
And haste, while I have life to go away:
In pity stay some hours, till I am dead,
That blameless you may court my Rival's Bed.
My hated face I'll not presume to show;
Yet I may watch your steps where e'r you go.
Unseen, I'll gaze; and with my latest breath,
Bless, while I die, the Author of my death.

[Weeping.]

AURENG-ZEBE

Enter Emperor.

Emp. When your Triumphant Fortune high appears.
What cause can draw these unbecoming tears?
Let cheerfulness on happy Fortune wait,
And give not thus the Counter-time to Fate.

Mel. Fortune long frown'd, and has but lately smil'd:
I doubt a Foe so newly reconcil'd.
You saw but sorrow in its waning form,
A working Sea remaining from a Storm.
When the now weary Waves roul o'r the Deep,
And faintly murmur ere they fall asleep.

Emp. Your inward griefs you smother in your mind;
But Fame's loud voice proclaims your Lord unkind.

Mor. Let Fame be busie where she has to do:
Tell of fought Fields, and every pompous Show.
Those Tales are fit to fill the Peoples ears;
Monarchs, unquestion'd, move in higher Spheres.

Mel. Believe not Rumor, but your self; and see
The kindness 'twixt my plighted Lord and me. [*Kissing Morat.*
This is our State; thus happily we live;
These are the quarrels which we take and give.

(*Aside to Mor.*) I had no other way to force a Kiss,
Forgive my last Farewel to you, and Bliss.

[*Exit.*

Emp. Your haughty carriage shews too much of Scorn,
And love, like hers, deserves not that return.

Mor. You'll please to leave me judge of what I do,
And not examine by the outward show.
Your usage of my Mother might be good:
I judg'd it not.

Emp. ———Nor was it fit you shou'd.

Mor. Then, in as equal Ballance weigh my deeds.

Emp. My Right, and my Authority, exceeds.
Suppose (what I'll not grant) Injustice done;
Is judging me the duty of a Son?

Mor. Not of a Son, but of an Emperor:
You cancell'd Duty when you gave me pow'r.
If your own Actions on your Will you ground,
Mine shall hereafter know no other bound.
What meant you when you call'd me to a Throne?
Was it to please me with a Name alone:

Emp. 'Twas that I thought your gratitude would know
What to my partial kindness you did owe:

AURENG-ZEBE

That what your Birth did to your Claim deny,
Your merit of Obedience might supply.

Mor. To your own thoughts such hopes you might propose;
But I took Empire not on terms like those.
Of business you complain'd; now take your ease:
Enjoy what e're decrepid Age can please:
Eat, Sleep, and tell long Tales of what you were
In flow'r of Youth, if any one will hear.

Emp. Pow'r, like new Wine, does your weak Brain surprise,
And its mad fumes, in hot discourses, rise;
But time these giddy vapours will remove;
Mean while I'll taste the sober joys of Love.

Mor. You cannot love, nor pleasures take, or give;
But life begin, when 'tis too late to live.
On a tir'd Courser you pursue delight,
Let slip your morning and set out at night.
If you have liv'd, take thankfully the past:
Make, as you can, the sweet remembrance last.
If you have not enjoy'd what Youth could give,
But life sunk through you like a leaky Sieve,
Accuse your self you liv'd not while you might;
But, in the Captive Queen resign your right.
I've now resolv'd to fill your useless place;
I'll take that Post to cover your disgrace,
And love her for the honour of my Race.

Emp. Thou dost but try how far I can forbear,
Nor art that Monster which thou would'st appear.
But do not wantonly my passion move;
I pardon nothing that relates to Love.
My Fury does, like jealous Forts, pursue,
With death, ev'n Strangers who but come to view.

Mor. I did not onely view, but will invade:
Could you shed venom from your reverend shade.
Like Trees, beneath whose arms 'tis death to sleep;
Did rousing Thunder your fenc'd Fortress keep.
Thence would I snatch my *Semele*, like *Jove*,
And midst the dreadful Rack enjoy my Love.

Emp. Have I for this, ungrateful as thou art,
When Right, when Nature, struggl'd in my heart;
When Heav'n call'd on me for thy Brother's claim,
Broke all, and sulli'd my unspotted Fame?
Wert thou to Empire, by my baseness, brought,
And wouldst thou ravish what so dear I bought?

AURENG-ZEBE

Dear! for my Conscience and its peace I gave:
Why was my Reason made my passion's slave?
I see Heav'n's Justice; thus the Pow'r's Divine
Pay Crimes with Crimes, and punish mine by thine.

Mor. Crimes let them pay, and punish as they please:
What Pow'r makes mine, by Pow'r I mean to seize.
Since 'tis to that they their own greatness owe
Above, why should they question mine below?

[Exit.

Emp. Prudence, thou vainly in our Youth art sought,
And with Age purchas'd art too dearly bought:
We're past the use of Wit, for which we toil;
Late Fruit, and planted in too cold a Soil.
My stock of Fame is lavish'd and decay'd;
No profit of the vast profusion made.
Too late my folly I repent; (I know
My *Aureng-Zebe* would ne'r have us'd me so)
But, by his ruine I prepar'd my own;
And, like a naked Tree, my shelter gone,
To Winds and Winter-storms must stand expos'd alone.)

[Exit.

Aureng-Zebe, Arimant.

Arim. Give me not thanks, which I will ne'r deserve;
But know, 'tis for a Nobler Price I serve.
By *Indamora*'s will you're hither brought:
All my reward, in her command I sought.
The rest your Letter tell you——See, like Light,
She comes; and I must vanish, like the Night.

[Exit.

Enter Indamora.

Ind. 'Tis now that I begin to live again :
Heav'n's, I forgive you all my fear and pain :
Since I behold my *Aureng-Zebe* appear,
I could not buy him at a Price too dear.
His name alone afforded my relief,
Repeated as a charm to cure my grief.
I that lov'd name did, as some God, invoke,
And printed kisses on it while I spoke.

Aur. Short ease : but long, long pains from you I find :
Health, to my eyes ; but poison to my mind.
Why are you made so excellently fair ?
So much above what other Beauties are,
That, ev'n in cursing, you new form my breath ;
And make me bless those Eyes which give me death ?

A U R E N G - Z E B E

Ind. What reason for your curses can you find?
My Eyes your conquest, not your death, design'd,
If they offend, 'tis that they are too kind.

Aur. The ruins they have wrought, you will not see:
Too kind they are, indeed, but not to me.

Ind. Think you base Interest Souls, like mine, can sway?
Or that, for Greatness, I can Love betray?
No, *Aureng-Zebe*, you merit all my heart,
And I'm too Noble but to give a part.

Your Father, and an Empire! am I known
No more? or have so weak a judgment shown,
In chusing you, to change you for a Throne?

Aur. How, with a Truth, who would a Falshood blind!
'Tis not my Father's love you have design'd;
Your choice is fix'd where Youth and Pow'r are joyn'd.

Ind. Where Youth and Pow'r are joyn'd! has he a name?

Aur. You would be told; you glory in your shame:
There's Music in the Sound; and, to provoke
Your pleasure more, by me it must be spoke.
Then, then it ravishes, when your pleas'd ear
The sound does from a wretched Rival hear.
Morat's the name your heart leaps up to meet,
While *Aureng-Zebe* lies dying at your feet.

Ind. Who told you this?

Aur. ———Are you so lost to shame?
Morat, Morat, Morat: You love the name.
So well, your ev'ry question ends in that;
You force me still to answer you, *Morat.*
Morat, who best could tell what you reveal'd;
Morat, too proud to keep his joy conceal'd.

Ind. Howe'r unjust your jealousy appear,
It shows the loss of what you love, you fear;
And does my pity, not my anger move:
I'll fond it, as the froward Child of Love.
To show the truth of my unalter'd breast,
Know, that your life was giv'n at my request:
At least Repriev'd. When Heav'n deni'd you aid,
She brought it; she, whose falshood you upbraid.

Aur. And 'tis by that you would your falshood hide;
Had you not ask'd, how happy had I dy'd!
Accurst Reprieve! not to prolong my breath,
It brought a lingring, and more painful death.
I have not liv'd since first I heard the news;

AURENG-ZEBE

The gift the guilty giver does accuse.
You knew the price, and the request did move,
That you might pay the Ransome with your love.

Ind. Your accusation must, I see, take place;
And I am guilty, infamous, and base!

Aur. If you are false, those Epithets are small;
You're then the things, the abstract of 'em all.
And you are false: you promis'd him your love,
No other price a heart so hard could move.
Do not I know him? could his Brutal mind
Be wrought upon? could he be just, or kind?
Insultingly, he made your love his boast;
Gave me my life, and told me what it cost.
Speak; answer. I would fain yet think you true:
Lie; and I'll not believe my self, but you.
Tell me you love; I'll pardon the deceit,
And, to be fool'd, my self assist the cheat.

Ind. No; 'tis too late: I have no more to say,
If you'll believe I have been false, you may.

Aur. I would not; but your crimes too plain appear:
Nay, even that I should think you true, you fear.
Did I not tell you, I would be deceiv'd?

Ind. I'm not concern'd to have my truth believ'd.
You would be cozin'd! would assist the cheat!
But I'm too plain to join in the deceit:
I'm pleas'd you think me false——
And, whatsoe'r my Letter did pretend,
I made this meeting for no other end.

Aur. Kill me not quite, with this indifference:
When you are guiltless, boast not an offence.
I know you better than your self you know:
Your heart was true, but did some frailty show:
You promis'd him your Love, that I might live;
But promis'd what you never meant to give.
Speak, was't not so? confess; I can forgive.

Ind. Forgive what dull excuses you prepare!
As if your thoughts of me were worth my care.

Aur. Ah Traitor! Ah Ingrate! Ah faithless mind!
Ah Sex, invented first to damn Mankind!
Nature took care to dress you up for sin:
Adorn'd without; unfinish'd left, within.
Hence, by no judgment you your loves direct;
Talk much, ne'r think, and still the wrong affect.

AURENG-ZEBE

So much self-Love in your composures mix'd,
That love to others still remain unfix'd:
Greatness, and Noise, and Show, are your delight;
Yet wise men love in their own despight:
And, finding in their native Wit no ease,
Are forc'd to put your folly on to please.

Ind. Now you shall know what cause you have to rage;
But to increase your fury, not assuage:
I found the way your Brother's heart to move,
Yet promis'd not the least return of Love.
His Pride, and Brutal fierceness I abhor;
But scorn your mean suspicions of me more.
I ow'd my Honour and my Fame this care:
Know what your folly lost you, and despair.

[Turning from him

Aur. Too cruelly your innocence you tell;
Show Heav'n, and damn me to the pit of Hell.
Now I believe you; 'tis not yet too late:
You may forgive, and put a stop to Fate.
Save me, just sinking, and no more to rise.
How can you look with such relentless eyes?
Or let your mind by penitence be mov'd,
Or I'm resolv'd to think you never lov'd.
You are not clear'd, unless you mercy speak:
I'll think you took th' occasion thus to break.

[She frowns.

Ind. Small jealousies, 'tis true, inflame desire;
Too great, not Fan, but quite blow out the Fire:
Yet I did love you, till such pains I bore,
That I dare trust my self and you no more.
Let me not love you; but here end my pain:
Distrust may make me wretched once again.
Now, with full Sails, into the Port I move,
And safely can unlade my breast of Love;
Quiet, and calm: why should I then go back,
To tempt the second hazard of a Wrack?

Aur. Behold these dying eyes, see their submissive awe;
These tears, which fear of death could never draw:
Heard you that sigh? from my heav'd heart it past,
And said, If you forgive not, 'tis my last.
Love mounts, and rowls about my stormy mind,
Like Fire, that's born by a tempestuous Wind.
Oh, I could stifle you with eager haste!
Devour your kisses with my hungry taste!
Rush on you! eat you! wander o'r each part,

AURENG-ZEBE

Raving with pleasure, snatch you to my heart!
Then hold you off, and gaze! then, with new rage
Invade you, till my conscious Limbs presage
Torrents of joy, which all their banks o'rflo'w!
So lost, so blest, as I but then could know!

Ind. Be no more jealous.

[*Giving him her hand.*]

Aur. ——— Give me cause no more:
The danger's greater after, than before.
If I relapse; to cure my jealousy
Let me (for that's the easiest parting) die.

Ind. My life!

Aur. ——— My Soul!

Ind. ——— My all that Heav'n can give!
Death's life with you; without you, death to live.

To them Arimant hastily.

Arim. Oh, we are lost, beyond all humane aid!
The Citadel is to *Morat* betrayed.
The Traitor, and the Treason, known too late;
The false *Abas* deliver'd up the Gate. }
Ev'n, while I speak, we're compass'd round with Fate.
The Valiant cannot fight, or Coward flee;
But both in undistinguish'd Crouds must die.

Aur. Then my Prophetic fears are come to pass:
Morat was always bloody; now, he's base:
And has so far in Usurpation gone,
He will by Parricide secure the Throne.

To them the Emperor.

Emp. Am I forsaken, and betray'd, by all?
Not one brave man dare, with a Monarch, fall?
Then, welcome death, to cover my disgrace;
I would not live to Reign o'r such a Race.

My Aureng-Zebe!

[*Seeing Aureng-Zebe.*]

But thou no more art mine; my cruelty
Has quite destroy'd the right I had in thee.
I have been base,
Base, ev'n to him from whom I did receive
All that a Son could to a Parent give:
Behold me punish'd in the self-same kind,
Th' ungrateful does a more ungrateful find.

Aur. Accuse your self no more; you could not be
Ungrateful: could permit no crime to me:

AURENG-ZEBE

I onely mourn my yet uncancell'd score:
You put me past the pow'r of paying more:
That, that's my grief, that I can onely grieve,
And bring but pity, where I would relieve;
For had I yet ten thousand lives to pay,
The mighty sum should go no other way.

Emp. Can you forgive me, 'tis not fit you shou'd.
Why will you be so excellently good?

'Twill stick too black a brand upon my name:
The Sword is needless; I shall die with shame.
What had my age to do with Love's delight,
Shut out from all enjoyments but the sight?

Arim. Sir, you forget the danger's imminent:
This minute is not for excuses lent.

Emp. Disturb me not——

How can my latest hours be better spent?

(To reconcile my self to him is more,
Than to regain all I possess'd before.) —

Empire and Life are now not worth a pray'r:

His love, alone, deserves my dying care.

Aur. Fighting for you, my death will glorious be.

Ind. Seek to preserve your self, and live for me.

Arim. Lose then no farther time.

Heav'n has inspir'd me with a sudden thought,
Whence you unhop'd for safety may be wrought,
Though with the hazard of my bloud 'tis bought.

But, since my life can ne'r be fortunate,
'Tis so much sorrow well redeem'd from Fate.

You, Madam, must retire;

Your Beauty is its own security.

And leave the conduct of the rest to me.

Glory will crown my life, if I succeed;

If not, she may afford to love me dead.

Aur. My Father's kind; and, Madam, you forgive:

Where Heav'n so pleas'd, I now could wish to live.

And, I shall live.

With Glory, and with Love, at once I burn:

I feel th' inspiring heat, and absent God return.

[*Aside.*

[*Exeunt.*

AURENG-ZEBE

ACT V.

Indamora alone.

THE night seems doubled with the fear she brings,
And o'r the Cittadel, new spreads her wings.
The Morning, as mistaken, turns about,
And all her early fires again go out.
Shouts, cries, and groans first pierce my ears, and then
A flash of Lightning draws the guilty Scene,
And shews me Arms, and Wounds, and Dying men.
Ah, should my *Aureng-Zebe* be fighting there,
And envious Winds distinguish'd to my ear,
His dying groans, and his last accents bear!

To her Morat, attended.

Mor. The bloody bus'ness of the Night is done,
And, in the Cittadel, an Empire wonn.
Our Swords so wholly did the Fates employ,
That they, at length, grew weary to destroy:
Refus'd the work we brought; and, out of breath,
Made Sorrow and Despair attend for Death.
But what of all my Conquest can I boast?
My haughty pride, before your eyes, is lost:
And Victory but gains me to present
That Homage, which our Eastern World has sent.

Ind. Your Victory, alas, begets my fears:
Can you not then triumph without my tears?
Resolve me; (for you know my Destiny
In *Aureng-Zebe's* say, do I live, or die?

Mor. Urg'd by my Love, by hope of Empire fir'd;
'Tis true, I have perform'd what both requir'd:
What Fate decreed; for when great Souls are giv'n,
They bear the marks of Sov'reignty from Heav'n.
My Elder Brothers my fore-runners came;
Rough-draughts of Nature, ill design'd and lame.
Blown off, like Blossoms, never made to bear;
Till I came, finish'd; her last labour'd care.

Ind. This Prologue leads to your succeeding sin:
Bloud ended what Ambition did begin.

AURENG-ZEBE

Mor. 'Twas rumor'd, but by whom I cannot tell,
My Father 'scap'd from out the Cittadel:
My Brother too may live.

Ind. ———He may.

Mor. ———He must:

I kill'd him not: and a less Fate's unjust.
Heav'n owes it me, that I may fill his room;
A Phoenix-Lover, rising from his Tomb.
In whom you'll lose your sorrows for the dead;
More warm, more fierce, and fitter for your Bed.

Ind. Should I from *Aureng-Zebe* my heart divide,
To love a Monster, and a Paricide?
These names your swelling Titles cannot hide.
Severe Decrees may keep our Tongues in awe;
But to our thoughts, what Edict can give Law?
Ev'n you your self, to your own breast, shall tell
Your crimes; and your own Conscience be your Hell.

Mor. What bus'ness has my Conscience with a Crown?
She sinks in Pleasures, and in Bowls will drown.
If mirth should fail, I'll busie her with cares;
Silence her clamorous voice with louder Wars:
Trumpets and Drums shall fright her from the Throne,
As sounding Cymbals aid the lab'ring Moon.

Ind. Repell'd by these, more eager she will grow;
Spring back more strongly than a *Scythian* Bowe:
Amidst your Train, this unseen Judge will wait;
Examine how you came by all your State;
Upbraid your impious Pomp; and, in your ear,
Will hallow, *Rebel, Tyrant, Murderer*.
Your ill-got Pow'r wan looks and care shall bring:
Known but by discontent to be a King.
Of Clouds afraid, yet anxious when alone;
You'll sit and brood your sorrows on a Throne.

Mor. Birthright's a vulgar road to Kingly sway;
'Tis ev'ry dull-got Elder Brother's way.
Dropt from above, he lights into a Throne;
Grows of a piece with that he sits upon,
Heav'n's choice, a low, inglorious, rightful Drone.
But who by force a Scepter does obtain,
Shows he can govern that which he could gain.
Right comes of course, what e'r he was before;
Murder and Usurpation are no more.

Ind. By your own Laws you such Dominion make,

AURENG-ZEBE

As ev'ry stronger Pow'r has right to take:
And Paricide will so deform your name,
That dispossessing you will give a claim.
Who next Usurps, will a just Prince appear;
So much your ruine will his Reign endear.

Mor. I without guilt, would mount the Royal Seat;
But yet 'tis necessary to be great.

Ind. All Greatness is in Virtue understood:
'Tis onely necessary to be good,
Tell me, what is't at which great Spirits aim,
What most your self desire?

Mor. ——— Renown, and Fame,
And Pow'r, as uncontrol'd as is my will.

Ind. How you confound desires of good and ill
For true renown is still with Virtue joyn'd;
But lust of Pow'r lets loose th' unbridl'd mind.
Yours is a Soul irregularly great,
Which wanting temper, yet abounds with heat:
So strong, yet so unequal pulses beat. }
As Sun which does through Vapours dimnly shine:
What pity 'tis you are not all Divine!
New molded, thorow lighten'd, and a breast
So pure, to bear the last severest test;
Fit to command an Empire you should gain
By Virtue, and without a blush to Reign.

Mor. You show me somewhat I ne'r learnt before;
But 'tis the distant prospect of a Shore,
Doubtful in Mists; which, like enchanted ground,
Flies from my sight, before 'tis fully found.

Ind. Dare to be great, without a guilty Crown;
View it, and lay the bright temptation down:
'Tis base to seize on all, because you may;
That's Empire, that which I can give away:
There's joy when to wild Will you Laws prescribe,
When you bid Fortune carry back her Bribe:
A Joy, which none but greatest minds can taste;
A Fame, which will to endless Ages last.

Mor. Renown, and Fame, in vain, I courted long;
And still pursu'd 'em though directed wrong.
In hazard, and in toils, I heard they lay;
Sail'd farther than the Coast, but miss'd my way.
Now you have given me Virtue for my guide;
And, with true Honour, ballasted my Pride.

AURENG-ZEBE

Unjust Dominion I no more pursue;
I quit all other claims but those to you.

Ind. Oh be not just to halves! pay all you owe:
Think there's a debt to *Melesinda* too.
To leave no blemish on your after life;
Reward the virtue of a Suff'ring Wife.

Mor. To love once past, I cannot backward move;
Call yesterday again, and I may love.
'Twas not for nothing I the Crown resign'd;
I still must own a Mercenary mind:
I in this venture, double gains pursue,
And laid out all my Stock to purchase you.

To them Asaph Chan.

Now, what success? does *Aureng-Zebe* yet live?

Asaph. Fortune has giv'n you all that she can give,
Your Brother——

Mor. ——Hold; thou shew'st an impious joy,
And think'st I still take pleasure to destroy:
Know, I am chang'd, and would not have him slain.

Asaph. 'Tis past; and you desire his life in vain.
He, prodigal of Soul, rush'd on the stroke
Of lifted Weapons, and did wounds provoke:
In scorn of Night, he would not be conceal'd;
His Souldiers, where he fought, his name reveal'd:
In thickest crouds, still *Aureng-Zebe* did sound:
The vaulted Roofs did *Aureng-Zebe* rebound,
Till late, and in his fall, the name was drown'd.

Ind. Wither that hand which brought him to his fate,
And blasted be the tongue which did relate.

Asaph. His Body——

Mor. ——Cease to inhance her misery:
Pity the Queen, and show respect to me.
'Tis ev'ry Painters Art to hide from sight,
And cast in shades, what seen would not delight.
Your grief, in me such sympathy has bred,
I mourn; and wish I could recall the dead.
Love softens me; and blows up fires, which pass
Through my tough heart, and melt the stubborn Mass.

Ind. Break, heart; or choak, with sobs, my hated breath;
Do thy own work: admit no foreign death.
Alas! why do I make this useless moan?
I'm dead already, for my Soul is gone.

[*To her.*]

AURENG-ZEBE

To them, Mir Baba.

Mir. What tongue the terror of this night can tell,
Within, without, and round the Citadell
A new-form'd Faction does your pow'r oppose;
The Fight's confus'd, and all who meet are foes:
A second clamour, from the Town, we hear;
And the far noise so loud, it drowns the near.
Abas, who seem'd our Friend, is either fled;
Or, what we fear, our Enemies does head:
Your frighted Soldiers scarce their ground maintain.

Mor. I thank their fury; we shall fight again:
They rouse my rage; I'm eager to subdue:
'Tis fatal to with-hold my eyes from you.

[Exit with the two Omrahs.]

Enter Melesinda.

Mel. Can misery no place of safety know?
The noise pursues me wheresoe'er I go,
As Fate sought onely me, and where I fled,
Aim'd all its Darts at my devoted head.
And let it; I am now past care of life;
The last of Women; an abandon'd Wife.

Ind. Whether Design or Chance has brought you here,
I stand oblig'd to Fortune, or to Fear:
Weak Women should, in danger, herd like Deer. }
But say, from whence this new combustion springs?
Are there yet more *Morats*? more fighting Kings?

Mel. Him from his Mother's love your eyes divide,
And now her Arms the cruel strife decide.

Ind. What strange misfortunes my vex'd life attend?
Death will be kind and all my sorrows end.
If *Nourmahal* prevail, I know my fate.

Mel. I pity, as my own, your hard estate;
But what can my weak charity afford?
I have no longer int'rest in my Lord:
Nor in his Mother, He: she owns her hate
Aloud, and would her self Usurp the State.

Ind. I'm stupifi'd with sorrow, past relief
Of tears: parch'd up, and wither'd with my grief.

Mel. Dry mourning will decays more deadly bring,
As a North Wind burns a too forward Spring.
Give sorrow vent, and let the sluices go.

AURENG-ZEBE

Ind. My tears are all congeal'd, and will not flow.

Mel. Have comfort; yield not to the blows of Fate.

Ind. Comfort, like Cordials after death, comes late.
Name not so vain a word; my hopes are fled:
Think your *Morat* were kind, and think him dead.

Mel. I can no more——

Can no more arguments, for comfort, find:
Your boding words have quite o'rwhelm'd my mind.

[Clattering of weapons within.]

Ind. The noise increases as the Billows rore,
When rowling from afar they threat the Shore.
She comes; and feeble Nature now I find
Shrinks back in danger, and forsakes my mind.
I wish to die, yet dare not death endure;
Detest the Med'cine, yet desire the Cure:
I would have death; but mild, and at command:
I dare not trust him in another's hand.
In *Nourmahal's*, he would not mine appear;
But arm'd with terror, and disguis'd with fear.

Mel. Beyond this place you can have no retreat:
Stay here, and I the danger will repeat.
I fear not death, because my life I hate:
And envious death will shun th'unfortunate.

Ind. You must not venture.

Mel. Let me: I may do
My self a kindness in obliging you.
In your lov'd name I'll seek my angry Lord;
And beg your safety from his conqu'ring Sword:
So his protection all your fears will ease,
And I shall see him once, and not displease.

[Exit.]

Ind. O wretched Queen! what pow'r thy life can save?
A stranger, and unfriended, and a slave!

Enter Nourmahal, Zayda, and Abas, with Souldiers.

Alas, she's here!

[Indamora withdraws to the inward part of the Scene.]

Nour. Heartless they fought, and quitted soon their ground,
While ours with easie victory were crown'd.
To you, *Abas*, my Life and Empire too,
And, what's yet dearer, my Revenge, I owe.

Abas. The vain *Morat*, by his own rashness wrought,
Too soon discover'd his ambitious thought;
Believ'd me his, because I spoke him fair,

AURENG-ZEBE

And pitch'd his head into the ready snare:
Hence 'twas I did his Troops at first admit;
But such, whose numbers could no fears beget.
By them the Emperor's Party first I slew,
Then turn'd my Arms the Victors to subdue.

Nour. Now let the head-strong Boy my will controul:
Virtue's no slave of Man; no Sex confines the Soul:
I, for my self, th' Imperial Seat will gain,
And he shall wait my leisure for his Reign.
But *Aureng-Zebe* is no where to be found.
And now perhaps in Death's cold arms he lies:
I fought, and conquer'd, yet have lost the prize.

Zayd. The chance of War determin'd well the strife,
That rack'd you, 'twixt the Lover and the Wife.
He's dead, whose Love had sulli'd all your Reign,
And made you Empress of the World in vain.

Nour. No; I my pow'r and pleasure would divide:
The Drudge had quench'd my flames, and then had di'd.
I rage, to think without that Bliss I live;
That I could wish what Fortune would not give;
But, what Love cannot, Vengeance must supply;
She, who bereav'd me of his heart, shall die.

Zayd. I'll search: far distant hence she cannot be. [Going in.]

Nour. This wondrous Master-piece I fain would see;
This fatal *Helen*, who can Wars inspire,
Make Kings her Slaves, and set the World on fire.
My Husband lock'd his Jewel from my view;
Or durst not set the false one by the true.

Re-enter Zayda, leading Indamora.

Zayd. Your frighted Captive, ere she dies, receive;
Her Soul's just going else, without your leave.

Nour. A fairer Creature did my eyes ne'r see!
Sure she was form'd by Heav'n in spite to me!
Some Angel copi'd, while I slept, each grace,
And molded ev'ry feature from my face.
Such Majesty does from her forehead rise,
Her cheeks such blushes cast, such rays her eyes,
Nor I, nor Envy, can a blemish find;
The Palace is, without, too well design'd:
Conduct me in, for I will view thy mind.
Speak, if thou hast a Soul, that I may see,
If Heav'n can make throughout another Me.

}
[To her.]

A U R E N G - Z E B E

Ind. My tears and miseries must plead my cause: [*Kneeling.*]
 My Words the terror of your presence awes:
 Mortals, in sight of Angels, mute become;
 The Nobler Nature strikes th'Inferiour dumb.

Nour. The Palm is, by the Foes confession, mine;
 But I disdain what basely you resign.
 Heav'n did, by me, the outward model build:
 Its inward work, the Soul, with rubbish fill'd.
 Yet, Oh! th' imperfect Piece moves more delight;
 'Tis gilded o'r with Youth, to catch the sight.
 The Gods have poorly robb'd my Virgin bloom,
 And what I am, by what I was, o'come.
 Traitorress, restore my Beauty and my Charms,
 Nor steal my Conquests with my proper Arms.

Ind. What have I done, thus to inflame your hate?
 I am not guilty, but unfortunate.

Nour. Not guilty, when thy looks my pow'r betray,
 Seduce Mankind, my Subject, from my Sway,
 Take all my Hearts and all my Eyes away? }
 My Husband first; but that I could forgive:
 He onely mov'd, and talk'd, but did not live.
 My *Aureng-Zebe*, for I dare own the name,
 The glorious sin, and the more glorious flame;
 Him, from my beauty, have thy eyes misled,
 And starv'd the joys of my expected Bed. }

Ind. His love, so sought, he's happy that he's dead.
 O had I courage but to meet my Fate;
 That short dark passage to a future state:
 That melancholly Riddle of a breath.

Nour. That something, or that nothing, after death:
 Take this, and teach thy self. [*Giving a Dagger.*]

Ind. Alas!

Nour. ——— Why dost thou shake?
 Dishonour not the vengeance I design'd:
 A Queen, and own a base Plebeian mind!
 Let it drink deep in thy most vital part:
 Strike home, and do me reason in thy heart.

Ind. I dare not.

Nour. Do't, while I stand by and see,
 At my full gust, without the drudgery.
 I love a Foe, who dares my stroke prevent,
 Who gives me the full Scene of my content,
 Shows me the flying Souls convulsive strife,

A U R E N G - Z E B E

And all the anguish of departing life:
 Disdain my mercy, and my rage defie;
 Curse me with thy last breath; and make me see
 A Spirit worthy to have Rival'd me. }

Ind. Oh, I desire to die; but dare not yet:
 Give me some respite, I'll discharge the debt.
 Without my *Aureng-Zebe* I would not live.

Nour. Thine, Traitor! thine! that word has wing'd thy fate,
 And put me past the tedious forms of hate.
 I'll kill thee with such eagerness and haste,
 As Fiends, let loose, would lay all Nature waste.

[*Indamora runs back: as Nourmahal is running to her. Clashing of
 Swords is heard within.*]

Sold. Yield, y'are o'rpower'd: resistance is in vain. [Within.]

Mor. Then death's my choice: submission I disdain. [Within.]

Nour. Retire, you Slaves: Ah whither does he run [At the door.]
 On pointed Swords? Disarm, but save my Son.

Enter Morat staggering, and upheld by Souldiers.

Mor. She lives! and I shall see her once again!
 I have not thrown away my life in vain.

[*Catches hold of Indamora's Gown, and falls by her: she sits.*]
 I can no more; yet, ev'n in death, I find
 My fainting body byass'd by my mind.
 I fall toward you; still my contending Soul
 Points to your breast, and trembles to its Pole.

*To them Melesinda, hastily, casting her self on the other
 side of Morat.*

Mel. Ah wo, wo, wo! the worst of woes I find,
 Live still: Oh live; live ev'n to be unkind.
 With half-shut eyes he seeks the doubtful day;
 But, Ah! he bends his sight another way.
 He faints! and in that sigh his Soul is gone;
 Yet Heaven's unmov'd, yet Heav'n looks careless on.

Nour. Where are those Pow'rs which Monarchs should defend?
 Or do they vain Authority pretend.
 O'r humane Fates, and their weak Empire show,
 Which cannot guard their Images below?
 If, as their Image, he was not Divine,
 They ought to have respected him as mine.

A U R E N G - Z E B E

I'll waken them with my revenge; and she,
 Their *Indamora* shall my Victim be,
 And Helpless Heav'n shall mourn in vain, like me. }

[*As she is going to stab Indamora, Morat raises himself, and holds her hand.*]

Mor. Ah, what are we,
 Who dare maintain with Heav'n this wretched strife,
 Puft with the pride of Heav'n's own gift, frail life?
 That blast which my ambitious Spirit swell'd,
 See by how weak a Tenure it was held!
 I onely stay to save the Innocent:
 Oh envy not my Soul its last content.

Ind. No, let me die; I'm doubly summon'd now;
 First, by my *Aureng-Zebe*; and, since, by you.
 My Soul grows hardy, and can death endure:
 Your Convoy makes the dang'rous way secure.

Mel. Let me, at least, a Funeral Marriage crave;
 Nor grudge my cold embraces in the Grave.
 I have too just a Title in the strife:

By me, unhappy me, he lost his life:
 I call'd him hither; 'twas my fatal breath;
 And I the Screech-Owl that proclaim'd his death. [*Shout within.*]

Abas. What new Alarms are these? I'll haste and see. [*Exit.*]

Nour. Look up, and live: an Empire shall be thine.

Mor. That I contemn'd, ev'n when I thought it mine.
 Oh, I must yield to my hard Destinies, [*To Indamora.*]
 And must for ever cease to see your eyes.

Mel. Ah turn your Sight to me, my dearest Lord!
 Can you not one, one parting look afford?
 Ev'n so unkind in death? but 'tis in vain;
 I lose my breath, and to the Winds complain:
 Yet 'tis as much in vain your cruel scorn;
 Still I can love, without this last return.
 Nor Fate, nor You, can my vow'd faith controul;
 Dying, I'll follow your disdainful Soul:
 A Ghost, I'll haunt your Ghost; and, where you go,
 With mournful murmurs fill the Plains below.

Mor. Be happy, *Melesinda*, cease to grieve,
 And, for a more deserving Husband, live:
 Can you forgive me?

Mel. ——— Can I! Oh my heart!
 Have I heard one kind word before I part?
 I can, I can forgive: is that a task

AURENG-ZEBE

To love, like mine? Are you so good to ask?
One kiss———Oh 'tis too great a blessing this; [Kisses him.
I would not live to violate the bliss.

Re-enter Abas.

Abas. Some envious Devil has ruin'd us yet more:
The Fort's revolted to the Emperor;
The Gates are open'd, the Portcullis drawn;
And deluges of Armies, from the Town
Come pow'ring in: I heard the mighty flaw,
When first it broke; the crowding Ensigns saw,
Which choak'd the passage; and, (what least I fear'd,)
The waving Arms of *Aureng-Zebe* appear'd,
Display'd with your *Morat's*:
In either's Flag the golden Serpents bear,
Erected Crests alike, like Volumes rear,
And mingle friendly hissings in the Air.
Their Troops are joyn'd, and our destruction nigh,

Nour. 'Tis vain to fight, and I disdain to flie.
I'll mock the Triumphs which our Foes intend;
And, spite of Fortune, make a glorious end,
In pois'nous draughts my liberty I'll find:
And from the nauseous World set free my mind. [Exit.

At the other end of Stage, Enter Aureng-Zebe, Dianet, and Attendants.
Aureng-Zebe turns back, and speaks, entering.

Aur. The lives of all who cease from combat, spare;
My Brother's be your most peculiar care:
Our impious use no longer shall obtain;
Brothers no more, by Brothers, shall be slain.
[Seeing Indamora and Morat.

Ha! do I dream? is this my hop'd success?
I grow a Statue, stiff, and motionless.
Look, *Dianet*; for I dare not trust these eyes;
They dance in mists, and dazle with surprise.

Dia. Sir, 'tis *Morat*; dying he seems, or dead:
And *Indamora's* hand———

Aur. —— Supports his head [Sighing.
Thou shalt not break yet heart, nor shall she know
My inward torments by my outward show;
To let her see my weakness were too base;
Dissembled Quiet sit upon my face:
My sorrow to my eyes no passage find,

AURENG-ZEBE

But let it inward sink, and drown my mind.

Falshood shall want its Triumph: I begin

To stagger; but I'll prop my self within.

The spacious Tow'r no ruine shall disclose,

Till down, at once, the mighty Fabrick goes.

Mor. In sign that I die yours, reward my Love, [To Indamora.

And seal my Passport to the Bless'd above. [Kissing her Hand.

Ind. O stay; or take me with you when you go:

There's nothing now worth living for below.

Mor. I leave you not; for my expanded mind

Grows up to Heav'n, while it to you is joyn'd:

Not quitting, but enlarg'd! A blazing Fire,

Fed from the Brand.

[Dies.

Mel. Ah mel! he's gone! I die!

[Swoons.

Ind. ————Oh dismal day!

Fate, thou hast ravish'd my last hope away.

O Heav'n! my *Aureng-Zebe*———

[She turns and sees Aureng-Zebe standing by her, and starts.

———What strange surprise!

Or does my willing mind delude my eyes,

And shews the Figure always present there?

Or liv'st thou? am I bless'd, and see thee here?

Aur. My Brother's body see convey'd with care,

[Turning from her, to his Attendants.

Where we may Royal Sepulture prepare.

With speed to *Melesinda* bring relief;

Recal her spirits, and moderate her grief———

[Half turning to Indamora.

I go, to take for ever from your view

Both the lov'd Object, and the hated too.

[Going away after the Bodies, which are carried off.

Ind. Hear me; yet think not that I beg your stay:

[Laying hold of him.

I will be heard, and after take your way.

Go; but your late repentance shall be vain:

[He struggles still. She lets him go.

I'll never, never see your face again.

[Turning away.

Aur. Madam, I know whatever you can say:

You might be pleas'd not to command my stay.

All things are yet disorder'd in the Fort;

I must crave leave your audience may be short.

Ind. You need not fear I shall detain you long;

Yet you may tell me your pretended wrong.

AURENG-ZEBE

Aur. Is that the bus'ness? then my stay is vain.

Ind. How are you injur'd?

Aur. ———When did I complain?

Ind. Leave off your forc'd respect——

And shew your rage in its most furious form:

I'm arm'd with innocence to brave the Storm.

You heard, perhaps, your Brother's last desire;

And after saw him in my arms expire:

Saw me, with tears, so great a loss bemoan:

Heard me complaining my last hopes were gone.

Aur. Oh stay, and take me with you when you go.

There's nothing now worth living for below.

Unhappy Sex! whose Beauty is your snare;

Expos'd to trials; made too frail to bear.

I grow a fool, and show my rage again:

'Tis Nature's fault; and why should I complain?

Ind. Will you yet hear me?

Aur. ———Yes, till you relate

What powerful Motives did your change create.

You thought me dead, and prudently did weigh

Tears were but in vain, and brought but Youths decay.

Then, in *Morat*, your hopes a Crown design'd;

And all the Woman work'd within your mind.

I rave again, and to my rage return,

To be again subjected to your scorn.

Ind. I wait till this long Storm be over-blown.

Aur. I'm conscious of my folly: I have done.

I cannot rail; but silently I'll grieve.

How did I trust! and how did you deceive!

Oh. *Arimant*, would I had di'd for thee!

I dearly buy thy generosity.

Ind. Alas! is he then dead?

Aur. ———Unknown to me,

He took my Arms; and while I forc'd my way,

Through Troops of Foes, which did our passage stay,

My Buckler o'r my aged Father cast,

Still fighting, still defending as I past,

The noble *Arimant* usurp'd my name;

Fought, and took from me, while he gave me, fame.

To *Aureng-Zebe*, he made his Souldiers cry,

And seeing not, where he heard danger nigh,

Shot, like a Star, through the benighted Sky.

A short, but mighty aid: at length he fell,

AURENG-ZEBE

My own adventures, 'twere lost time to tell;
Or how my Army, entring in the night,
Surpris'd our Foes: the dark disorder'd fight:
How my appearance, and my Father shown,
Made peace; and all the rightful Monarch own.
I've summ'd it briefly, since it did relate
Th' unwelcome safety of the man you hate.

Ind. As briefly will I clear my innocence:
Your alter'd Brother di'd in my defence.
Those tears you saw, that tenderness I show'd,
Were just effects of grief and gratitude.
He di'd my Convert.

Aur. ——— But your Lover too:
I heard his words, and did your actions view;
You seem'd to mourn another Lover dead:
My sighs you gave him, and my tears you shed.
But worst of all,

Your gratitude for his defence was shown:
It prov'd you valu'd life when I was gone.

Ind. Not that I valu'd life; but fear'd to die:
Think that my weakness, not inconstancy.

Aur. Fear show'd you doubted of your own intent:
And she who doubts becomes less innocent.

Tell me not you could fear;
Fear's a large promiser, who subject live
To that base passion, know not what they give.
No circumstance of grief you did deny;
And what could she give more who durst not die?

Ind. My love, my faith.

Aur. ——— Both so adult'rate grown,
When mix'd with fear, they never could be known.
I wish no ill might her I love befall;
But she ne'er lov'd who durst not venture all.
Her life and fame should my concernment be;
But she should onely be afraid for me.

Ind. My heart was yours; but, Oh! you left it here,
Abandon'd to those Tyrants, Hope and Fear:
If they forc'd from me one kind look or word,
Could you not that, not that small part afford?

Aur. If you had lov'd, you nothing yours could call:
Giving the least of mine, you gave him all.
True love's a Miser; so tenacious grown:
He weighs to the least grain of what's his own.

A U R E N G - Z E B E

More delicate than Honour's nicest sense:
 Neither to give nor take the least offence.
 With, or without you, I can have no rest:
 What shall I do? y'are lodg'd within my breast:
 Your Image never will be thence displac'd;
 But there it lies, stabb'd, mangl'd, and defac'd.

Ind. Yet, to restore the quiet of your heart,
 There's one way left.

Aur. ———— Oh name it.

Ind. ———— 'Tis to part.

Since perfect bliss with me you cannot prove,
 I scorn to bless by halves the man I love.

Aur. Now you distract me more: shall then the day,
 Which views my Triumph, see our loves decay?
 Must I new bars to my own joy create?
 Refuse, my self, what I had forc'd from Fate?
 What though I am not lov'd?

Reason's nice taste does our delights destroy:
 Brutes are more bless'd, who grossly feed on joy.

Ind. Such endless jealousies your love pursue,
 I can no more be fully bless'd than you.
 I therefore go, to free us both from pain:
 I priz'd your Person, but your Crown disdain.
 Nay, ev'n my own———

I give it you; for since I cannot call
 Your heart my Subject, I'll not Reign at all.

[*Exit.*

Aur. Go: though thou leav'st me tortur'd on the Rack,
 'Twixt Shame and Pride, I cannot call thee back.

She's guiltless, and I should submit; but Oh!
 When she exacts it, can I stoop so low?
 Yes; for she's guiltless;——— but she's haughty too. }

Great Souls long struggle ere they own a crime:
 She's gone; and leaves me no repenting time.

I'll call her now; sure, if she loves, she'll stay;
 Linger at least, or not go far away. [*Looks to the door, and returns.*

For ever lost, and I repent too late,
 My foolish pride, would set my whole Estate,
 Till, at one throw, I lost all back to Fate. }

To him the Emperor, drawing in Indamora: Attendants.

Emp. It must not be, that he, by whom we live,
 Should no advantage of his gift receive.
 Should he be wholly wretched? he alone,

AURENG-ZEBE

In this bless'd day, a day so much his own? [To Indamora.
I have not quitted yet a Victor's right;
I'll make you happy in your own despight.
I love you still; and if I struggle hard
To give, it shows the worth of the reward.

Ind. Suppose he has o'rcome; must I find place
Among his conquer'd Foes, and sue for grace?
Be pardon'd, and confess I lov'd not well?
What though none live my innocence to tell?
I know it: Truth may own a gen'rous pride:
I clear my self, and care for none beside.

Aur. Oh, *Indamora*, you would break my heart!
Could you resolve, on any terms, to part?
I thought your love eternal: was it ti'd
So loosly, that a quarrel could divide?
I grant that my suspicions were unjust;
But would you leave me for a small distrust?
Forgive those foolish words——
They were the froth my raging folly mov'd,
When it boil'd up: I knew not then I lov'd;
Yet then lov'd most.

[Kneeling to her.

Ind. (to *Aur.*) You would but half be blest!

[Giving her hand, smiling.

Aur. ——Oh do but try
My eager love: I'll give my self the lie.
The very hope is a full happiness;
Yet scanty measures what I shall possess.
Fancy it self, ev'n in enjoyment, is
But a dumb Judge, and cannot tell its bliss.

Emp. Her eyes a secret yielding do confess,
And promise to partake your happiness.
May all the joys I did my self pursue,
Be rais'd by her, and multipli'd on you.

A Procession of Priests, Slaves following, and last Melesinda in white.

Ind. Alas! what means this Pomp?

Aur. 'Tis the Procession of a Funeral Vow,
Which cruel Laws to *Indian* Wives allow,
When fatally their Virtue they approve;
Chearful in flames, and Martyrs of their Love.

Ind. Oh my foreboding heart! th' event I fear;
And see! sad *Melesinda* does appear.

AURENG-ZEBE

Mel. You wrong my love; what grief do I betray?
This is the Triumph of my Nuptial day.
My better Nuptials; which, in spite of Fate,
For ever joyn me to my dear *Morat*.
Now I am pleas'd; my jealousies are o'r:
He's mine; and I can lose him now no more.

Emp. Let no false show of Fame your reason blind.

Ind. You have no right to die; he was not kind.

Mel. Had he been kind, I could no love have shown:
Each vulgar Virtue would as much have done.
My love was such, it needed no return;
But could, though he supply'd no fuel, burn.
Rich in it self, like Elemental fire,
Whose pureness does no Aliment require.
In vain you would bereave me of my Lord;
For I will die: die is too base a word;
I'll seek his breast, and kindling by his side,
Adorn'd with flames, I'll mount a glorious Bride.

[*Exit.*

Enter Nourmahal distracted, with Zayda.

Zayd. She's lost, she's lost! but why do I complain
For her, who generously did life disdain!
Poison'd, she raves——

Th' invenom'd Body does the Soul attack;
Th' invenom'd Soul works its own poison back.

Nour. I burn, I more than burn; I am all fire:
See how my mouth and nostrils flame expire.
I'll not come near my self——

Now I'm a burning Lake, it rowls and flows;
I'll rush, and pour it all upon my Foes.

Pull, pull that reverend piece of Timber near:
Throw't on——'tis dry——'twill burn——

Ha! ha! how my old Husband crackles there!
Keep him down, keep him down, turn him about:
I know him; he'll but whiz, and strait go out.
Fan me, you Winds: what, not one breath of Air?
I burn 'em all, and yet have flames to spare.

Quench me: pour on whole Rivers. 'Tis in vain:

Morat stands there to drive 'em back again:
With those huge Bellows in his hands, he blows
New fire into my head: my Brain-pan glows.
See, see! there's *Aureng-Zebe* too takes his part;
But he blows all his fire into my heart.

AURENG-ZEBE

Aur. Alas! what fury's this?

Nour. ——— That's he, that's he!

[*Staring upon him, and catching at him.*]

I know the dear man's voice:

And this my Rival, this the cursed she.

They kiss; into each others arms they run:

Close, close, close! must I see, and must have none?

Thou art not hers: give me that eager kiss.

Ingratefull have I lost *Morat* for this?

Will you? ——— before my face? ——— poor helpless I

See all; and have my Hell before I die! [*Sinks down.*]

Emp. With thy last breath thou hast thy crimes confest:

Farewel; and take, what thou ne'r gav'st me, rest.

But you, my Son, receive it better here:

[*Giving him Indamora's hand.*]

The just rewards of Love and Honour wear.

Receive the Mistris you so long have serv'd;

Receive the Crown your Loyalty preserv'd.

Take you the Reins, while I from cares remove,

And sleep within the Chariot which I drove.

EPILOGUE

A Pretty task! and so I told the Fool,
Who needs would undertake to please by Rule:
He thought that, if his Characters were good,
The Scenes entire, and freed from noise and bloud;
The Action great, yet circumscrib'd by Time,
The Words not forc'd, but sliding into Rhime,
The Passions rais'd and calm'd by just Degrees,
As Tides are swell'd, and then retire to Seas;
He thought, in hitting these, his bus'ness done,
Though he, perhaps, has fail'd in ev'ry one:
But, after all, a Poet must confess,
His Art's like Physick, but a happy gheß.
Your Pleasure on your Fancy must depend:
The Lady's pleas'd, just as she likes her Friend,
No Song! no Dance! no Show! he fears you'l say,
You love all naked Beauties, but a Play.
He much mistakes your methods to delight;
And, like the French, abhors our Target-fight:
But those damn'd Dogs can never be i'th' right.
True English hate your Monsieur's paltry Arts;
For you are all Silk-weavers, in your hearts.
Bold Brittons, at a brave Bear-garden Fray,
Are rouz'd: and clatt'ring Sticks, cry, Play, play, play.
Mean time, your filthy Forreigner will stare,
And mutter to himself, Ha gens Barbare!
And, Gad, 'tis well he mutters; well for him;
Our Butchers else would tear him limb from limb.
'Tis true, the time may come, your Sons may be
Infected with this French civility;
But this in After-ages will be done:
Our Poet writes a hundred years too soon.
This Age comes on too slow, or he too fast:
And early Springs are subject to a blast!
Who would excel, when few can make a Test
Betwixt indiff'rent Writing and the best?
For Favours cheap and common, who would strive,
Which, like abandon'd Prostitutes, you give?
Yet scatter'd here and there I some behold,

AURENG-ZEBE

*Who can discern the Tinsel from the Gold:
To these he writes; and, if by them allow'd,
'Tis their Prerogative to rule the Crowd.
For he more fears, (like a presuming Man)
Their Votes who cannot judge, than theirs who can.*

FINIS

ALL FOR LOVE
OR
The World well Lost

A TRAGEDY

*Written in imitation of
Shakespeare's stile*

*Facile est verbum aliquod ardens (ut ita dicam) notare :
idque restinctis animorum incendiis irridere. Cicero.*

ALL FOR LOVE

SOURCE

IN the Preface to his tragedy Dryden says: I "have drawn the character of *Anthony* as favourably as *Plutarch*, *Appian*, and *Dion Cassius* wou'd give me leave: the like I have observ'd in *Cleopatra*." Thus he has made little positive use of Appian and Dio Cassius, although they served as sea-marks to save him from perilous imagination. The source of *All For Love*, then, is Plutarch; and it would appear that Dryden had not merely read the original but also North's translation of this author, since in one or two trifling instances the poet follows the English where it has a turn, adroit enough, but not warranted by the Greek. In such an important scene, however, as the death of Cleopatra he wisely judged it best more strictly to adhere to the original.

As Dryden himself avows when he declared that his play was "Written in Imitation of *Shakespeare's* Stile," he has modelled his manner upon that of Shakespeare, but in no sense whatsoever is *All For Love* a mere copy of, or an adaptation from, *Anthony and Cleopatra*. The story is the world's possession, and Dryden could as justly claim his right to treat it, as could any poet before or after. *All For Love* is a drama of sheer originality, and to fail to recognize this argues little discernment and less literary intuition.

That there are faint echoes of Shakespearean phrase is nothing; we find the same in *Aureng-Zebe* and in *Oedipus*. Dryden was steeped in the "divine Shakespeare."

As I have pointed out with pertinent quotations, a few passages towards the conclusion of Act V were suggested by lines in Daniel's *The Tragedie of Cleopatra*.

THEATRICAL HISTORY

ALL For Love; Or, The World well Lost, which, it is interesting to note, Dryden's contemporaries also knew as *Anthony and Cleopatra*, was produced at the Theatre Royal during the first week of December, 1677. It was received with great favour, and Downes (who also supplies the cast) mentions it as among "the Principal in their Stock and most taking" of modern plays which were acted by Killigrew's company. Charles Hart and Michael Mohun in particular won a triumphant success in the rôles of Antony and Ventidius, whilst the sweet-voiced and bewitchingly beautiful Mrs. Boutell, who shortly after withdrew for wellnigh a decade from the stage, was no less loudly applauded as the amorous Queen.

In *The Theatrical Inquisitor and Monthly Mirror*, July, 1816, is printed a document which furnishes the list of takings at the Theatre Royal for a performance of *All For Love* on Wednesday, 12 December. 1677. Fitzgerald

ALL FOR LOVE

reproduces this in *A New History of the English Stage*, 1882, Vol. I, pp. 144-146. The tale of persons who paid for admittance seems to have been but 249, and the money received amounted to £28 4s. 6d., from which the House rent deducted £5 14s. √

∧ At the Union of the two theatres in 1682, and upon the retirement of Hart, various changes were inevitably made in the cast of this tragedy, and Betterton succeeded to the character of Antony. Performances of *All For Love* are occasionally recorded, such as a production at Whitehall on 20 January, 1686. On 7 January, 1701, Lady Morley was present at a performance at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. √

∧ On Candlemas Day, 1704, *All For Love* by royal command was "A^ded at Court at St. James's, by the A^dors of both Houses, A. *All for Love*: Mr. Betterton, A^ding Marc Antony; Mr. Vantbrugg, Ventidius; Mr. Wilks, Dolarbello; Mr. Booth, Alexas the Eunuch; Mrs. Barry, Cleopatra; Mrs. Bracegirdle, Octavia: All the other Parts being exactly done, and the Court very well pleas'd."

∧ On 20 May of the same year, 1704, *All For Love* was repeated at Lincoln's Inn Fields "as it was performed at St. James'" for Mrs. Barry's benefit. √

∧ At the Haymarket alien attractions unselled *All For Love* on Wednesday, 12 December, 1705. There was dancing, "especially the *Grand Dance*" performed by M. L'Abbe, M. de Barques, M. Davencourt, M. Legard, Mrs. Elford and Mlle Noisy

∧ In the season of 1708-9 at Drury Lane *All For Love* was given once. At Drury Lane on 3 December, 1718, took place a special revival of Dryden's tragedy, which was announced as "not acted 12 years, all the Habits being entirely new with Decorations proper to the play." Cibber tells us: "Upon the revival of Dryden's *All For Love*, the habits of that tragedy amounted to an expense of nearly six hundred pounds; a sum unheard of, for many years before, on the like occasions." It was this production in preference to his *The Invader of his Country* (an adaptation of Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*) which caused old Dennis, the critic, furiously to rate the actors for having "spent above two months of the season in getting up" Dryden's play. None the less *The Invader of his Country*; or, *The Fatal Resentment* when eventually given at Drury Lane on Wednesday, 11 November, 1719, proved a failure, whilst the glories of the revival of *All For Love* incontinently passed into theatrical tradition. Says Davies, writing more than sixty years after: "In Dryden's *All for Love*, Booth's dignified action and forcible elocution, in the part of Antony, attracted the public to that heavy, though, in many parts, well-written, play, six nights successively, without the assistance of pantomime or farce, which, at that time, was esteemed something extraordinary. But indeed he was well supported by an Oldfield, in his Cleopatra, who, to a most harmonious and powerful voice, and fine person, added grace and elegance of gesture. When Booth and Oldfield met in the second act, their dignity of deportment commanded the applause and approbation of the most judicious critics. When Antony said to Cleopatra,

*You promis'd me your silence, and you break it
Ere I have scarce begun,*

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this check was so well understood by Oldfield, and answered with such propriety of behaviour, that, in Shakespeare's phrase, *Her bendings were adornings*.

The elder Mills acted Ventidius with the true spirit of a rough and generous old soldier. To render the play as acceptable to the public as possible, Wilks took the trifling part of Dolabella, nor did Colley Cibber disdain to appear in Alexas: these parts would scarcely be accepted now by third-rate actors. Still to add more weight to the performance, Octavia was a short character of a scene or two, in which Mrs. Porter drew not only respect, but the more affecting approbation of tears, from the audience."

One can ignore the shallow and insulse criticism of the conduct of the play and the characters, but one is entitled to express surprise that a writer, who is generally so sober-minded and intelligent (if indeed not exactly penetrating) in his judgments as Davies, should have penned such ineptitudes. I incline to believe that he had either but glanced at Dryden's scenes, or that he retained no very clear recollection of this tragedy. To speak of Dolabella as a trifling part and to rate Alexas as a paltry rôle argues complete inacquaintance with the piece.

✓ During the lifetime of Mrs. Oldfield her Cleopatra was much applauded, and *All For Love* held its place season after season at Drury Lane, where it was, for example, given on 27 October, 1722; 14 November, 1724; 21 October, 1727. This fascinating and lovely actress died on 23 October, 1730, and some four years later, on 2 April, 1734, at Drury Lane, when *All For Love* was given for the benefit of William Milward, who played Antony and who was, according to Chetwood, "to be placed in the foremost Rank of Perfection," the Cleopatra was Mrs. Heron, a lady deemed a true successor of Mrs. Oldfield. Mills acted Ventidius, whilst the Octavia was Mrs. Butler, the fair by-blow of a noble duke, and the original Millwood in *The London Merchant*, a tragedy better known as *George Barnwell*.

At Covent Garden, 11 March, 1736, Mrs. Horton, "one of the most beautiful women that ever trod the stage," acted for her benefit Cleopatra to the Antony of Denis Delane. Bridgewater, in whom was "a most grave and solemn manner of delivering a sentiment, which dwelt fully upon the attentive hearer," showed much excellence in Ventidius, and Mrs. Buchanan played Octavia. Vanbrugh's farce *The Country-House* (a free version of *La Maison de Campagne* of Florent-Carton Dancourt), which had first seen the light at Drury Lane on 23 January, 1703, was given the same evening. When *All For Love* was performed at Covent Garden on 14 January, 1738, the principals remained as two years before, but Mrs. Hallam, an actress of uncommon mint and a great favourite with the town, although "unhappy in a large unwieldy person," succeeded Mrs. Buchanan as Octavia, and Thomas Walker (the original Macheath) was Dolabella.

✗ On 2 February, 1747, *All For Love* was given at Drury Lane, and repeated with great applause about five times during the season. Barry performed Antony, and Cleopatra was Peg Woffington, who in this rôle completely captivated the town. Luke Sparks, although harshly criticized by the *Dramatic Censor* as "irksomely laborious" in declamation, proved well suited as Ventidius, and Mrs. Furnival, who was approved as Alicia in *Jane Shore*, Hermione in *The*

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Distress'd Mother, Zara in *The Mourning Bride*, and many other favourite rôles, lent ample aid as Octavia.

On 12 March, 1750, a very strong cast supported Quin when he took his benefit at Covent Garden as Ventidius. Delane acted Antony; Lacy Ryan, Dolabella; Lee, Alexas; Sparks, Serapion; Peg Woffington, Cleopatra; and the beautiful Bellamy, Octavia. At Dublin in 1745-6 George Ann Bellamy had been Cleopatra to the Antony of Barry.

Each Magick Charm, lamented *Oldfield* knew,
Too Blooming *Bellamy*, revives in you.

'Tis thine, oh beauteous Maid, the wond'rous Art!
To search the Soul, and trace the various Heart;
With native Grace, with unaffected Ease,
To form the yielding Passions, as you please,
The throbbing Sigh, makes *Antony* submit,
And Triumphs o're the miscellaneous Pit:
Love points his Darts in *Cleopatra's* Eye,
And Fops, and Aldermen, promiscuous Dye.

So sang an Irish bard in his *Poem on Miss Bellamy*; Dublin, 1748. In Letter XX of *An Apology For The Life of George Anne Bellamy* (Fourth Edition, 1786, Vol. I, pp. 144-150) this lady purports to give what is certainly an amusing, if somewhat malicious, account of the various quarrels and disputes in the Dublin theatre. "Early in the season, the tragedy of 'All for Love, or the World well Lost,' was revived; in which *Barry* and *Sheridan* stood unrivalled in the characters of Antony and Ventidius." It appeared that the manager, *Sheridan*, being in London during the summer, "purchased a superb suit of clothes that had belonged to the Princess of *Wales*, and had only been worn by her on the birthday! This was made into a dress for me to play the character of Cleopatra; and as the ground of it was silver tissue," a large number of diamonds were sewn upon the lovely stuff to give it a yet more dazzling sheen. Unluckily Miss Bellamy's mother and maid who had been busily occupied in fixing these jewels, left the robes in the actress's dressing-room, and neglected to close the door. Mrs. *Furnival* just then happened to be on her way to her own room, but "seeing my rich dress thus lying exposed and observing no person to prevent her, she stepped in and carried off the Queen of Egypt's paraphernalia to adorn herself in the character of Octavia, the Roman matron, which she was to perform." When the servant returned to discover the valuable dress missing and to learn that it had been speathed by a rival in the theatre "she was nearly petrified." Moreover, to add to her wrath upon entering Mrs. *Furnival's* room she found that lady had considerably altered the shape by letting out the waist that might well fit the graceful Bellamy but which was far too slim for her fuller girth. "Without any more ado she fell tooth and nail upon poor Mrs. *Furnival*," who was not without difficulty rescued "from the fangs of the enraged Hibernian nymph." Miss Bellamy herself had now arrived in the theatre, and in a more genteel manner sent politely to request at least the return of the jewels, many of which had been expressly borrowed. "But the lady, rendered courageous by *Nantz*, and the presence of her paramour, *Morgan*,"

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curtly answered that the ornaments would be forthcoming *after* the play. (Charles Morgan was a great favourite on the Dublin stage in low comedy. He was born in 1717, and died in May, 1745, at the early age of twenty-eight.) Cleopatra, then, was obliged to appear in a far less ornate costume than she had intended, and in place of the sparkling diamonds she perforce contented herself with milky pearls. However, the richness and elegance of the dress to be worn in this rôle had been the subject of much talk in Dublin theatrical circles. Mrs. Butler, in particular, who lent Miss Bellamy the diamonds, was astonished not to see her arrayed in the jewels proper to the occasion. Behind the scenes too, in the green-room, Sheridan treated Cleopatra to a regular jobation, and scolded her caprice which discarded such splendid attire. The riddle, however, was read when "going to introduce Octavia to the Emperor, he discovered the jay in all her borrowed plumes. An apparition could not have more astonished him. He was so confounded, that it was some time before he could go on with his part. At the same instant Mrs. Butler exclaimed aloud, 'Good Heaven, the woman has got on my diamonds!' " Mrs. Butler was seated in the stage-box, and several gentlemen in the pit, hearing her cry, came to the conclusion that Mrs. Butler had actually been robbed by Mrs. Furnival. At the end of the scene Antony and Ventidius were loudly applauded, but a hallooing of "No more *Furnival!* No more *Furnival!*" began. This lady, eagerly expecting to be received with particular favour, promptly fell into fits, and the upshot was that Mrs. Elmy, who happened to be behind the scenes, was hastily called upon to dress for and finish the rôle, which she did to the great satisfaction of the house.

At Covent Garden when *All For Love* was given on 22 and 24 November, 1755, Sparks was the Ventidius; Barry, Antony; and Smith, who played "with much spirit and gallantry," Dolabella.

On 22 March, 1766, Dryden's tragedy is announced at Drury Lane as "revived." William Powell, a tragedian whose brief career cut all too short the fairest hopes of a genius which promised to rise to very great heights, played Antony for his benefit; Charles Holland, a pupil and too close an imitator of Garrick,

a copy, and no more
of something better we have seen before,

sustained Ventidius; James Dodd, Alexas; Anna Maria Yates, "an actress of the highest rank, not unworthy to be compared with Mrs. Siddons herself," Cleopatra. There is an engraving (Edwards inv., B. Reading, sculpt.) of this superb tragedienne in the character. The moment depicted is at the commencement of Act V when the despairing queen grasps her poniard exclaiming: "I'll die; I will not bear it." Charmion and Iras, fearful and trembling, restrain her. The gesture is magnificent, and one can well discern "The brow, still fix'd in Sorrow's sullen frame." The costume, although of course by no means correct in any detail, is certainly striking and seems intended to be neo-classical in design. A royal mantle, edged with ermine, gives an appearance of full flowing robes. The hair, without powder, is mounted over a cushion, entwined with pearls and adorned with a small stephane from which hangs a veil. In fine the dress of a tragic princess, stately and proud.

Two years later, also at Drury Lane on 21 March, 1768, Holland appeared

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as Ventidius for his benefit. Barry was the Antony; Aikin, Dolabella; Mrs. Hopkins, Octavia; and Mrs. Dancer (afterwards Mrs. Barry and then Mrs. Crawford), Cleopatra. Bickerstaffe's farce, *The Absent Man*, in which King is declared to have been inimitable as Shatterbrain, followed.

✓ On 17 December, 1772, at Drury Lane *All For Love* is announced as "Not acted 5 years." Barry again plays Antony; Aikin is Ventidius; Palmer, Dolabella; Mrs. Barry, Octavia; and Miss Younge, whose genius lay greatly in the pathetic, Cleopatra.

✓ At Covent Garden on 28 April, 1773, for the benefit of Miss Miller, who appeared as Octavia, Smith acted Antony; Clarke, Ventidius; and the "respectable" Dick Wroughton, Dolabella.

Respectable Wroughton was form'd to exist
Like an elegant bracelet round Dignity's wrist.

Cleopatra was sustained by Mrs. Hartley, a most accomplished tragedienne and a beautiful woman. There was published an engraving of her in this rôle (sold by J. Wenman, 144 Fleet Street, 1 March, 1778). She is represented in the scene which commences the Fifth Act. The Egyptian amorosa reclines in a gilt rococo chair, and is dressed in a huge hooped petticoat of brocade, flounced and furbelowed, and fairly criss-crossed with an elaborate floralia. The hair is powdered, dressed high, woven with pearls, and surmounted by a diadem all adorned with waving ostrich plumes. In fact, the costume is a very magnificent court suit of the period. Mrs. Hartley was extremely conservative in her theatrical wardrobe, and in G. Sherwin's portrait of this lady as Andromache in *The Distress'd Mother* her robes are fully as magnificent, with the addition of an immense festooned train, as the paraphernalia of Cleopatra. As Marcia in *Cato*, her hoop was certainly not so inflated, but the brocade of her petticoat was embroidered to such a degree that the original stuff could scarcely be seen, and her powdered locks are not merely dressed with ropes of bijoutry to an extraordinary altitude, but puffed out in large rolls and curls, and overtopped by flaunting feathers, such as a Prince of Wales might envy and admire.

An edition of *All For Love*, published in 1776, and included in Vol. VIII of *The New English Theatre*, gives the following casts under "Dramatis Personae, 1776." At Covent Garden: Antony, Barry; Ventidius, Clarke; Dolabella, Aikin; Alexas, Young; Serapion, Bates; Romans, Strange and Thompson; Cleopatra, Mrs. Barry; Octavia, Mrs. Mattocks; Charmion, Miss Simpson; Iras, Mrs. Hippisley. At Drury Lane: Antony, Smith; Ventidius, Palmer; Dolabella, Brereton; Alexas, Whitfield; Romans, Griffiths and Norris; Cleopatra, Miss Younge; Octavia, Mrs. Yates; Charmion, Mrs. Johnston; and Iras, Miss Platt.

✓ At Covent Garden, 19 January, 1779, *All For Love*, "not acted 6 years," was given with Smith (from Drury Lane) as Antony; and Mrs. Yates (from Drury Lane), Cleopatra. Ventidius was played by Digges, a figure of extraordinary dignity, whom George Colman dubbed "a fine bit of old stage buckram"; Dolabella, Farren; and Octavia, Mrs. Bulkley.

✓ At Drury Lane, 5 May, 1788, Dryden's tragedy, "not acted 8 years," was produced for the benefit of Mrs. Siddons, who proved, however, ill-suited as

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Cleopatra. Kemble sustained Antony; Palmer, Ventidius; William Barrymore, Dolabella; and Mrs. Ward, Octavia. The play was only performed once.

On 24 May, 1790, there was a revival of *All For Love* at Covent Garden, when Antony was played by Joseph George Holman, whom Pasquin with some ill-nature advised:

This youth should set bounds to his tragic descanting,
Which sometimes approaches the precincts of ranting:
In gentleman juniors, adjust his proud walk;
And abandon the stare, and Titanian stalk.

Cleopatra was the lovely Louisa Brunton, soon to become Countess of Craven.

'Tis Brunton! See
How strays that smile along her 'witching face,
To angel beauty adding yet a grace,
And new divineness to divinity.
She looks around—and Summer seemeth near—
She speaks—and there is melody. (The ear
Feasts on the gentle echo that is given).
She sings—there's bliss! She smiles—and there is Heaven.

Ventidius was acted by Harley; Dolabella, Farren; Serapion, Thomas Hall,
who's adust, melancholic, somnific and dull;

Octavia (for the first time and for that night only), Mrs. Pope (formerly Miss Younge). In this production the meeting of Antony and Cleopatra was celebrated by a Niketerotion, a word which Genest justly terms "a silly specimen of playhouse Greek."

A Bath playbill, 12 January, 1818, announces *All For Love* as "Not acted 40 years." William Conway, celebrated for his fine presence and commanding voice, appeared as Antony; Miss Somerville, Cleopatra; and Mrs. W. West, who "by exhibiting the loveliest and most heroic qualities of woman had power to melt an audience into sweetest tears," Octavia.

It may be remarked that Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* was only revived once during the eighteenth century, and that for the first time since the Restoration.

3 January, 1759, Garrick appeared as Antony to the Cleopatra of Mrs. Yates in Edward Capell's version of Shakespeare's tragedy, which was "fitted for the stage by abridging only." Garrick was a poor Antony, and in spite of "new scenes, habits and decorations," the play was only acted six times.

On 15 November, 1813, at Covent Garden, Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra* was once again revived, but "with additions from Dryden," a commixture attributed to Kemble. This "amalgamation of wonderful poetical powers," as it was foolishly described, owes the major part of Act II and nearly all Act IV to Dryden, whilst Act V is indifferently welded from Dryden and Shakespeare together. The whole concludes with an epicedium accompanying

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a grand funeral procession, theatric pageantry such as Kemble loved. This piece of hermaphroditism was performed no less than nine times that season as the town flocked to see the Antony of Charles Young, who "with a graceful person, expressive countenance, and fine sonorous voice" was considered "in declamatory power greatly superior to Kean and Kemble too." Mrs. Siddons refused the part of Cleopatra, declaring that "she should hate herself if she was to play it as it ought to be played." Accordingly the rôle was undertaken by Miss Fawcitt, whom Sir Theodore Martin praises as "a charming actress, tall and singularly handsome."

Thursday, 21 November, 1833, at Drury Lane, Bunn gave a dioramic production of *Antony and Cleopatra*, which yet retained certain of Dryden's scenes and speeches. Macready acted Antony, "a hasty, unprepared, unfinished performance." Miss Phillips was the Cleopatra, but *The Times* critic judged that she was lacking in "coaxing coquetry and airy amorous gaiety"—in a word, she was tame. The scenery, however, by Clarkson Stanfield was magnificent, and the grand processions not a few.

All For Love was revived under my direction by "The Phoenix" for two performances at the Shaftesbury Theatre on 19 and 20 March, 1922. The play, admirably produced by Edith Craig, was received with great applause. The cast comprised Ion Swinley as Antony; Edith Evans, Cleopatra; Campbell Fletcher, Ventidius; Hugh Miller, Dolabella; Felix Aylmer, Alexas; Eugene Leahy, Serapion; John Collins, Another Priest (Myris); Ellen O'Malley, Octavia; Muriel Dole, Charmion; Clare Harris, Iras; Barbara Dale and Alma Priest, Antony's two little daughters. The Prologue and Epilogue were spoken by William Armstrong. The tragedy was with great care dressed in costume such as would have been worn at the original time of production. Thus Antony and the men wore perukes, whilst Cleopatra was coiffured, jewelled and attired on the model of a Lely canvas. "The whole tragedy," wrote one critic, "was given admirably in the Restoration manner, with Antony as a Restoration gallant in a Restoration periwig."

Archdeacon Coxe in his *Memoirs of John Duke of Marlborough*, Second Edition, 1820, Vol. VI, Chapter 117; 1716-1722; gives an interesting account of an amateur performance of *All For Love* at Blenheim. He says that the Duke's "recreations were varied with dramatic exhibitions, in which the younger branches of his family and their companions bore a part. Two of these were 'Tamerlane' and 'All for Love,' which were introduced with addresses written for the occasion, lauding the achievements of the duke, and the virtues and graces of the duchess, in a high tone of eulogium. The prologue to 'All for Love,' written by the celebrated Dr. Hoadley, then bishop of Bangor, has been preserved." This prologue is then quoted, but the reader may well be spared these verses which without poetical merit or wit offend and even disgust by their almost unexampled servility of fulsomeness. The Duchess of Marlborough is thus adulated:

Beauty and virtue with each other strove
To move and recompence thy early love,
Beauty which Egypt's queen could never boast,
And virtue she ne'er knew, or quickly lost.

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We are then regaled with some spice of sycophancy which rather more than borders on the profane. The amateur cast has been recorded:

PLAY PERFORMED AT BLENHEIM

All for Love, or The World Well Lost

Mark Anthony	.	.	Captain Fish (the page of the duchess).
Ventidius	.	.	Old Mr. Jennings.
Serapion (the high-priest)	.	.	Miss Cairnes.
Alexas	.	.	Mrs. La Vie.
Cleopatra	.	.	Lady Charlotte Macarthy.
Octavia	.	.	Lady Anne Spencer.
Children of Anthony	.	.	{ Lady Anne Egerton.
			{ Lady Diana Spencer.

[Scene, the Bow-window Room.]

[Great Screens for changing Scenes.]

Mrs. La Vie, the daughter of a French refugee, and a relation of Lady Cairnes, filled the part of governess to Miss Cairnes, afterwards Lady Blayney. In the latter years of her life Lady Blayney wrote several letters which contain many anecdotes relative to the retirement of the Duke of Marlborough. Incidentally she presents a lively account of this performance. "The bishop of Winchester (Hoadley) writ a prologue upon the occasion, which I think I have given the duchess of Marlborough. Miss Cairnes, as high-priest, wore a very fine surplice, that came from Holland for the chapel (no sacrilege), for the chapel was not finished many years after. What makes me call it a fine surplice is, that all the breast was worked in what, many years after, was called Dresden work. The old duke was so pleased, that we played it three times; first, because we were to play it; some time after, for lord Winchelsea, then lord Finch, and a great favourite there; and the third time at the duke's request. The duchess scratched out some of the most amorous speeches, and there was no embrace allowed, &c. In short, no offence to the company. I suppose we made a very grand appearance; there was profusion of brocade rolls, &c., of what was to be the window curtains at Blenheim. Jewels you may believe in plenty; and I think Mark Anthony wore the sword that the emperor gave the duke of Marlborough."

✓ On Friday 5 June, and Tuesday 9 June, 1914, two evening performances of *All for Love* were given by "The Venturers," an amateur society, at Cosmopolis, a hall in Holborn which has long since been dismantled and absorbed in other buildings. At Merton College, Oxford, amateurs presented *All for Love* on 1 February-3 February, 1922. ✓

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To the Right Honourable,
THOMAS EARL OF DANBY,
Viscount Latimer, and Baron Osborne
of Kiveton, in Yorkshire, Lord High Treasurer of England,
one of His Majesties Most Honourable Privy-Council,
and Knight of the Most Noble Order of
the Garter, &c.

My Lord,

THE Gratitude of Poets is so troublesome a Virtue to Great Men, that you are often in danger of your own Benefits: for you are threaten'd with some Epistle, and not suffer'd to do good in quiet, or to compound for their silence whom you have oblig'd. Yet, I confess, I neither am nor ought to be surpriz'd at this Indulgence: for your Lordship has the same right to favour Poetry which the Great and Noble have ever had.

Carmen amat, quisquis carmine digna gerit.

There is somewhat of a tie in Nature betwixt those who are born for Worthy Actions, and those who can transmit them to Posterity: and though ours be much the inferiour part, it comes at least within the Verge of Alliance; nor are we unprofitable Members of the Commonwealth, when we animate others to those Virtues, which we copy and describe from you.

'Tis indeed their Interest, who endeavour the Subversion of Governments, to discourage Poets and Historians; for the best which can happen to them is to be forgotten: but such who under **KINGS**, are the Fathers of their Country, and by a just and prudent ordering of affairs preserve it, have the same reason to Cherish the Chroniclers of their Actions, as they have to lay up in safety the Deeds and Evidences of their Estates; For such Records are their undoubted Titles to the love and reverence of After-Ages. Your Lordships Administration has already taken up a considerable part of the English Annals; and many of its most happy years are owing to it. His **MAYESTY**, the most knowing Judge of Men, and the best Master, has acknowledg'd the Ease and Benefit he receives in the Incomes of His Treasury, which You found not only disorder'd, but exhausted. All things were in the confusion of a Chaos, without Form or Method, if not reduc'd beyond it, even to Annihilation; so that you had not only to separate the jarring Elements, but (if that boldness of expression might be allow'd me) to Create them. Your Enemies had so embroyl'd

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the management of your Office, that they look'd on your Advancement as the Instrument of your Ruine. And as if the clogging of the Revenue, and the Confusion of Accounts, which you found in your entgance, were not sufficient, they added their own weight of malice to the Publick Calamity, by forestalling the Credit which shou'd cure it: your Friends on the other side were only capable of pitying, but not of aiding you; No farther help or counsel was remaining to you, but what was founded on your Self: and that indeed was your Security: for your Diligence, your Constancy, and your Prudence, wrought more surely within, when they were not disturb'd by any outward Motion. The highest Virtue is best to be trusted with it Self, for Assistance only can be given by a Genius Superiour to that which it assists. And 'tis the Noblest kind of Debt, when we are only oblig'd to God and Nature. This then, My Lord, is your just Commendation, That you have wrought out your Self a way to Glory, by those very Means that were design'd for your Destruction; You have not only restor'd, but advanc'd the Revenues of your Master, without grievance to the Subject: and as if that were little yet, the Debts of the Exchequer, which lay heaviest both on the Crown, and on Private Persons, have by your Conduct been establish'd in a certainty of satisfaction. An Action so much the more Great and Honourable, because the case was without the ordinary relief of Laws; above the Hopes of the Afflicted, and beyond the Narrowness of the Treasury to redress, had it been manag'd by a less able Hand. 'Tis certainly the happiest, and most unenvy'd part of all your Fortune, to do good to many, while you do injury to none: to receive at once the Prayers of the Subject and the Praises of the Prince: and, by the care of your Conduct, to give Him Means of exerting the chiefest (if any be the chiefest) of His Royal Virtues, His Distributive Justice to the Deserving, and his Bounty and Compassion to the Wanting. The Disposition of Princes towards their People, cannot better be discover'd than in the choice of their Ministers; who, like the Animal Spirits betwixt the Soul and Body, participate somewhat of both Natures, and make the Communication which is betwixt them. A King, who is just and moderate in his Nature, who Rules according to the Laws, whom God made happy by forming the Temper of his Soul to the Constitution of his Government, and who makes us happy, by assuming over us no other Sovereignty than that wherein our Welfare and Liberty consists; a Prince, I say, of so excellent a Character, and so suitable to the Wishes of all Good Men, could not better have convey'd Himself into his Peoples Apprehensions than in your Lordships Person: who so lively express the same Virtues, that you seem not so much a Copy, as an Emanation of Him. Moderation is doubtless an Establishment of Greatness; but there is a Steadiness of temper which is likewise requisite in a Minister of State: so equal a mixture of both Virtues, that he may stand like an Isthmus betwixt the two encroaching Seas of Arbitrary

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Power, and Lawless Anarchy. The Undertaking would be difficult to any but an extraordinary Genius, to stand at the Line, and to divide the Limits; to pay what is due to the Great Representative of the Nation, and neither to inhance, nor to yeild up the undoubted Prerogatives of the crown. These, My Lord, are the proper Virtues of a Noble Englishman, as indeed they are properly English Virtues: No People in the World being capable of using them but we who have the happiness to be born under so equal, and so well-pois'd a Government. A Government which has all the Advantages of Liberty beyond a Commonwealth, and all the Marks of Kingly Sovereignty without the danger of a Tyranny. Both my Nature, as I am an Englishman, and my Reason, as I am a Man, have bred in me a loathing to that specious Name of a Republick: that mock-appearance of a Liberty, where all who have not part in the Government, are Slaves: and Slaves they are of a viler note than such as are Subjects to an absolute Dominion. For no Christian Monarchy is so absolute, but 'tis circumscrib'd with Laws; But when the Executive Power is in the Law-makers, there is no farther check upon them; and the People must suffer without a remedy, because they are oppress'd by their Representatives. If I must serve, the number of my Masters, who were born my Equals, would but add to the ignominy of my Bondage. The Nature of our Government above all others, is exactly suited both to the Situation of our Country and the Temper of the Natives: An Island being more proper for Commerce and for Defence than for extending its Dominions on the Continent: for what the Valour of its Inhabitants might gain, by reason of its remoteness and the casualties of the Seas, it cou'd not so easily preserve: and therefore, neither the Arbitrary Power of one in a Monarchy, nor of many in a Commonwealth, could make us greater than we are. 'Tis true, that vaster and more frequent Taxes might be gather'd, when the consent of the People was not ask'd or needed, but this were only by Conquering abroad to be poor at home: And the Examples of our Neighbours teach us, that they are not always the happiest Subjects whose Kings extend their Dominions farthest. Since therefore we cannot win by an Offensive War, at least a Land-War, the Model of our Government seems naturally contriv'd for the Defensive part: and the consent of a People is easily obtain'd to contribute to that Power which must protect it. Felices nimium, bona si sua nōrint, Angligenæ! And yet there are not wanting Malecontents amongst us, who surfeiting themselves on too much happiness, wou'd perswade the People that they might be happier by a change. 'Twas indeed the policy of their old Forefather, when himself was fallen from the Station of Glory, to seduce Mankind into the same Rebellion with him, by telling him he might yet be freer than he was: that is, more free than his Nature wou'd allow, or (if I may so say) than God cou'd make him. We have already all the Liberty which Free-born Subjects can enjoy; and all beyond it is but License. But if it be Liberty

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of Conscience which they pretend, the Moderation of our Church is such, that its practice extends not to the severity of Persecution, and its Discipline is withal so easie, that it allows more freedom to Dissenters than any of the Sects wou'd allow to it. In the mean time, what right can be pretended by these Men to attempt Innovations in Church or State? Who made them the Trustees, or (to speak a little nearer their own Language) the Keepers of the Liberty of England? If their Call be extraordinary, let them convince us by working Miracles; for ordinary Vocation they can have none to disturb the Government under which they were born, and which protects them. He who has often chang'd his Party, and always has made his Interest the Rule of it, gives little evidence of his sincerity for the Publick Good: 'Tis manifest he changes but for himself, and takes the People for Tools to work his Fortune. Yet the experience of all Ages might let him know that they who trouble the Waters first, have seldom the benefit of the Fishing: As they who began the late Rebellion enjoy'd not the fruit of their undertaking, but were crush'd themselves by the Usurpation of their own Instrument. Neither is it enough for them to answer that they only intend a Reformation of the Government, but not the Subversion of it: On such pretences all Insurrections have been founded: 'Tis striking at the Root of Power, which is Obedience. Every Remonstrance of private Men, has the seed of Treason in it; and Discourses which are couch'd in ambiguous Terms, are therefore the more dangerous, because they do all the Mischief of open sedition, yet are safe from the punishment of the Laws. These, My Lord, are Considerations which I should not pass so lightly over, had I room to manage them as they deserve: for no Man can be so inconsiderable in a Nation as not to have a share in the welfare of it; and if he be a true Englishman, he must at the same time be fir'd with Indignation, and revenge himself as he can on the Disturbers of his Country. And to whom could I more fitly apply my self, than to your Lordship, who have not only an inborn, but an hereditary Loyalty? The memorable constancy and sufferings of your Father, almost to the ruine of his Estate for the Royal Cause, were an earnest of that, which such a Parent and such an Institution wou'd produce in the Person of a Son. But so unhappy an occasion of manifesting your own Zeal in suffering for his present MAJESTY, the Providence of God, and the Prudence of your Administration, will, I hope, prevent. That as your Fathers Fortune waited on the unhappiness of his Sovereign, so your own may participate of the better Fate which attends his Son. The Relation which you have by Alliance to the Noble Family of your Lady, serves to confirm to you both this happy Augury. For what can deserve a greater place in the English Chronicle, than the Loyalty and Courage, the Actions and Death of the General of an Army fighting for his Prince and Country? The Honour and Gallantry of the Earl of Lindsey, is so illustrious a Subject, that 'tis fit to adorn an

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Heroique Poem; for he was the Proto-Martyr of the Cause, and the Type of his unfortunate Royal Master.

Yet after all, My Lord, if I may speak my thoughts, you are happy rather to us than to your self: for the Multiplicity, the Cares, and the Vexations of your Employment, have betray'd you from your self, and given you up into the Possession of the Publick. You are robb'd of your Privacy and Friends, and scarce any hour of your Life you can call your own. Those who envy your Fortune, if they wanted not good Nature, might more justly pity it; and when they see you watch'd by a Croud of Suitors, whose importunity 'tis impossible to avoid, would conclude with Reason, that you have lost much more in true content, than you have gain'd by Dignity; and that a private Gentleman is better attended by a single Servant, than your Lordship with so clamorous a Train. Pardon me, My Lord, if I speak like a Philosopher on this Subject; the Fortune which makes a Man uneasie, cannot make him happy: and a Wise Man must think himself uneasie when few of his Actions are in his choice.

This last Consideration has brought me to another, and a very seasonable one for your relief; which is, That while I pity your want of leisure, I have impertinently Detain'd you so long a time. I have put off my own Business, which was my Dedication, till 'tis so late that I am now ashamed to begin it: And therefore I will say nothing of the Poem, which I present to you, because I know not if you are like to have an Hour which, with a good Conscience, you may throw away in perusing it: And for the Author, I have only to beg the continuance of your Protection to him, who is,

MY LORD,

Your Lordships, most Oblig'd,
most Humble, and most
Obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

PREFACE

THE death of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra* is a Subject which has been treated by the greatest wits of our nation, after *Shakespeare*; and by all so variously, that their example has given me the confidence to try my self in this Bowe of *Ulysses* amongst the Crowd of Sutors; and, withal, to take my own measures in aiming at the Mark. I doubt not but the same Motive has prevailed with all of us in this attempt; I mean the excellency of the Moral: for the chief persons represented, were famous patterns of unlawful love; and their end accordingly was unfortunate. [All reasonable men have long since

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concluded, That the Heroe of the Poem ought not to be a character of perfect Virtue, for, then, he could not without injustice, be made unhappy; nor yet altogether wicked, because he could not then be pitied: I have therefore steer'd the middle course, and have drawn the character of *Anthony* as favourably as *Plutarch*, *Appian*, and *Dion Cassius* wou'd give me leave; the like I have observ'd in *Cleopatra*: That which is wanting to work up the pity to a greater height was not afforded me by the story; for the crimes of love which they both committed, were not occasion'd by any necessity, or fatal ignorance, but were wholly voluntary; since our passions are, or ought to be, within our power. The Fabrick of the Play is regular enough as to the inferior parts of it; and the Unities of Time, Place and Action, more exactly observ'd than, perhaps, the English Theater requires. Particularly, the Action is so much one that it is the only of the kind without Episode, or Underplot; every Scene in the Tragedy conducing to the main design, and every Act concluding with a turn of it. The greatest error in the contrivance seems to be in the person of *Octavia*; For, though I might use the privilege of a Poet, to introduce her into *Alexandria*, yet I had not enough consider'd, that the compassion she mov'd to her self and children, was destructive to that which I reserv'd for *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*; whose mutual love being founded upon vice, must lessen the favour of the Audience to them, when Virtue and Innocence were oppress'd by it. And, though I justified *Anthony* in some measure, by making *Octavia's* departure, to proceed wholly from her self; yet the force of the first Machine still remain'd; and the dividing of pity, like the cutting of a River into many Channels, abated the strength of the natural stream. But this is an Objection which none of my Critiques have urg'd against me; and therefore I might have let it pass, if I could have resolv'd to have been partial to my self. The faults my Enemies have found are rather cavils concerning little, and not essential Decencies; which a Master of the Ceremonies may decide betwixt us. The *French* Poets, I confess, are strict Observers of these Punctilio's: they would not, for example, have suffer'd *Cleopatra* and *Octavia* to have met; or if they had met, there must only have pass'd betwixt them some cold civilities, but no eagerness of repartee, for fear of offending against the greatness of their Characters and the modesty of their Sex. This Objection I foresaw, and at the same time contemn'd: for I judg'd it both natural and probable that *Octavia*, proud of her new gain'd Conquest, would search out *Cleopatra* to triumph over her; and that *Cleopatra*, thus attack'd, was not of a spirit to shun the encounter: and 'tis not unlikely that two exasperated Rivals should use such Satyre as I have put into their mouths;

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for after all, though the one were a *Roman* and the other a *Queen*, they were both *Women*. 'Tis true, some actions, though natural, are not fit to be represented; and broad obscenities in words ought in good manners to be avoided: expressions therefore are a modest cloathing of our thoughts, as Breeches and Petticoats are of our bodies. If I have kept my self within the bounds of modesty, all beyond it is but nicety and affectation; which is no more but modesty deprav'd into a vice: they betray themselves who are too quick of apprehension in such cases, and leave all reasonable men to imagine worse of them, than of the Poet.

Honest *Montaigne* goes yet farther: *Nous ne sommes que ceremonie; la ceremonie nous emporte, & laissons la substance des choses: Nous nous tenons aux branches, & abandonnons le tronc & le corps. Nous avons appris aux Dames de rougir, oyans seulement nommer ce qu'elles ne craignent aucunement a faire: Nous n' osons appeller a droit nos membres, & ne craignons pas de les employer a toute sorte de debauchee. La ceremonie nous defend d'exprimer par paroles les choses licites & naturelles, & nous l'en croyons; la raison nous defend de n'en faire point d'illicites & mauvaises, & personne ne l'en croit.* My comfort is, that by this opinion my Enemies are but sucking Critiques, who wou'd fain be nibbling ere their teeth are come.

Yet, in this nicety of manners does the excellency of *French Poetry* consist: their Heroes are the most civil people breathing; but their good breeding seldom extends to a word of sense: All their Wit is in their Ceremony; they want the Genius which animates our Stage; and therefore 'tis but necessary when they cannot please, that they should take care not to offend. But, as the civilest man in the company is commonly the dullest, so these Authors, while they are afraid to make you laugh or cry, out of pure good manners, make you sleep. They are so careful not to exasperate a Critique that they never leave him any work; so busie with the Broom, and make so clean a riddance, that there is little left either for censure or for praise: for no part of a Poem is worth our discommending where the whole is insipid; as when we have once tasted of pall'd Wine, we stay not to examine it Glass by Glass. But while they affect to shine in trifles, they are often careless in essentials. Thus their *Hippolitus* is so scrupulous in point of decency, that he will rather expose himself to death than accuse his Stepmother to his Father; and my Critiques, I am sure, will commend him for it: but we of grosser apprehensions are apt to think that this excess of generosity, is not practicable but with Fools and Madmen. This was good manners with a vengeance; and the Audience is like to be much concern'd at the misfortunes of this admirable Heroe; but take *Hippolitus* out of his Poetique Fit,

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and I suppose he would think it a wiser part to set the Saddle on the right Horse, and chuse rather to live with the reputation of a plain-spoken honest man, than to die with the infamy of an incestuous Villain. In the mean time we may take notice, that where the Poet ought to have preserv'd the character as it was deliver'd to us by Antiquity, when he should have given us the picture of a rough young man, of the *Amazonian* strain, a jolly Huntsman, and both by his profession and his early rising a Mortal Enemy to love, he has chosen to give him the turn of Gallantry, sent him to travel from *Athens to Paris*, taught him to make love, and transform'd the *Hippolitus* of *Euripides* into Monsieur *Hippolite*. I should not have troubled myself thus far with French Poets, but that I find our *Chedreux* Critiques wholly form their judgments by them. But for my part, I desire to be try'd by the Laws of my own Country; for it seems unjust to me that the French should prescribe here, till they have conquer'd. Our little Sonnettiers who follow them, have too narrow Souls to judge of Poetry. Poets themselves are the most proper, though I conclude not the only Critiques. But till some Genius as Universal, as *Aristotle* shall arise, one who can penetrate into all Arts and Sciences, without the practice of them, I shall think it reasonable, that the Judgment of an Artificer in his own Art should be preferable to the opinion of another man; at least where he is not brib'd by interest or prejudic'd by malice: and this, I suppose, is manifest by plain induction: For, first, the Crowd cannot be presum'd to have more than a gross instinct, of what pleases or displeases them: every man will grant me this; but then, by a particular kindness to himself, he draws his own stake first, and will be distinguish'd from the multitude, of which other men may think him one. But, if I come closer to those who are allow'd for witty men, either by the advantage of their quality, or by common fame, and affirm that neither are they qualified to decide Sovereignly, concerning Poetry, I shall yet have a strong party of my opinion; for most of them severally will exclude the rest, either from the number of witty men, or at least of able Judges. But here again they are all indulgent to themselves: and every one who believes himself a Wit, that is, every man, will pretend at the same time to a right of judging. But to press it yet farther, there are many witty men, but few Poets; neither have all Poets a taste of Tragedy. And this is the Rock on which they are daily splitting. Poetry, which is a Picture of Nature, must generally please: but 'tis not to be understood that all parts of it must please every man; therefore is not Tragedy to be judg'd by a witty man, whose taste is only confin'd to Comedy. Nor is every man who loves Tragedy a sufficient Judge of it: he must understand the excellencies

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of it too, or he will only prove a blind Admirer, not a Critique. From hence it comes that so many Satyrs on Poets, and censures of their Writings, fly abroad. Men of pleasant Conversation (at least esteem'd so) and indu'd with a trifling kind of Fancy, perhaps help'd out with some smattering of Latine, are ambitious to distinguish themselves from the Herd of Gentlemen, by their Poetry;

*Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illâ
Fortunâ.*

And is not this a wretched affectation, not to be contented with what Fortune has done for them, and sit down quietly with their Estates, but they must call their Wits in question, and needlessly expose their nakedness to publick view? Not considering that they are not to expect the same approbation from sober men, which ^{vain} airy have found from their flatterers after the third Bottle? If a little glittering in discourse has pass'd them on us for witty men, where was the necessity of undeceiving the World? Would a man who has an ill Title to an Estate, but yet is in possession of it, would he bring it of his own accord, to be try'd at *Westminster*? We who write, if we want the Talent, yet have the excuse that we do it for a poor subsistence; but what can be urg'd in their defence, who not having the Vocation of Poverty to scribble out of meer wantonness, take pains to make themselves ridiculous? *Horace* was certainly in the right, where he said *That no man is satisfied with his own condition.* A Poet is not pleas'd because he is not rich; and the Rich are discontented because the Poets will not admit them of their number. Thus the case is hard with Writers: if they succeed not they must sterve; and if they do, some malicious Satyr is prepar'd to level them for daring to please without their leave. But while they are so eager to destroy the fame of others, their ambition is manifest in their concernment: some Poem of their own is to be produc'd, and the Slaves are to be laid flat with their faces on the ground, that the Monarch may appear in the greater Majesty.

Dionysius and *Nero* had the same longings, but with all their power they cou'd never bring their business well about. 'Tis true, they proclaim'd themselves Poets by sound of Trumpet; and Poets they were, upon pain of death to any man who durst call them otherwise. The Audience had a fine time on't, you may imagine; they sate in a bodily fear, and look'd as demurely as they could: for 'twas a hanging matter to laugh unseasonably; and the Tyrants were suspicious, as they had reason, that their Subjects had 'em in the wind; so, every man in his own defence set as good a face upon the business as he could: 'Twas known beforehand that the Monarchs were to

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be Crown'd Laureats; but when the shew was over, and an honest man was suffer'd to depart quietly, he took out his laughter which he had stifled; with a firm resolution never more to see an Emperor's Play, though he had been ten years a making it. In the mean time the true poets were they who made the best Markets, for they had Wit enough to yield the Prize with a good grace, and not contend with him who had thirty Legions: They were sure to be rewarded, if they confess'd themselves bad Writers, and that was somewhat better than to be Martyrs for their reputation. *Lucan's* example was enough to teach them manners; and after he was put to death, for overcoming *Nero*, the Emperor carried it without dispute for the best Poet in his Dominions: No man was ambitious of that grinning honour; for if he heard the malicious Trumpetter proclaiming his name before his betters, he knew there was but one way with him. *Mecenas* took another course, and we know he was more than a great man, for he was witty too: but finding himself far gone in poetry, which *Seneca* assures us was not his Talent, he thought it his best way to be well with *Virgil* and with *Horace*; that at least he might be a Poet at the second hand; and we see how happily it has succeeded with him; for his own bad Poetry is forgotten, and their Panegyricks of him still remain. But they who should be our patrons are for no such expensive ways to fame: they have much of the Poetry of *Mecenas*, but little of his liberality. They are for persecuting *Horace* and *Virgil*, in the persons of their Successors (for such is every man, who has any part of their Soul and Fire, though in a lesse degree). Some of their little *Zanies* yet go farther; for they are Persecutors even of *Horace* himself, as far as they are able, by their ignorant and vile imitations of him; by making an unjust use of his Authority, and turning his Artillery against his Friends. But how would he disdain to be Copied by such hands! I dare answer for him, he would be more uneasie in their company, than he was with *Crispinus* their Forefather in the *Holy Way*; and would no more have allow'd them a place amongst the Critiques than he would *Demetrius* the Mimique and *Tigellius* the Buffoon:

———*Demetri, seq; Tigelli,*
Discipulorum inter jubeo plorare Cathedras.

With what scorn would he look down on such miserable Translators, who make Doggrel of his Latine, mistake his meaning, misapply his censures, and often contradict their own? He is fix'd as a Land-Mark to set out the bounds of poetry:

———*Saxum, antiquum ingens*
Limes agro positus litem ut discerneret arvis:

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But other Arms than theirs and other Sinews are requir'd to raise the weight of such an Author; and when they would toss him against their enemies,

*Genua labant, gelidus concrevit frigore sanguis,
Tum lapis ipse, viri vacuum per inane volutus
Nec spatium evasit totum, nec pertulit ictum.*

For my part, I would wish no other revenge, either for my self or the rest of the Poets, from this Rhyming Judge of the Twelve-penny Gallery, this Legitimate Son of *Sternhold*, than that he would subscribe his Name to his censure, or (not to tax him beyond his learning) set his Mark: for shou'd he own himself publickly, and come from behind the Lyons Skin, they whom he condemns wou'd be thankful to him, they whom he praises wou'd chuse to be condemned; and the Magistrates whom he has elected, would modestly withdraw from their employment, to avoid the scandal of his nomination. The sharpness of his Satyr, next to himself, falls most heavily on his Friends, and they ought never to forgive him for commending them perpetually the wrong way, and sometimes by contraries. If he have a Friend whose hastiness in writing is his greatest fault, *Horace* wou'd have taught him to have minc'd the matter, and to have call'd it readiness of thought and a flowing fancy; for friendship will allow a man to Christen an imperfection by the name of some neighbour virtue:

*Vellem in amicitia sic erraremus; & isti
Errori, nomen virtus posuisset honestum.*

But he would never have allow'd him to have call'd a slow man hasty, or a hasty Writer a slow Drudge, as *Juvenal* explains it:

———*Canibus pigris, scabieq; vetusta
Levibus, & sicca lambentibus ora lucernæ,
Nomen erit Pardus, Tygris, Leo; si quid adhuc est
Quod fremit in terris violentius.*

Yet *Lucretius* laughs at a foolish Lover, even for excusing the Imperfections of his Mistress:

*Nigra μελιχροος est, immunda & fatida ἄκοσμος.
Balba loqui non quit, τραυλίξει; muta pudens est, &c.*

But to drive it, *ad Æthiopem Cygnum* is not to be indur'd. I leave him to interpret this by the benefit of his French Version on the other side, and without further considering him, than I have the rest of my illiterate Censors, whom I have disdain'd to answer, because

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they are not qualified for Judges. It remains that I acquaint the Reader that I have endeavoured in this Play to follow the practise of the Ancients, who, as Mr. Rymer has judiciously observ'd, are and ought to be our Masters. *Horace* likewise gives it for a Rule in his Art of Poetry:

———*Vos exemplaria Græca*
Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.

Yet, though their Models are regular, they are too little for English Tragedy, which requires to be built in a larger compass. I could give an instance in the *Oedipus Tyrannus*, which was the masterpiece of *Sophocles*; but I reserve it for a more fit occasion, which I hope to have hereafter. In my Stile I have profess'd to imitate the Divine *Shakespeare*; which that I might perform more freely, I have disincumber'd my self from Rhyme. Not that I condemn my former way, but that this is more proper to my present purpose. I hope I need not to explain my self, that I have not Copy'd my Author servilely Words and Phrases must of necessity receive a change in succeeding Ages: but 'tis almost a Miracle that much of his Language remains so pure; and that he who began Dramatique Poetry amongst us, untaught by any, and as *Ben Johnson* tells us, without Learning, should by the force of his own Genius perform so much, that in a manner he has left no praise for any who come after him. The occasion is fair, and the subject would be pleasant, to handle the difference of Stiles betwixt him and *Fletcher*, and wherein, and how far they are both to be imitated. But since I must not be over-confident of my own performance after him, it will be prudence in me to be silent. Yet I hope I may affirm, and without vanity, that by imitating him, I have excell'd my self throughout the Play; and particularly, that I prefer the Scene betwixt *Anthony* and *Ventidius* in the first Act, to any thing which I have written in this kind.

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PROLOGUE

to *Anthony and Cleopatra*.

What Flocks of Critiques hover here to day,
As Vultures wait on Armies for their Prey,
All gaping for the Carcass of a Play! }
With Croaking Notes they bode some dire event;
And follow dying Poets by the scent.
Ours gives himself for gone; y'have watched your time!
He fights this day unarm'd; without his Rhyme;
And brings a Tale which often has been told,
As sad as Dido's; and almost as old.
His Heroe, whom you Wits his Bully call,
Bates of his mettle; and scarce rants at all:
He's somewhat lewd; but a well-meaning mind;
Weeps much; fights little; but is wond'rous kind.
In short, a Pattern, and Companion fit
For all the keeping Tonyes of the Pit.
I cou'd name more: A Wife, and Mistress too. }
Both (to be plain) too good for most of you:
The Wife well-natur'd, and the Mistress true.
Now, Poets, if your fame has been his care;
Allow him all the candour you can spare.
A brave Man scorns to quarrel once a day;
Like Hectors, in at every petty fray.
Let those find fault whose Wit's so very small,
They've need to show that they can think at all:
Errours like Straws upon the surface flow;
He who would search for Pearls must dive below.
Fops may have leave to level all they can;
As Pigmies wou'd be glad to lopp a Man.
Half-Wits are Fleas; so little and so light;
We scarce cou'd know they live, but that they bite
But, as the Rich, when tir'd with daily Feasts,
For change, become their next poor Tenants Ghests,
Drink hearty Draughts of Ale, from plain brown Bowls,
And snatch the homely Rasher from the Coals:
So you, retiring from much better Cheer,

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*For once, may venture to do penance here.
And since that plenteous Autumn now is past,
Whose Grapes and Peaches have Indulg'd your taste,
Take in good part from our poor Poets boord,
Such rivell'd Fruits as Winter can afford.*

PERSONS REPRESENTED

	By
<i>Marc Anthony,</i>	Mr. <i>Hart.</i>
<i>Ventidius,</i> his General,	Mr. <i>Mohun.</i>
<i>Dollabella,</i> his Friend,	Mr. <i>Clarke.</i>
<i>Alexas,</i> the Queens Eunuch,	Mr. <i>Goodman</i>
<i>Serapion,</i> Priest of Isis,	Mr. <i>Griffin.</i>
Another Priest,	Mr. <i>Coysh.</i>
Servants to <i>Anthony,</i>	
<i>Cleopatra,</i> Queen of Egypt,	Mrs. <i>Boutell.</i>
<i>Octavia,</i> <i>Anthony's</i> Wife,	Mrs. <i>Corey.</i>
<i>Charmion,</i> }	
<i>Iras,</i> }	
<i>Anthony's</i> two little Daughters.	

Scene Alexandria.

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OR, THE

WORLD WELL LOST

ACT I. SCENE, *The Temple of Isis.*

Enter Serapion, Myris, Priests of Isis.

Serapion. Portents and Prodigies are grown so frequent
That they have lost their Name. Our fruitful Nile
Flow'd ere the wonted Season, with a Torrent
So unexpected and so wondrous fierce,
That the wild Deluge overtook the haste
Ev'n of the Hinds that watch'd it: Men and Beasts
Were born above the tops of Trees, that grew
On th'utmost Margin of the Water-mark.
Then, with so swift an Ebb, the Floud drove backward
It slipt from underneath the Scaly herd;
Here monstrous *Phocæ* panted on the Shore;
Forsaken *Dolphins* there, with their broad tails,
Lay lashing the departing Waves; Hard by 'em,
Sea-Horses floundring in the slimy mud,
Toss'd up their heads, and dashed the ooze about 'em.

Enter Alexas behind them.

Myr. Avert these Omens, Heav'n!

Serap. Last night, between the hours of Twelve and One,
In a lone Isle o'th' Temple while I walk'd,
A Whirl-wind rose, that, with a violent blast
Shook all the *Dome*: the Doors around me clapt,
The Iron Wicket, that defends the Vault
Where the long Race of *Ptolomies* is lay'd,
Burst open, and disclos'd the mighty dead.
From out each Monument, in order plac'd,
An Armed Ghost start up: the Boy-King last
Rear'd his inglorious head. A peal of groans
Then follow'd, and a lamentable voice

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Cry'd, *Ægypt* is no more. My blood ran back,
My shaking knees against each other knock'd;
On the cold pavement down I fell intranc'd,
And so unfinish'd left the horrid Scene.

Alexas (showing himself). And, dream'd you this? or, Did invent
the Story?

To frighten our *Ægyptian* Boys withal,
And train 'em up betimes in fear of Priesthood?

Serap. My Lord, I saw you not,
Nor meant my words should reach your ears; but what
I utter'd was most true.

Alex. A foolish Dream,
Bred from the fumes of indigested Feasts
And holy Luxury.

Serap. I know my duty:
This goes no farther.

Alex. 'Tis not fit it should.
Nor would the times now bear it, were it true.
All Southern, from yon hills, the *Roman* Camp
Hangs o'er us black and threatning, like a Storm
Just breaking on our heads.

Serap. Our faint *Ægyptians* pray for *Antony*;
But in their Servile hearts they own *Octavius*.

Myr. Why then does *Antony* dream out his hours,
And tempts not Fortune for a noble Day,
Which might redeem what *Actium* lost?

Alex. He thinks 'tis past recovery.

Serap. Yet the Foe
Seems not to press the Siege.

Alex. O, there's the wonder.
Mecænas and *Agrippa*, who can most
With *Cæsar*, are his foes. His Wife *Octavia*,
Driv'n from his House, solicits her revenge;
And *Dolabella*, who was once his Friend,
Upon some private grudge, now seeks his ruine:
Yet still War seems on either side to sleep.

Serap. 'Tis strange that *Antony* for some dayes past,
Has not beheld the face of *Cleopatra*;
But here, in *Isis* Temple, lives retir'd,
And makes his heart a prey to black despair.

Alex. 'Tis true; and we much fear he hopes by absence
To cure his mind of Love.

Serap. If he be vanquish'd,

ALL FOR LOVE

Or make his peace, *Ægypt* is doom'd to be
A *Roman* Province; and our plenteous Harvests
Must then redeem the scarceness of their Soil.
While *Antony* stood firm, our *Alexandria*
Rival'd proud *Rome* (Dominions other seat),
And Fortune striding, like a vast *Colossus*,
Cou'd fix an equal foot of Empire here.

Alex. Had I my wish, these Tyrants of all Nature
Who Lord it o'er Mankind, should perish, perish
Each by the others Sword; but, since our will
Is lamely follow'd by our pow'r, we must
Depend on one; with him to rise or fall.

Serap. How stands the Queen affected?

Alex. O, she dotes,
She dotes, *Serapion*, on this vanquish'd Man,
And winds her self about his mighty ruins,
Whom would she yet forsake, yet yield him up,
This hunted prey, to his pursuers hands,
She might preserve us all; but 'tis in vain—
This changes my designs, this blasts my Counsels,
And makes me use all means to keep him here,
Whom I could wish divided from her Arms,
Far as the Earth's deep Center. Well, you know
The state of things; no more of your ill Omens
And black Prognosticks; labour to confirm
The peoples hearts.

Enter Ventidius, talking aside with a Gentleman of Antony's.

Serap. These *Romans* will o'rehear us.
But, Who's that Stranger? By his Warlike port,
His fierce demeanor, and erected look,
He's of no vulgar note.

Alex. O, 'tis *Ventidius*,
Our Emp'rour's great Lieutenant in the East,
Who first show'd *Rome* that *Parthia* could be conquer'd.
When *Antony* return'd from *Syria* last,
He left this Man to guard the *Roman* Frontiers.

Serap. You seem to know him well.

Alex. Too well. I saw him in *Cilicia* first,
When *Cleopatra* there met *Antony*;
A mortal foe he was to us, and *Ægypt*.
But, let me witness to the worth I hate,
A braver Roman never drew a Sword.

ALL FOR LOVE

Firm to his Prince; but, as a friend, not slave.
He ne'r was of his pleasures; but presides
O're all his cooler hours and morning counsels:
In short, the plainness, fierceness, rugged virtue
Of an old true-stamp't Roman lives in him.
His coming bodes I know not what of ill
To our affairs. Withdraw, to mark him better;
And I'll acquaint you why I sought you here,
And what's our present work.

{ *They withdraw to a corner of the Stage; and Ventidius, with the other, comes forwards to the front.*

Ventidius. Not see him, say you?

I say, I must, and will.

Gent. He has commanded,

On pain of death none should approach his presence.

Ven. I bring him news will raise his drooping Spirits,
Give him new life.

Gent. He sees not *Cleopatra*.

Ven. Would he had never seen her.

Gent. He eats not, drinks not, sleeps not, has no use
Of any thing, but thought; or, if he talks,
'Tis to himself, and then 'tis perfect raving:
Then he defies the World, and bids it pass;
Sometimes he gnawes his Lip, and Curses loud
The Boy *Octavius*; then he draws his mouth
Into a scornful smile, and cries, Take all,
The World's not worth my care.

Ven. Just, just his nature.

Virtues his path; but sometimes 'tis too narrow
For his vast Soul; and then he starts out wide,
And bounds into a Vice that bears him far
From his first course, and plunges him in ills:
But when his danger makes him find his fault,
Quick to observe and full of sharp remorse,
He censures eagerly his own misdeeds,
Judging himself with malice to himself,
And not forgiving what as Man he did,
Because his other parts are more than Man.
He must not thus be lost.

[*Alexas and the Priests come forward.*

Alex. You have your full Instructions, now advance;
Proclaim your Orders loudly.

ALL FOR LOVE

Serap. Romans, Egyptians, hear the Queen's Command.
Thus *Cleopatra* bids, Let Labor cease,
To Pomp and Triumphs give this happy day,
That gave the World a Lord: 'tis *Antony's*.
Live, *Antony*; and *Cleopatra* live.
Be this the general voice sent up to Heav'n,
And every publick place repeat this eccho.

Ven. aside. Fine Pageantry!

Serap. Set out before your doors
The Images of all your sleeping Fathers,
With Laurels crown'd; with Laurels wreath your posts,
And strow with Flow'rs the Pavement; Let the Priests
Do present Sacrifice; pour out the Wine,
And call the Gods to joyn with you in gladness.

Ven. Curse on the tongue that bids this general joy.
Can they be friends of *Antony*, who Revel
When *Antony's* in danger? Hide, for shame,
You Romans, your Great grandsires Images,
For fear their Souls should animate their Marbles,
To blush at their degenerate Progeny.

Alex. A love which knows no bounds to *Antony*,
Would mark the Day with honors; when all Heaven
Labor'd for him, when each propitious Star
Stood wakeful in his Orb, to watch that hour,
And shed his better influence. Her own Birth-day
Our Queen neglected, like a vulgar Fate,
That pass'd obscurely by.

Ven. Would it had slept,
Divided far from his; till some remote
And future Age had call'd it out, to ruin
Some other Prince, not him.

Alex. Your Emperor,
Tho grown unkind, would be more gentle, than
T'upbraid my Queen for loving him too well.

Ven. Does the mute Sacrifice upbraid the Priest?
He knows him not his Executioner.
O, she has deck'd his ruin with her love,
Led him in golden bands to gaudy slaughter,
And made perdition pleasing; She has left him
The blank of what he was;
I tell thee, Eunuch, she has quite unman'd him:
Can any Roman see, and know him now,
Thus alter'd from the Lord of half Mankind,

ALL FOR LOVE

Unbent, unsinew'd, made a Womans Toy,
Shrunk from the vast extent of all his honors.
And cramped within a corner of the World?

O, *Antony*!

Thou bravest Soldier, and thou best of Friends!
Bounteous as Nature; next to Nature's God!
Could'st thou but make new Worlds, so would'st thou give 'em,
As bounty were thy being. Rough in Battel
As the first *Romans*, when they went to War;
Yet after Victory, more pitiful
Than all their Praying Virgins left at home!

Alex. Would you could add to those more shining Virtues,
His truth to her who loves him.

Ven. Would I could not.

But wherefore waste I precious hours with thee?
Thou art her darling mischief, her chief Engin,
Antony's other fate. Go, tell thy Queen,
Ventidius is arriv'd, to end her Charms.
Let your *Egyptian* Timbrels play alone;
Nor mix Effeminate Sounds with *Roman* Trumpets.
You dare not fight for *Antony*; go Pray,
And keep your Cowards-Holy-day in temples.

Exeunt Alex. Serap.

Re-enter the Gentleman of M. Antony.

2 *Gent.* The Emperor approaches, and commands,
On pain of Death, that none presume to stay.

1 *Gent.* I dare not disobey him.

[Going out with the other.]

Ven. Well, I dare.

But I'll observe him first unseen, and find
Which way his humour drives; the rest I'll venture. *[Withdraws.]*

Enter Antony, walking with a disturb'd Motion, before he speaks.

Antony. They tell me, 'tis my Birth-day, and I'll keep it
With double pomp of sadness.

'Tis what the day deserves, which gave me breath.
Why was I rais'd the Meteor of the World,
Hung in the Skies, and blazing as I travel'd,
Till all my fires were spent; and then cast downward
To be trod out by *Cæsar*?

Ven. aside. On my soul,
'Tis mournful, wondrous mournful.

ALL FOR LOVE

Ant. Count thy gains.
Now, *Antony*, Wouldst thou be born for this?
Glutton of Fortune, thy devouring youth
Has starv'd thy wanting Age.

Ven. aside. How sorrow shakes him! [*aside.*
So, now the Tempest tears him up by th' Roots,
And on the ground extends the noble ruin.

Ant. having thrown himself down.

Lye there, thou shadow of an Emperor;
The place thou pressest on thy Mother Earth
Is all thy Empire now: now it contains thee:
Some few dayes hence, and then twill be too large,
When thou'rt contracted in thy narrow Urn,
Shrunk to a few cold Ashes; then *Octavia*,
(For *Cleopatra* will not live to see it)
Octavia then will have thee all her own,
And bear thee in her Widow'd hand to *Cæsar*;
Cæsar will weep, the Crocodile will weep,
To see his Rival of the Universe
Lye still and peaceful there. I'll think no more on't.
Give me some Musick; look that it be sad;
I'll sooth my melancholy, till I swell
And burst my self with sighing.—

[*Soft Musick.*

'Tis somewhat to my humor. Stay, I fancy
I'm now turn'd wild, a Commoner of Nature;
Of all forsaken, and forsaking all;
Live in a shady Forrest's *Sylvan* Scene,
Stretch'd at my length beneath some blasted Oke;
I lean my head upon the Mossy Bark,
And look just of a piece, as I grew from it:
My uncomb'd Locks, matted like *Mislero*,
Hang o're my hoary Face; a murm'ring Brook
Runs at my foot.

Ven. Methinks I fancy
My self there too.

Ant. The Herd come jumping by me,
And, fearless, quench their thirst, while I look on,
And take me for their fellow-Citizen.

More of this Image, more; it lulls my thoughts. [*Soft Musick again.*

Ven. I must disturb him; I can hold no longer. [*Stands before him.*

Ant. Starting up. Art thou *Ventidius*?

Ven. Are you *Antony*?

ALL FOR LOVE

I'm liker what I was, than you to him
I left you last.

Ant. I'm angry.

Ven. So am I.

Ant. I would be private: leave me.

Ven. Sir, I love you,

And therefore will not leave you,

Ant. Will not leave me!

Where have you learnt that Answer? [Who am I?

Ven. My Emperor; the Man I love next Heaven:

If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a Sin;

Y'are all that's good, and good-like.)

Ant. All that's wretched.

You will not leave me then?

Ven. 'Twas too presuming

To say I would not; but I dare not leave you;

And, 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence

So soon, when I so far have come to see you.

Ant. Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfy'd?

For, if a Friend, thou hast beheld enough;

And, if a Foe, too much.

Ven. weeping. Look, Emperor, this is not common Deaw.

I have not wept this Forty year; but now

My Mother comes afresh into my eyes;

I cannot help her softness.

Ant. By Heav'n, he weeps, poor good old Man, he weeps!

The big round drops course one another down

The furrows of his cheeks. Stop 'em, *Ventidius*,

Or I shall blush to death: they set my shame,

That caus'd 'em, full before me.

Ven. I'll do my best.

Ant. Sure there's contagion in the tears of Friends:

See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not

For my own griefs, but thine—Nay, Father.

Ven. Emperor.

Ant. Emperor! Why, that's the stile of Victory,

The Conqu'ring Soldier, red with unfelt wounds,

Salutes his General so: but never more

Shall that sound reach my ears.

Ven. I warrant you.

Ant. *Alium, Alium!* Oh—

Ven. It sits too near you.

Ant. Here, here it lies; a lump of Lead by day,

ALL FOR LOVE

And, in my short distracted nightly slumbers,
The Hag that rides my Dreams—

Ven. Out with it; give it vent.

Ant. Urge not my shame.

I lost a Battel.

Ven. So has *Julius* done.

Ant. Thou favour'st me, and speak'st not half thou think'st;
For *Julius* fought it out, and lost it fairly:

But *Antony*—

Ven. Nay, stop not.

Ant. *Antony*

(Well, thou wilt have it) like a coward, fled,
Fled while his Soldiers fought; fled first, *Ventidius*.
Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave.

I know thou cam'st prepared to rail.

Ven. I did.

Ant. I'll help thee.—I have been a Man, *Ventidius*—

Ven. Yes, and a brave one; but—

Ant. I know thy meaning.

But I have lost my Reason, have disgrac'd
The name of Soldier, with inglorious ease.
In the full Vintage of my flowing honors,
Sate still, and saw it prest by other hands.
Fortune came smiling to my youth, and woo'd it,
And purple greatness met my ripen'd years.
When first I came to Empire, I was born
On Tides of People, crouding to my Triumphs;
The wish of Nations; and the willing World
Receiv'd me as its pledge of future peace;
I was so great, so happy, so lov'd,
Fate could not ruine me; till I took pains,
And work'd against my Fortune, chid her from me,
And turn'd her loose; yet still she came again.
My careless dayes, and my luxurious nights,
At length have weary'd her, and now she's gone,
Gone, gone, divorc'd for ever. Help me, Soldier,
To curse this Mad-man, this industrious Fool,
Who labour'd to be wretched: pr'ythee, curse me.)

Ven. No.

Ant. Why?

Ven. You are too sensible already
Of what y' have done, too conscious of your failings,
And, like a Scorpion, whipt by others first

ALL FOR LOVE

To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge.
I would bring Balm and pour it in your wounds,
Cure your disstemper'd mind, and heal your fortunes.

Ant. I know thou would'st.

Ven. I will.

Ant. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Ven. You laugh.

Ant. I do, to see officious love
Give Cordials to the dead.

Ven. You would be lost then?

Ant. I am.

Ven. I say you are not. Try your fortune.

Ant. I have, to th' utmost. Dost thou think me desperate,
Without just cause? No, when I found all lost
Beyond repair, I hid me from the World,
And learnt to scorn it here; which now I do
So heartily, I think it is not worth
The cost of keeping.

Ven. *Cæsar* thinks not so;
He'll thank you for the gift he could not take.
You would be kill'd, like *Tully*, would you? do,
Hold out your Throat to *Cæsar*, and dye tamely.

Ant. No, I can kill my self; and so resolve.

Ven. I can dy with you too, when time shall serve;
But Fortune calls upon us now to live,
To fight, to Conquer.

Ant. Sure thou Dream'st, *Ventidius*.

Ven. No; 'tis you Dream; you sleep away your hours
In desperate sloth, miscall'd *Phylosophy*.
Up, up, for Honor's sake; twelve Legions wait you,
And long to call you Chief: by painful journeys
I led 'em, patient both of heat and hunger,
Down from the *Parthian* Marches, to the *Nile*.
'Twill do you good to see their Sun-burnt faces,
Their skar'd cheeks, and chopt hands; there's virtue in 'em,
They'l sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates
Than yon trim Bands can buy.

Ant. Where left you them?

Ven. I said, in lower *Syria*.

Ant. Bring 'em hither;
There may be life in these.

Ven. They will not come.

ALL FOR LOVE

Ant. Why did'st thou mock my hopes with promis'd aids,
To double my despair? They'r mutinous.

Ven. Most firm and loyal.

Ant. Yet they will not march
To succor me. Oh trifle!

Ven. They petition
You would make hast to head 'em.

Ant. I'm besieg'd.

Ven. There's but one way shut up: How came I hither?

Ant. I will not stir.

Ven. They would perhaps desire
A better reason.

Ant. I have never us'd
My Soldiers to demand a reason of
My actions. Why did they refuse to March?

Ven. They said they would not fight for *Cleopatra*.

Ant. What was't they said?

Ven. They said they would not fight for *Cleopatra*.
Why should they fight, indeed, to make her Conquer,
And make you more a Slave? to gain you Kingdoms,
Which, for a kiss, at your next midnight Feast
You'll sell to her? then she new-names her Jewels,
And calls this Diamond such or such a Tax,
Each Pendant in her ear shall be a Province.

Ant. *Ventidius*, I allow your Tongue free licence
On all my other faults; but, on your life,
No word of *Cleopatra*; She deserves
More World's than I can lose;

Ven. Behold, you Pow'rs,
To whom you have intrusted Humankind;
See *Europe*, *Africk*, *Asia*, put in ballance,
And all weigh'd down by one light worthless Woman!
I think the gods are *Antony's*, and give
Like Prodigals, this neather World away
To none but wastful hands.

Ant. (You grow presumptuous.

Ven. I take the priviledge of plain love to speak.

Ant. Plain love! plain arrogance, plain insolence.
Thy Men are Cowards; thou, an envious Traitor;
Who, under seeming honesty, hast vented
The burden of thy rank o'reflowing Gall.
O that thou wert my equal; great in arms

ALL FOR LOVE

As the first *Cæsar* was, that I might kill thee
Without a Stain to Honor!

Ven. You may kill me;
You have done more already, call'd me Traitor.

Ant. Art thou not one?

Ven. For showing you your self,
Which none else durst have done; but had I been
That name, which I disdain to speak again,
I needed not have sought your abject fortunes,
Come to partake your fate, to dye with you.
What hindred me t' have led my Conqu'ring Eagles
To fill *Octavius's* Bands? I could have been
A Traitor then, a glorious, happy Traitor,
And not have been so call'd.

Ant. Forgive me, Soldier:
I've been too passionate.

Ven. You thought me false;
Thought my old age betray'd you; kill me, Sir;
Pray, kill me; yet you need not, your unkindness
Has left your Sword no work.

Ant. I did not think so;
I said it in my rage: pr'ythee, forgive me:
Why did'st thou tempt my anger, by discovery
Of what I would not hear?

Ven. No Prince but you
Could merit that sincerity I us'd,
Nor durst another Man have ventur'd it;
But you, ere Love misled your wandring eyes,
Were sure the chief and best of Human Race,
Fram'd in the very pride and boast of Nature,
So perfect, that the gods who form'd you wonder'd
At their own skill, and cry'd, A lucky hit
Has mended our design. Their envy hindred,
Else you had been immortal, and a pattern,
When Heav'n would work for ostentation sake,
To copy out again)

Ant. But *Cleopatra*—
Go on; for I can bear it now.

Ven. No more.

Ant. Thou dar'st not trust my Passion; but thou may'st:
Thou only lov'st; the rest have flatter'd me.

Ven. Heav'n's blessing on your heart, for that kind word!
May I believe you love me? speak again.

ALL FOR LOVE

Ant. Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and this. [*Hugging him.*
Thy praises were unjust; but, I'll deserve 'em,
And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt;
Lead me to victory, thou know'st the way.

Ven. And, Will you leave this—

Ant. Pr'ythee do not curse her,
And I will leave her; though, Heav'n knows, I love
Beyond Life, Conquest, Empire; all, but Honor:
But I will leave her.)

Ven. That's my Royal Master;
And, Shall we fight?

Ant. I warrant thee, old Soldier.
Thou shalt behold me once again in Iron,
And at the head of our old Troops, that beat
The *Parthians*, cry aloud, Come, follow me.

Ven. O, now I hear my Emperor! in that word
Octavius fell. Gods, let me see that day,
And, if I have ten years behind, take all;
I'll thank you for th'exchange.

Ant. Oh *Cleopatra*!

Ven. Again?

Ant. I've done; in that last sigh, she went.
Cæsar shall know what 'tis to force a Lover
From all he holds most dear.

Ven. Methinks you breath
Another Soul; Your looks are more Divine;
(You speak a Heroe, and you move a God.)

Ant. O, thou hast fir'd me; my Soul's up in Arms,
And Mans each part about me: once again,
That noble eagerness of fight has seiz'd me;
That eagerness with which I darted upward
To *Cassius's* Camp; in vain the steepy Hill
Oppos'd my way; in vain a War of Speares
Sung round my head; and planted all my shield:
I won the Trenches, while my formost Men
Lag'd on the Plain below.

Ven. Ye Gods, ye Gods,
For such another hour.

Ant. Come on, My Soldier!
Our hearts and armes are still the same: I long
Once more to meet our foes; that Thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our Troops,

ALL FOR LOVE

May taste fate to e'm; Mowe e'm out a passage,
And, entring where the foremost Squadrons yield,
Begin the noble Harvest of the Field.

Exeunt.

ACT II.

Cleopatra, Iras, and Alexas.

Cleopatra. **W**hat shall I do, or whither shall I turn?
Ventidius has o'rcome, and he will go.

Alexas. He goes to fight for you.

Cleop. Then he wou'd see me, ere he went to fight:
Flatter me not; if once he goes, he's lost:
And all my hopes destroy'd.

Alex. Does this weak passion
Become a Mighty Queen?

Cleop. I am no Queen;
Is this to be a Queen, to be besieg'd
By yon insulting *Roman*; and to wait
Each hour the Victor's Chain? These ills are small;
For *Antony* is lost, and I can mourn
For nothing else but him. Now come, *Octavius*,
I have no more to lose; prepare thy Bands;
I'm fit to be a Captive: *Antony*
Has taught my mind the fortune of a Slave.

Iras. Call Reason to assist you.

Cleop. I have none.
And none would have? my Love's a noble madness,
Which shows the cause deserv'd it. Moderate sorrow
Fits vulgar Love; and for a vulgar Man:
But I have lov'd with such transcendent passion,
I soard, at first, quite out of Reasons view,
And now am lost above it. No, I'm proud
'Tis thus: would *Antony* could see me now;
Think you he would not sigh? though he must leave me,
Sure he would sigh; for he is noble-natur'd,
And bears a tender heart; I know him well.
Ah, no, I know him not; I knew him once,
But now 'tis past.

Iras. Let it be past with you:
Forget him, Madam.

Cleop. Never, never, *Iras.*

ALL FOR LOVE

He once was mine; and once, though now 'tis gone,
Leaves a faint Image of possession still.

Alex. Think him unconstant, cruel, and ungrateful.

Cleop. I cannot; if I could, those thoughts were vain;
Faithless, ungrateful, cruel though he be,
I still must love him.

Enter Charmion.

Now, What news my *Charmion*?

[Will he be kind? and, Will he not forsake me?

Am I to live, or dye? nay, Do I live?

Or am I dead? for, when he gave his answer,
Fate took the word, and then I liv'd, or dy'd.

Charmion. I found him, Madam—

Cleop. A long Speech preparing?
If thou bring'st comfort, hast, and give it me;
For never was more need.

Iras. I know he loves you.

Cleop. Had he been kind, her eyes had told me so,
Before her tongue could speak it: now she studies
To soften what he said; but give me death,
Just as he sent it, *Charmion*, undisguis'd,
And in the words he spoke.

Char. I found him, then,
Incompass'd round, I think, with Iron Statues,
So mute, so motionless his Soldiers stood,
While awfully he cast his eyes about,
And ev'ry Leaders hopes or fears survey'd:
Methought he look'd resolv'd, and yet not pleas'd.
When he beheld me struggling in the croud,
He blush'd, and bade, make way.

Alex. There's comfort yet.

Char. *Ventidius* fixed his eyes upon my passage
Severely, as he meant to frown me back,
And sullenly gave place: I told my message,
Just as you gave it, broken and disorder'd;
I numbred in it all your sighs and tears,
And while I mov'd your pitiful request,
That you but only beg'd a last farewell,
He fetch'd an inward groan, and ev'ry time
I nam'd you, sigh'd, as if his heart were breaking,
But shun'd my eyes, and guiltily look'd down;
He seem'd not now that awful *Antony*,

ALL FOR LOVE

Who shook an Arm'd Assembly with his Nod;
But making show as he would rub his eyes,
Disguis'd and blotted out a falling tear.

Cleop. Did he then weep? and, Was I worth a tear?
If what thou hast to say be not as pleasing,
Tell me no more, but let me dye contented.

Char. He bid me say, He knew himself so well,
He could deny you nothing, if he saw you;
And therefore—

Cleop. Thou would'st say, he wou'd not see me?

Char. And therefore beg'd you not to use a power,
Which he could ill resist; yet he should ever
Respect you as he ought.

Cleop. Is that a word
For *Antony* to use to *Cleopatra*?
'Oh that faint word, Respect! how I disdain it!
Disdain my self, for loving after it!
He should have kept that word for cold *Octavia*;
Respect is for a Wife: Am I that thing,
That dull, insipid lump, without desires,
And without pow'r to give 'em?

Alex. You misjudge;
You see through Love, and that deludes your sight:
As, what is strait, seems crooked through the Water;
But I, who bear my reason undisturb'd,
Can see this *Antony*, this dreaded Man,
A fearful slave, who fain would run away,
And shuns his Master's eyes: if you pursue him,
My life on't, he still drags a chain along,
That needs must clog his flight.

Cleop. Could I believe thee!—

Alex. By ev'ry circumstance I know he Loves.
True, he's hard prest, by Intrest and by Honor;
Yet he but doubts, and parlyes, and casts out
Many a long look for succor.

Cleop. He sends word,
He fears to see my face.

Alex. And would you more?
He shows his weakness who declines the Combat;
And you must urge your fortune. Could he speak
More plainly? To my ears, the Message sounds
Come to my rescue, *Cleopatra*, come;
Come, free me from *Ventidius*; from my Tyrant:

ALL FOR LOVE

See me, and give me a pretence to leave him.
I hear his trumpets. This way he must pass.
Please you, retire a while; I'll work him first,
That he may bend more easie.

Cleop. You shall rule me;
But all, I fear, in vain. *[Exit with Char. and Iras.*

Alex. I fear so too;
Though I conceal'd my thoughts, to make her bold:
But 'tis our utmost means, and Fate befriend it. *[Withdraws.*

*Enter Liſtors with Fascaes; one bearing the Eagle: then Enter Antony
with Ventidius, follow'd by other Commanders.*

Antony. *Octavius* is the Minion of blind Chance,
But holds from Virtue nothing.

Ven. Has he courage?

Ant. But just enough to season him from Coward.
O, 'tis the coldest youth upon a Charge,
The most deliberate fighter! if he ventures
(As in *Illyria* once they say he did
To storm a Town), 'tis when he cannot chuse,
When all the World have fixt their eyes upon him;
And then he lives on that for seven years after,
But, at a close revenge he never fails.

Ven. I heard, you challeng'd him.

Ant. I did, *Ventidius*.

What think'st thou was his answer? 'twas so tame,—
He said, he had more wayes than one to dye;
I had not.

Ven. Poor!

Ant. He has more wayes than one;
But he would chuse 'em all before that one.

Ven. He first would chuse an Ague or a Fever:

Ant. No; it must be an Ague, not a Fever;
He has not warmth enough to dye by that.

Ven. Or old Age, and a Bed.

Ant. I, there's his choice.

He would live, like a Lamp, to the last wink,
And crawl upon the utmost verge of life:
O *Hercules*! Why should a Man like this,
Who dares not trust his fate for one great action,
Be all the care of Heav'n? Why should he Lord it
O're Fourscore thousand men, of whom each one
Is braver than himself?

ALL FOR LOVE

Ven. You conquer'd for him:

Philippi knows it; there you shar'd with him
That Empire, which your Sword made all your own.

Ant. Fool that I was, upon my Eagles Wings
I bore this Wren, till I was tir'd with soaring,
And now he mounts above me.

Good Heav'ns, Is this, is this the Man who braves me?
Who bids my age make way: drives me before him,
To the world's ridge, and sweeps me off like rubbish?

Ven. Sir, we lose time; the Troops are mounted all.

Ant. Then give the word to March:
I long to leave this Prison of a Town,
To joyn thy Legions; and, in open Field,
Once more to show my face. Lead, my Deliverer.

Enter Alex.

Alex. Great Emperor,
In mighty Arms renown'd above Mankind,
But, in soft pity to th'opprest, a God:
This message sends the mournful *Cleopatra*
To her departing lord.

Ven. Smooth Sycophant!

Alex. A thousand wishes, and ten thousand Prayers,
Millions of blessings wait you to the Wars,
Millions of sighs and tears she sends you too,
And would have sent
As many dear embraces to your Arms,
As many parting kisses to your Lips;
But those, she fears, have weary'd you already.

Ven. aside. False Crocodile!

Alex. And yet she begs not now, you would not leave her,
That were a wish too mighty for her hopes,
Too presuming for her low Fortune, and your ebbing love;
That were a wish for her more prosp'rous dayes,
Her blooming beauty, and your growing kindness.

Ant. aside. Well, I must Man it out; What would the Queen?

Alex. First, to these noble Warriors, who attend
Your daring courage in the Chase of Fame
(Too daring, and too dang'rous for her quiet)
She humbly recommends all she holds dear,
All her own cares and fears, the care of you.

Ven. Yes, witness *Actium*.

Ant. Let him speak, *Ventidius*.

ALL FOR LOVE

Alex. You, when his matchless valor bears him forward,
With ardor too Heroick, on his foes,
Fall down, as she would do, before his feet;
Lye in his way, and stop the paths of Death;
Tell him, this God is not invulnerable,
That absent *Cleopatra* bleeds in him;
And, that you may remember her Petition,
She begs you wear these Trifles, as a pawn,
Which, at your wisht return, she will redeem
Gives jewels to the Commanders.

With all the Wealth of *Ægypt*:
This to the great *Ventidius* she presents,
Whom she can never count her Enemy,
Because he loves her Lord.

Ven. Tell her, I'll none on't;
I'm not asham'd of honest Poverty;
Not all the Diamonds of the East can bribe
Ventidius from his faith. I hope to see
These, and the rest of all her sparkling store,
Where they shall more deservingly be plac'd. ✱

Ant. And who must wear 'em then?

Ven. The wrong'd *Octavia*.

Ant. You might have spar'd that word.

Ven. And he that Bribe.

Ant. But have I no remembrance?

Alex. Yes, a dear one;

Your slave, the Queen—

Ant. My Mistress.

Alex. Then your Mistress;

Your Mistress would, she sayes, have sent her Soul,
But that you had long since; she humbly begs
This Ruby bracelet, set with bleeding hearts
(The emblems of her own) may bind your Arme. [*Presenting a Bracelet.*]

Ven. Now, my best Lord, in Honor's name, I ask you,
For Manhood's sake and for your own dear safety,
Touch not these poyson'd gifts,
Infected by the sender, touch 'em not;
Miriads of blewest Plagues lye underneath 'em,
And more than Aconite has dipt the Silk.

Ant. Nay, now you grow too Cynical, *Ventidius*.
A Lady's favors may be worn with honor.
What, to refuse her Bracelet! On my Soul,
When I lye pensive in my Tent alone,

ALL FOR LOVE

'Twill pass the wakeful hours of Winter nights,
To tell these pretty Beads upon my arm,
To count for every one a soft embrace,
A melting kiss at such and such a time;
And now and then the fury of her love.
When—And what harm's in this?

Alex. None, none, my Lord,
But what's to her, that now 'tis past for ever.

Ant. (*going to tie it*). We Soldiers are so awkward—help me tie it.

Alex. In faith, my Lord, we Courtiers, too, are awkward
In these affairs: so are all Men indeed;
Ev'n I, who am not one. But shall I speak?

Ant. Yes, freely.

Alex. Then, my Lord, fair hands alone
Are fit to tie it; she, who sent it, can.

Ven. Hell, Death; this Eunuch Pandar ruins you.
You will not see her? [*Alexas whispers an Attendant, who goes out.*]

Ant. But to take my leave.

Ven. Then I have wash'd an *Æthiope*. Y'are undone;
Y'are in the Toils; y'are taken; y'are destroy'd;
Her eyes do *Cæsar's* work.

Ant. You fear too soon.
I'm constant to my self: I know my strength;
And yet she shall not think me Barbarous, neither.
Born in the depths of *Africk*: I'm a Roman,
Bred in the Rules of soft humanity.
A guest, and kindly us'd, should bid farewell.

Ven. You do not know
How weak you are to her, how much an Infant;
You are not proof against a smile or glance;
A sigh will quite disarm you.

Ant. See, she comes!
Now you shall find your error. Gods, I thank you:
I form'd the danger greater than it was,
And now 'tis near, 'tis lessen'd.

Ven. Mark the end yet.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, and Iras.

Ant. Well, Madam, we are met.

Cleop. Is this a Meeting?
Then, we must part?

Ant. We must.

Cleop. Who says we must?

ALL FOR LOVE

Ant. Our own hard fates.

Cleop. We make those Fates our selves.

Ant. Yes, we have made 'em; we have lov'd each other
Into our mutual ruin.

Cleop. The Gods have seen my Joys with envious eyes;
I have no friends in Heav'n; and all the World,
(As 'twere the bus'ness of Mankind to part us)
Is arm'd against my Love: ev'n you your self
Joyn with the rest; you, you are arm'd against me.

Ant. I will be justify'd in all I do
To late Posterity, and therefore hear me.
If I mix a lye
With any truth, reproach me freely with it;
Else favor me with silence.

Cleop. You command me,
And I am dumb.

Ven. I like this well: he shows Authority.

Ant. That I derive my ruin
From you alone—

Cleop. O Heav'ns! I ruin you!

Ant. You promis'd me your silence, and you break it
Ere I have scarce begun.

Cleop. Well, I obey you.

Ant. When I beheld you first, it was in *Ægypt*,
Ere *Cæsar* saw your Eyes; you gave me love,
And were too young to know it; that I settled
Your Father in his Throne, was for your sake;
I left th'acknowledgment for time to ripen.
Cæsar stept in, and with a greedy hand,
Pluck'd the green fruit, ere the first blush of red,
Yet cleaving to the bough. He was my Lord,
And was, beside, too great for me to rival,
But, I deserv'd you first, though he enjoy'd you.
When, after, I beheld you in *Cilicia*,
An Enemy to *Rome*, I pardon'd you.

Cleop. I clear'd my self—

Ant. Again you break your Promise.
I lov'd you still, and took your weak excuses,
Took you into my bosome, stain'd by *Cæsar*,
And not half mine: I went to *Ægypt* with you
And hid me from the bus'ness of the World,
Shut out enquiring Nations from my sight,
To give whole years to you.

ALL FOR LOVE

Ven. (aside). Yes, to your shame be't spoken.

Ant. How I lov'd,

Witness, ye Dayes and Nights, and all your hours,
That Danc'd away with Down upon your Feet,
As all your bus'ness were to count my passion.
One day past by, and nothing saw but Love;
Another came, and still 'twas only Love;
The Suns were weary'd out with looking on,
And I untyr'd with loving.

I saw you ev'ry day, and all the day;
And ev'ry day was still but as the first,
So eager was I still to see you more.

Ven. 'Tis all too true.

Ant. Fulvia, my Wife, grew jealous,
As she indeed had reason; rais'd a War
In *Italy*, to call me back.

Ven. But yet

You went not.

Ant. While within your arms I lay,
The World fell mouldring from my hands each hour,
And left me scarce a grasp (I thank your love for't).

Ven. Well push'd: that last was home.

X *Cleop.* Yet may I speak?

Ant. If I have urg'd a falshood, yes; else, not.

Your silence says I have not. *Fulvia* dy'd;
(Pardon, you gods, with my unkindness dy'd)
To set the World at Peace, I took *Octavia*,
This Cesar's sister; in her pride of youth
And flow'r of Beauty did I wed that Lady,
Whom blushing I must praise, because I left her.
You call'd; my Love obey'd the fatal summons;
This rais'd the Roman Arms; the Cause was yours.
I would have fought by Land, where I was stronger;
You hindred it: yet, when I fought at Sea,
Forsook me fighting; and (Oh stain to Honor!
Oh lasting shame!) I knew not that I fled;
But fled to follow you.

Ven. What haste she made to hoist her purple Sails!
And, to appear magnificent in flight,
Drew half our strength away.

Ant. All this you caus'd.

And, Would you multiply more ruins on me?
This honest Man, my best, my only friend,

ALL FOR LOVE

Has gather'd up the Shipwrack of my Fortunes;
Twelve Legions I have left, my last recruits,
And you have watch'd the news, and bring your eyes
To seize them too. If you have ought to answer,
Now speak, you have free leave.

Alex. aside. She stands confounded:
Despair is in her eyes.

Ven. Now lay a Sigh i'th' way, to stop his passage:
Prepare a Tear, and bid it for his Legions;
'Tis like they shall be sold.

Cleop. How shall I plead my cause, when you, my Judge,
Already have condemn'd me? Shall I bring
The Love you bore me for my Advocate?
That now is turn'd against me, that destroys me;
For love, once past, is, at the best forgotten;
But oftner sours to hate: 'twill please my Lord
To ruine me, and therefore I'll be guilty.
But, could I once have thought it would have pleas'd you,
That you would pry, with narrow searching eyes
Into my faults, severe to my destruction.
And watching all advantages with care
That serve to make me wretched? Speak, my Lord,
For I end here. Though I deserve this usage,
Was it like you to give it?

Ant. O, you wrong me,
To think I sought this parting, or desir'd
To accuse you more than what will clear my self,
And justify this breach.

Cleop. Thus low I thank you.
And, since my innocence will not offend,
I shall not blush to own it.

Ven. After this,
I think she'll blush at nothing.

Cleop. You seem griev'd
(And therein you are kind) that *Cæsar* first
Enjoy'd my love, though you deserv'd it better:
I grieve for that, my Lord, much more than you;
For, had I first been yours, it would have sav'd
My second choice: I never had been his,
And ne'r had been but yours. But *Cæsar* first,
You say, possess'd my love. Not so, my Lord:
He first possess'd my Person; you my Love:
Cæsar lov'd me; but I lov'd *Antony*.

ALL FOR LOVE

If I endur'd him after, 'twas because
I judg'd it due to the first name of Men;
And, half constrain'd, I gave, as to a Tyrant,
What he would take by force.

Ven. O Syren! Syren!

Yet grant that all the love she boasts were true,
Has she not ruin'd you? I still urge that,
The fatal consequence,

Cleop. The consequence indeed,
For I dare challenge him, my greatest foe,
To say it was design'd; 'tis true, I lov'd you,
And kept you far from an uneasie Wife,
(Such *Fulvia* was.)

Yes, but he'll say, you left *Octavia* for me;—
And, Can you blame me to receive that love,
Which quitted such desert, for worthless me?
How often have I wish'd some other *Cæsar*,
Great as the first, and as the second young,
Would court my Love to be refus'd for you!

Ven. Words, words; but *Antium*, Sir; remember *Antium*.

Cleop. Ev'n there, I dare his malice. True, I Counsel'd
To fight at Sea; but, I betray'd you not.
I fled; but not to the Enemy. 'Twas fear;
Would I had been a Man, not to have fear'd,
For none would then have envy'd me your friendship,
Who envy me your Love.

Ant. We're both unhappy:

If nothing else, yet our ill fortune parts us.
Speak; Would you have me perish, by my stay?

Cleop. If as a friend you ask my Judgment, go;
If, as a Lover, stay. If you must perish:
'Tis a hard word; but stay.

Ven. See now th'effects of her so boasted love!
She strives to drag you down to ruine with her;
But, could she scape without you, oh how soon
Would she let go her hold, and haste to shore,
And never look behind!

Cleop. Then judge my love by this. [*Giving Antony a Writing.*]
Could I have born

A life or death, a happiness or woe,
From yours divided, this had giv'n me means.

Ant. By *Hercules*, the Writing of *Octavius*!
I know it well; 'tis that Proscribing hand,

ALL FOR LOVE

Young as it was, that led the way to mine,
And left me but the second place in Murder.—
See, see, *Ventidius!* here he offers *Egypt*,
And joyns all *Syria* to it, as a present,
So, in requital, she forsake my fortunes,
And joyn her Arms with his.

Cleop. And yet you leave me!
You leave me, *Anthony*; and, yet I love you.
Indeed I do: I have refus'd a Kingdom;
That's a Trifle:

For I could part with life, with any thing,
But onely you! O, let me dye but with you!
Is that a hard request?

Ant. Next living with you,
'Tis all that Heav'n can give.

Alex. aside. He melts; We conquer.

Cleop. No: you shall go: your Int'rest calls you hence;
Yes; your dear interest pulls too strong, for these
Weak Armes to hold you here.—[*Takes his hand.*

Go; leave me, Soldier;
(For you're no more a Lover:) leave me dying:
Push me all pale and panting from your bosome,
And, when your March begins, let one run after
Breathless almost for Joy; and cry, she's dead:
The Souldiers shout; you then, perhaps may sigh,
And muster all your *Roman Gravity*;
Ventidius chides; and strait your Brow cleares up.
As I had never been.

Ant. Gods, 'tis too much; too much for Man to bear!

Cleop. What is't for me then,
A weak, forsaken Woman? and a Lover?—
Here let me breathe my last: envy me not
This minute in your Armes: I'll dye apace:
As fast as ere I can; and end your trouble.

Ant. Dye! Rather let me perish: looss'nd Nature
Leap from its hinges. Sink the props of Heav'n.
And fall the Skyes to crush the neather World.
My Eyes, my Soul, my all!——

[*Embraces her.*

Vel. And what's this Toy,
In ballance with your fortune, Honor, fame?

Ant. What is't, *Ventidius*? it out-weighs 'em all;
Why, we have more than conquer'd Cæsar now:
My Queen's not only Innocent, but Loves me.

ALL FOR LOVE

This, this is she who drags me down to ruin!
But, could she scape without me, with what haste
Would she let slip her hold, and make to shore,
And never look behind!

Down on thy knees, Blasphemer as thou art,
And ask forgiveness of wrong'd Innocence.

Ven. I'll rather dye, than take it. Will you go?

Ant. Go! Whither? go from all that's excellent!
~~Faith~~, Honor, Virtue, all good things forbid,
That I should go from her, who sets my love
Above the price of Kingdoms! Give, you Gods,
Give to your Boy, your *Cæsar*,
This Rattle of a Globe to play withal,
This Gu-gau World, and put him cheaply off:
I'll not be pleas'd with less than *Cleopatra*.

Cleop. She wholly yours. My heart's so full of joy,
That I shall do some wild extravagance
Of Love in publick; and the foolish World,
Which knows not tenderness, will think me Mad.

Ven. O Women! Women! Women! all the gods
Have not such pow'r of doing good to Man,
As you of doing harm.

[*Exit.*

Ant. Our Men are Arm'd.
Unbar the Gate that looks to *Cæsar's* Camp;
I would revenge the Treachery he meant me:
And long security makes Conquest easie.
I'm eager to return before I go;
For, all the pleasures I have known, beat thick
On my remembrance: how I long for night!

That both the sweets of mutual love may try,
And once Triumph o're *Cæsar* ere we dye.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

At one door, Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, and Alexas, a Train of Egyptians: at the other, Antony and Romans. The entrance on both sides is prepar'd by Musick; the Trumpets first sounding on Antony's part: then answer'd by Timbrels, &c., on Cleopatra's. Charmion and Iras hold a Laurel Wreath betwixt them. A Dance of Egyptians. After the Ceremony, Cleopatra Crowns Antony.

ALL FOR LOVE

Ant. I thought how those white arms would fold me in,
And strain me close, and melt me into love;
So pleas'd with that sweet Image, I sprung forwards,
And added all my strength to every blow;

Cleo. Come to me, come, my Soldier, to my Arms,
You've been too long away from my embraces;
But, when I have you fast, and all my own,
With broken murmurs, and with amorous sighs,
I'll say, you were unkind, and punish you,
And mark you red with many an eager kiss.

Ant. My Brighter Venus!

Cleop. O my greater Mars!

Ant. Thou join'st us well, my Love!
Suppose me come from the *Phlegræan* Plains,
Where gasping Gyants lay, cleft by my Sword:
And Mountain tops par'd off each other blow,
To bury those I slew: receive me, goddess:
Let *Cæsar* spread his subtile Nets, like Vulcan;
In thy embraces I would be beheld
By Heav'n and Earth at once,
And make their envy what they meant their sport.
Let those who took us blush; I would love on
With awful State, regardless of their frowns,
As their superior god.
There's no satiety of Love, in thee;
Enjoy'd, thou still art new; perpetual Spring
Is in thy armes; the ripen'd fruit but falls,
And blossoms rise to fill its empty place;
And I grow rich by giving.

Enter Ventidius, and stands apart.

Alex. O, now the danger's past, your General comes!
He joyns not in your joys, nor minds your Triumphs;
But with contracted brows, looks frowning on,
As envying your Success.

Ant. Now, on my Soul, he loves me; truly loves me:
He never flatter'd me in any vice,
But awes me with his virtue: ev'n this minute
Methinks, he has a right of chiding me.
Lead to the Temple: I'll avoid his presence;
It checks too strong upon me.

[*Exeunt the rest. As Antony is going, Ventidius pulls him by the Robe.*

Ven. Emperor!

ALL FOR LOVE

Ant. (*looking back.*) 'Tis the old argument; I pr'ythee, spare me.

Ven. But this one hearing, Emperor.

Ant. Let go

My robe; or, by my Father *Hercules*—

Ven. By *Hercules* his Father, that's yet greater,
I bring you somewhat you would wish to know.

Ant. Thou see'st we are observ'd, attend me here,
And I'll return.

[*Exit.*

Ven. I'm waining in his favor, yet I love him;
I love this Man, who runs to meet his ruine;
And sure the gods, like me, are fond of him:
His Virtues lye so mingled with his Crimes,
As would confound their choice to punish one,
And not reward the other.

Enter Antony.

Ant. We can conquer,
You see, without your aid.
We have dislodg'd their Troops;
They look on us at distance, and, like Curs
Scap'd from the Lions paws, they bay far off,
And lick their wounds, and faintly threaten War.
Five thousand *Romans*, with their faces upward,
Lye breathless on the plain.

Ven. 'Tis well: and he
Who lost 'em, could have spar'd Ten thousand more.
Yet if, by this advantage you could gain
An easier peace, while *Cæsar* doubts the Chance
Of Arms!

Ant. O think not on't, *Ventidius*;
The Boy pursues my ruin, he'll no peace:
His malice is considerate in advantage;
O, he's the coolest Murderer, so stanch,
He kills, and keeps his temper.

Ven. Have you no friend
In all his Army, who has power to move him,
Mecænas, or *Agrippa* might do much.

Ant. They're both too deep in *Cæsar's* interests.
We'll work it out by dint of Sword, or perish.

Ven. Fain I would find some other.

Ant. Thank thy love.
Some four or five such Victories as this
Will save thy farther pains.

ALL FOR LOVE

Ven. Expect no more; *Cæsar* is on his Guard:
I know, Sir, you have conquer'd against odds;
But still you draw Supplies from one poor Town,
And of *Egyptians*; he has all the World,
And, at his back, Nations come pouring in,
To fill the gaps you make. Pray think again.

Ant. Why dost thou drive me from my self, to search
For Forreign aids? to hunt my memory,
And range all o're a waste and barren place
To find a Friend? The wretched have no Friends——
Yet I had one, the bravest youth of *Rome*,
Whom *Cæsar* loves beyond the love of Women;
He could resolve his mind, as Fire does Wax,
From that hard rugged Image, melt him down,
And mould him in what softer form he pleas'd.

Ven. Him would I see; that man of all the world:
Just such a one we want.

Ant. He lov'd me too,
I was his Soul; he liv'd not but in me:
We were so clos'd within each other's breasts,
The rivets were not found that join'd us first.
That does not reach us yet: we were so mixt,
As meeting streams, both to our selves were lost;
We were one mass; we could not give or take,
But from the same; for he was I, I he.

Ven. aside. He moves as I would wish him.

Ant. After this,
I need not tell his name; 'twas *Dollabella*.

Ven. He's now in *Cæsar's* Camp.

Ant. No matter where,
Since he's no longer mine. He took unkindly
That I forbade him *Cleopatra's* sight;
Because I fear'd he lov'd her: he confest
He had a warmth, which, for my sake, he stifled;
For 'twere impossible that two, so one,
Should not have lov'd the same. When he departed,
He took no leave; and that confirm'd my thoughts.

Ven. It argues that he lov'd you more than her,
Else he had staid; but he perceiv'd you jealous,
And would not grieve his friend: I know he loves you.

Ant. I should have seen him then ere now.

Ven. Perhaps
He has thus long been lab'ring for your peace.

ALL FOR LOVE

Ant. Would he were here!

Ven. Would you believe he lov'd you?

I read your answer in your eyes; you would.

Not to conceal it longer, he has sent

A Messenger from *Cæsar's* Camp, with Letters.

Ant. Let him appear.

Ven. I'll bring him instantly.

Exit Ventidius, Re-enters immediately with Dollabella.

Ant. 'Tis he himself, himself, by/holy Friendship!

[Runs to embrace him.]

Art thou return'd at last, my better half?

Come, give me all my self.

Let me not live,

If the young Bridegroom, longing for his night,

Was ever half so fond.

Dollabella. I must be silent; for my Soul is busie

About a nobler work: she's new come home,

Like a long-absent man, and wanders o'er

Each room, a stranger to her own, to look

If all be safe.

Ant. Thou hast what's left of me.

For I am now so sunk from what I was,

Thou find'st me at my lowest water-mark.

The Rivers that ran in and rais'd my fortunes,

Are all dry'd up, or take another course:

What I have left is from my native Spring;

I've still a heart that swells, in scorn of fate,

And lifts me to my banks.

Dolla. Still you are Lord of all the World to me.

Ant. Why, then I yet am so; for thou art all.

If I had any joy when thou wert absent,

I grudg'd it to my self; methought I robb'd

Thee of thy part. But, oh my *Dollabella!*

Thou hast beheld me other than I am.

Hast thou not seen my morning Chambers fill'd

With Scepter'd Slaves who waited to salute me:

With Eastern Monarchs, who forgot the Sun

To worship my uprising? Menial Kings

Ran coursing up and down my Palace-yard,

Stood silent in my presence, watch'd my eyes,

And at my least command, all started out,

Like Racers to the Goal.

Dolla. Slaves to your fortune.

ALL FOR LOVE

Ant. Fortune is *Cæsar's* now; and what am I?

Ven. What you have made your self; I will not flatter,

Ant. Is this friendly done?

Dolla. Yes; when his end is so, I must join with him;
Indeed I must, and yet you must not chide:
Why am I else your friend?

Ant. Take heed, young man,
How thou upbraid'st my love: the Queen has eyes,
And thou too, hast a Soul. Canst thou remember
When, swell'd with hatred, thou beheld'st her first,
As accessory to thy Brothers death?

Dolla. Spare my remembrance; 'twas a guilty day,
And still the blush hangs here.

Ant. To clear her self,
For sending him no aid, she came from *Egypt*.
Her Gally down the Silver *Cydnos* row'd,
The Tackling Silk, the Streamers wav'd with Gold,
The gentle Winds were lodg'd in Purple sails:
Her Nymphs, like *Nereids*, round her Couch, were plac'd;
Where she, another Sea-born *Venus*, lay.

Dolla. No more: I would not hear it.

Ant. O, you must!
She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,
And cast a look so languishingly sweet,
As if, secure of all beholders hearts,
Neglecting, she could take 'em: Boys, like *Cupids*,
Stood fanning with their painted wings, the winds
That plaid about her face: but if she smil'd,
A darting glory seem'd to blaze abroad:
That mens desiring eyes were never weary'd;
But hung upon the object: to soft Flutes
The Silver Oars kept time; and while they plaid,
The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight;
And both to thought: 'twas Heaven, or somewhat more;
For she so charm'd all hearts, that gazing crowds
Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath
To give their welcome voice.

Then, *Dollabella*, where was then thy Soul?
Was not thy fury quite disarm'd with wonder?
Didst thou not shrink behind me from those eyes,
And whisper in my ear, Oh, tell her not
That I accus'd her with my Brothers death?

Dolla. And should my weakness be a plea for yours?

ALL FOR LOVE

Mine was an age when love might be excus'd,
When kindly warmth, and when my springing youth
Made it a debt to Nature. Yours—

Ven. Speak boldly.

Yours, he would say, in your declining age,
When no more heat was left but what you forc'd,
When all the sap was needful for the Trunk,
When it went down, then you constrain'd the course,
And robb'd from Nature, to supply desire;
In you (I would not use so harsh a word)
But 'tis plain dotage.)

Ant. Ha!

Dolla. 'Twas urg'd too home.
But yet/the loss was private that I made;
'Twas but my self I lost: I lost no Legions;
I had no World to lose, no peoples love.;

Ant. This from a friend?

Dolla. Yes, *Anthony*, a true one;
A friend so tender that each word I speak
Stabs my own heart, before it reach your ear.
O, judge me not less kind because I chide:
To *Cæsar* I excuse you.

Ant. O ye Gods!

Have I then liv'd to be excus'd to *Cæsar*?

Dolla. As to your equal.

Ant. Well, he's but my equal:
While I wear this, he never shall be more.

Dolla. I bring Conditions from him.

Ant. Are they Noble?

Methinks thou shouldst not bring 'em else; yet he
Is full of deep dissembling; knows no Honour
Divided from his Int'rest. Fate mistook him;
For Nature meant him for an Usurer:
He's fit indeed to buy, not conquer Kingdoms.

Ven. Then, granting this,
What pow'r was theirs, who wrought so hard a temper
To honourable Terms?

Ant. It was my *Dollabella*, or some God.

Dolla. Nor I; nor yet *Mecænas*, nor *Agrippa*:
They were your Enemies; and I a Friend
Too weak alone; yet 'twas a *Roman's* deed.

Ant. 'Twas like a *Roman* done: show me that man,

ALL FOR LOVE

Who has preserv'd my life, my love, my honour;
Let me but see his face.

Ven. That task is mine,
And, Heav'n thou know'st how pleasing.

Exit Ven.

Dolla. You'll remember
To whom you stand oblig'd?

Ant. When I forget it,
Be thou unkind; and that's my greatest curse.
My Queen shall thank him too.

Dolla. I fear she will not.

Ant. But she shall do't: the Queen, my *Dollabella*!
Hast thou not still some grudgings of thy Fever?

Dolla. I would not see her lost.

Ant. When I forsake her,
Leave me, my better Stars; for she has truth
Beyond her beauty. *Cæsar* tempted her,
At no less price than Kingdoms, to betray me;
But she resisted all: and yet thou chid'st me
For loving her too well. Could I do so?

Dolla. Yes; there's my reason.

*Re-enter Ventidius, with Octavia, leading Antony's two
little Daughters.*

Ant. Where?—*Octavia* there! (*Starting back.*)

Ven. What, is she poison to you? a Disease?
Look on her, view her well; and those she brings:
Are they all strangers to your eyes? has Nature
No secret call, no whisper they are yours?

Dolla. For shame, my Lord, if not for love, receive 'em
With kinder eyes. If you confess a man,
Meet 'em, embrace 'em, bid 'em welcome to you.
Your arms should open, ev'n without your knowledge,
To clasp 'em in; your feet should turn to wings,
To bear you to 'em; and your eyes dart out
And aim a kiss ere you could reach the lips.

Ant. I stood amaz'd to think how they came hither.

Ven. I sent for 'em; I brought 'em in, unknown
To *Cleopatra's* Guards.

Dolla. Yet are you cold?

Octavia. Thus long I have attended for my welcome;
Which, as a stranger, sure I might expect.
Who am I?

Ant. *Cæsar's* Sister.

ALL FOR LOVE

Olav. That's unkind!

Had I been nothing more than *Cæsar's* Sister,
Know, I had still remain'd in *Cæsar's* Camp:
But your *Oflavia*, your much injur'd Wife,
Tho' banish'd from your Bed, driv'n from your House,
In spite of *Cæsar's* Sister, still is yours.
'Tis true, I have a heart disdains your coldness,
And prompts me not to seek what you should offer;
But a Wife's Virtue still surmounts that pride:
I come to claim you as my own; to show
My duty first, to ask, nay beg, your kindness:
Your hand, my Lord; 'tis mine, and I will have it. [*Taking his hand.*]

Ven. Do, take it, thou deserv'st it.

Dolla. On my Soul,

And so she does: she's neither too submissive,
Nor yet too haughty; but so just a mean
Shows, as it ought, a Wife and *Roman* too.

Ant. I fear, *Oflavia*, you have begg'd my life.

Olav. Begg'd it, my Lord?

Ant. Yes, begg'd it, my Ambassadress;
Poorly and basely begg'd it of your Brother.

Olav. Poorly and basely I could never beg;
Nor could my Brother grant.

Ant. Shall I, who, to my kneeling Slave could say,
Rise up, and be a King; shall I fall down
And cry, Forgive me, *Cæsar*? shall I set
A Man, my Equal, in the place of *Jove*,
As he could give me being? No; that word,
Forgive, would choke me up,
And die upon my tongue.

Dolla. You shall not need it.

Ant. I will not need it. Come, you've all betray'd me:
My Friend too! To receive some vile conditions.
My Wife has bought me, with her prayers and tears;
And now I must become her branded Slave:
In every peevish mood she will upbraid
The life she gave: if I but look awry,
She cries, I'll tell my Brother.

Olav. My hard fortune
Subjects me still to your unkind mistakes.
But the Conditions I have brought are such
You need not blush to take: I love your Honour,
Because 'tis mine; it never shall be said,

ALL FOR LOVE

~~*Ostavia's*~~ Husband was her Brothers Slave.

Sir, you are free; free, ev'n from her you loath;
For, tho' my Brother bargains for your love,
Makes me the price and cement of your peace,
I have a Soul like yours; I cannot take
Your love as alms, nor beg what I deserve.
I'll tell my Brother we are reconcil'd;
He shall draw back his Troops, and you shall march
To rule the East: I may be dropt at *Athens*;
No matter where, I never will complain,
But only keep the barren Name of Wife,
And rid you of the trouble.

Ven. Was ever such a strife of sullen Honour!
Both scorn to be oblig'd.

Dolla. O, she has toucht him in the tender'st part;
See how he reddens with despight and shame,
To be out-done in Generosity!

Ven. See how he winks! how he dries up a tear,
That fain would fall!

Ant. *Ostavia*, I have heard you, and must praise
The greatness of your Soul;
But cannot yield to what you have propos'd:
For I can ne'er be conquer'd but by love;
And you do all for duty. You would free me,
And would be dropt at *Athens*; was't not so?

Ostav. It was, my Lord.

Ant. Then I must be oblig'd
To one who loves me not; who, to her self
May call me thankless and ungrateful Man:
I'll not endure it, no.

Ven. I am glad it pinches there.

Ostav. Would you triumph o'er poor *Ostavia's* Virtue?
That pride was all I had to bear me up;
That you might think you ow'd me for your life,
And ow'd it to my duty, not my love.
I have been injur'd, and my haughty Soul
Could brook but ill the Man who slights my Bed.

Ant. Therefore you love me not.

Ostav. Therefore, m̄y Lord,
I should not love you.

Ant. Therefore you wou'd leave me?

Ostav. And therefore I should leave you—if I could.

ALL FOR LOVE

Dolla. Her Souls too great, after such injuries,
To say she loves; and yet she lets you see it.
Her modesty and silence plead her cause.

Ant. O *Dollabella*, which way shall I turn?
I find a secret yielding in my Soul;
But *Cleopatra*, who would die with me,
Must she be left? Pity pleads for *Octavia*;
But does it not plead more for *Cleopatra*?

Ven. Justice and Pity both plead for *Octavia*;
For *Cleopatra*, neither.
One would be ruin'd with you; but she first
Had ruin'd you: the other, you have ruin'd,
And yet she would preserve you.
In every thing their merits are unequal.

Ant. O, my distracted Soul!

Octav. Sweet Heav'n compose it!
Come, come, my Lord, if I can pardon you,
Methinks you should accept it. Look on these;
Are they not yours? Or stand they thus neglected
As they are mine? Go to him, Children, go;
Kneel to him, take him by the hand, speak to him:
For you may speak, and he may own you too,
Without a blush; and so he cannot all
His Children: go, I say, and pull him to me,
And pull him to your selves, from that bad Woman.
You, *Agrippina*, hang upon his arms;
And you, *Antonia*, clasp about his waste:
If he will shake you off, if he will dash you
Against the Pavement, you must bear it, Children;
For you are mine, and I was born to suffer.

[Here the Children go to him, &c.]

Ven. Was ever sight so moving! Emperor!

Dolla. Friend!

Octav. Husband!

Both Childr. Father!

Ant. I am vanquish'd: take me,
Octavia; take me, Children; share me all. (Embracing them.)
I've been a thriftless Debtor to your loves,
And run out much, in riot, from your stock;
But all shall be amended.

Octav. O blest hour!

Dolla. O happy change!

Ven. My joy stops at my tongue;

ALL FOR LOVE

But it has found two chanel's here for one,
And bubbles out above.

Ant. to Octav. This is thy Triumph; lead me where thou wilt;
Ev'n to thy Brothers Camp.

Octav. All there are yours.

Enter Alexas hastily.

Alexas. The Queen, my Mistress, Sir, and yours—

Ant. 'Tis past. *Octavia*, you shall stay this night; To-morrow,
Cæsar and we are one.

[Ex. leading Octavia; Dol. and the Children follow.]

Ven. There's news for you; run,
My officious Eunuch,
Be sure to be the first; haste forward:
Haste, my dear Eunuch, haste.

Exit.

Alex. This downright fighting Fool, this thick-scall'd Hero,
This blunt, unthinking Instrument of death,
With plain dull Virtue, has out-gone my Wit:
Pleasure forsook my early'st Infancy;
The luxury of others robb'd my Cradle,
And ravish'd thence the promise of a Man:
Cast out from Nature, disinherited
Of what her meanest Children claim by kind;
Yet, greatness kept me from contempt: that's gone.
Had *Cleopatra* follow'd my advice,
Then he had been betray'd, who now forsakes.
She dies for love; but she has known its joys;
Gods, is this just, that I, who knows no joys,
Must die, because she loves?

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, Train.

Oh Madam, I have seen what blasts my eyes!
Octavia's here!

Cleop. Peace with that Raven's note.
I know it too; and now am in
The pangs of death.

Alex. You are no more a Queen;
Egypt is lost.

Cleop. What tell'st thou me of *Egypt*?
My Life, my Soul is lost! *Octavia* has him!
O fatal name to *Cleopatra's* love!
My kisses, my embraces, now are hers;
While I—But thou hast seen my Rival; speak,
Does she deserve this blessing? Is she fair?

ALL FOR LOVE

Bright as a Goddess? and is all perfection
Confin'd to her? It is. Poor I was made
Of that course matter which, when she was finish'd,
The Gods threw by for rubbish.

Alex. She's indeed a very Miracle.

Cleop. Death to my hopes, a Miracle!

Alex. bowing. A Miracle;

I mean of Goodness; for in Beauty, Madam,
You make all wonders cease.

Cleop. I was too rash:

Take this in part of recompence. But, Oh, [Giving a Ring.]
I fear thou flatter'st me.

Char. She comes! she's here!

Iras. Flie, Madam, *Cæsar's* Sister!

Cleop. Were she the Sister of the Thund'rer *Jove*,
And bore her Brothers Lightning in her eyes,
Thus would I face my Rival.

*Meets Octav. with Ventid. Octav. bears up to her. Their Trains
come up on either side.*

Octav. I need not ask if you are *Cleopatra*,
Your haughty carriage——

Cleop. Shows I am a Queen:
Nor need I ask you who you are.

Octav. A Roman:
A name that makes, and can unmake a Queen.
Cleop. Your Lord, the Man who serves me, is a Roman.

Octav. He was a Roman, till he lost that name
To be a Slave in *Egypt*; but I come
To free him thence.

Cleop. Peace, peace, my Lover's *Juno*.
When he grew weary of that Houshold-Clog,
He chose my easier bonds.

Octav. I wonder not
Your bonds are easie; you have long been practis'd
In that lascivious art: he's not the first
For whom you spread your snares: let *Cæsar* witness.

Cleop. I lov'd not *Cæsar*; 'twas but gratitude
I paid his love: the worst your malice can
Is but to say the greatest of Mankind
Has been my Slave. The next, but far above him,
In my esteem, is he whom Law calls yours,
But whom his love made mine.

ALL FOR LOVE

Octav. coming up close to her. I would view nearer
That face, which has so long usurp'd my right,
To find th'inevitable charms that catch
Mankind so sure, that ruin'd my dear Lord.

Cleop. O, you do well to search; for had you known
But half these charms, you had not lost his heart.

Octav. Far be their knowledge from a *Roman Lady*,
Far from a modest Wife. Shame of our Sex,
Dost thou not blush, to own those black endearments,
That make sin pleasing?

Cleop. You may blush, who want 'em.
If bounteous Nature, if indulgent Heav'n
Have giv'n me charms to please the bravest Man,
Should I not thank 'em? should I be asham'd,
And not be proud? I am, that he has lov'd me;
And, when I love not him, Heav'n change this Face
For one like that.

Octav. Thou lov'st him not so well.

Cleop. I love him better, and deserve him more.

Octav. You do not; cannot: you have been his ruine.
Who made him cheap at *Rome*, but *Cleopatra*?
Who made him scorn'd abroad, but *Cleopatra*?
At *Actium* who betray'd him? *Cleopatra*.
Who made his Children Orphans, and poor me
A wretched Widow? only *Cleopatra*?

Cleop. Yet she who loves him best is *Cleopatra*.
If you have suffer'd, I have suffer'd more.
You bear the specious Title of a Wife,
To guild your Cause, and draw the pitying World
To favour it; the World contemns poor me;
For I have lost my Honour, lost my Fame,
And stain'd the glory of my Royal House,
And all to bear the branded Name of Mistress,
There wants but life, and that too I would lose
For him I love.

Octav. Be't so then; take thy wish.

Exit cum suis.

Cleop. And 'tis my wish,
Now he is lost for whom alone I liv'd.
My sight grows dim, and every object dances
And swims before me, in the maze of death.
My spirits, while they were oppos'd, kept up;
They could not sink beneath a Rivals scorn;
But now she's gone they faint.

ALL FOR LOVE

Alex. Mine have had leisure
To recollect their strength, and furnish counsel
To ruine her; who else must ruine you.

Cleop. Vain Promiser!
Lead me, my *Charmion*; nay, your hand too, *Iras*:
My grief has weight enough to sink you both.
Conduct me to some solitary Chamber,
And draw the Curtains round;
Then leave me to my self, to take alone
My fill of grief:

There I till death will his unkindness weep:
As harmless Infants moan themselves asleep.

Exeunt.

ACT. IV.

Antony, Dollabella.

Dolla. **W**hy would you shift it from your self, on me?
Can you not tell her you must part?

Ant. I cannot.
I could pull out an eye and bid it go,
And t'other should not weep. Oh, *Dollabella*,
How many deaths are in this word *Depart*!
I dare not trust my tongue to tell her so:
One look of hers, would thaw me into tears
And I should melt till I were lost agen.

Dolla. Then let *Ventidius*;
He's rough by nature.

Ant. Oh, he'll speak too harshly;
He'll kill her with the news: Thou, only thou.

Dolla. Nature has cast me in so soft a mould,
That but to hear a story feign'd for pleasure
Of some sad Lovers death, moistens my eyes
And robs me of my Manhood.—I should speak
So faintly; with such fear to grieve her heart,
She'd not believe it earnest.

Ant. Therefore; therefore
Thou only, thou art fit; think thy self me;
And when thou speak'st (but let it first be long),
Take off the edge from every sharper sound,

ALL FOR LOVE

And let our parting be as gently made
As other Loves begin: wilt thou do this?

Dolla. What you have said, so sinks into my Soul,
That, if I must speak, I shall speak just so.

Ant. I leave you then to your sad task; Farewel.

I sent her word to meet you. (*Goes to the door, and comes back.*) I
forgot;

Let her be told, I'll make her peace with mine:
Her Crown and Dignity shall be preserv'd,
If I have pow'r with *Cæsar*.—O, be sure
To think on that.

Dolla. Fear not, I will remember.

[*Antony goes again to the door, and comes back.*]

Ant. And tell her, too, how much I was constrain'd;
I did not this but with extreamest force;
Desire her not to hate my memory,
For I still cherish hers;—insist on that.

Dolla. Trust me, I'll not forget it.

Ant. Then that's all. (*Goes out, and returns again.*)
Wilt thou forgive my fondness this once more?
Tell her, tho' we shall never meet again,
If I should hear she took another Love,
The news would break my heart.—Now I must go;
For every time I have return'd, I feel
My Soul more tender; and my next command
Would be to bid her stay, and ruine both.

Exit.

Dolla. Men are but Children of a larger growth;
Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain;
And yet the Soul, shut up in her dark room,
Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing;
But, like a Mole in Earth, busie and blind,
Works all her folly up, and casts it outward
To the Worlds open view: thus I discover'd,
And blam'd the love of ruin'd *Antony*;
Yet wish that I were he, to be so ruin'd.

Enter Ventidius above.

Ven. Alone? and talking to himself? concern'd too?
Perhaps my gness is right; he lov'd her once,
And may pursue it still.

Dolla. O Friendship! Friendship!
Ill canst thou answer this; and Reason, worse:

ALL FOR LOVE

Unfaithful in th'attempt; hopeless to win;
And if I win, undone: meer madness all.
And yet th'occasion's fair. What injury,
To him, to wear the Robe which he throws by?
Ven. None, none at all. This happens as I wish,
To ruine her yet more with *Antony*.

Enter Cleopatra, talking with Alexas, Charmion and Iras on the other side.

Dolla. She comes! What charms have sorrow on that face!
Sorrow seems pleas'd to dwell with so much sweetness;
Yet, now and then, a melancholy smile
Breaks loose, like Lightning, in a Winter's night,
And shows a moments day.

Ven. If she should love him too! Her Eunuch there!
That *Porcispice* bodes ill weather. Draw, draw nearer,
Sweet Devil, that I may hear.

Alex. Believe me; try
[*Dollabella goes over to Charmion and Iras; seems to talk with them.*
To make him jealous; jealousy is like
A polish'd Glass held to the lips when life's in doubt:
If there be breath, 'twill catch the damp, and show it.
Cleop. I grant you jealousy's a proof of love,
But 'tis a weak and unavailing Med'cine;
It puts out the disease, and makes it show,
But has no pow'r to cure.

Alex. 'Tis your last remedy, and strongest too:
And then this *Dollabella*, who so fit
To practise on? He's handsom, valiant, young,
And looks as he were laid for Nature's bait
To catch weak Womens eyes.
He stands already more than half suspected
Of loving you: the least kind word, or glance,
You give this Youth, will kindle him with love:
Then, like a burning Vessel set adrift,
You'll send him down amain before the wind,
To fire the heart of jealous *Antony*.

Cleop. Can I do this? Ah no; my love's so true,
That I can neither hide it where it is,
Nor show it where it is not. Nature meant me
A Wife, a silly harmless household Dove,
Fond without art; and kind without deceit;
But Fortune, that has made a Mistress of me,

ALL FOR LOVE

Hast thrust me out to the wide World, unfurnish'd
Of falshood to be happy.

Alex. Force your self.

Th'event will be, your Lover will return
Doubly desirous to possess the good
Which once he fear'd to lose.

Cleop. I must attempt it;

But Oh with what regret! *Exit Alex. (She comes up to Dollabella.)*

Ven. So, now the Scene draws near; they're in my reach.

Cleop. to Doll. Discoursing with my Women! Might not I
Share in your entertainment?

Char. You have been
The Subject of it, Madam.

Cleop. How; and how?

Iras. Such praises of your beauty!

Cleop. Meer Poetry.

Your *Roman* wits, your *Gallus* and *Tibullus*,
Have taught you this from *Citheris* and *Delia*.

Dolla. Those *Roman* Wits have never been in *Egypt*;
Citheris and *Delia* else had been unsung:
I, who have seen—had I been born a Poet,
Should chuse a nobler name.

Cleop. You flatter me.

But, 'tis your Nation's vice: all of your Country
Are flatterers, and all false. Your Friend's like you.
I'm sure, he sent you not to speak these words.

Dolla. No, Madam; yet he sent me—

Cleop. Well, he sent you—

Dolla. Of a less pleasing errand.

Cleop. How less pleasing?

Less to your self, or me?

Dolla. Madam, to both;

For you must mourn, and I must grieve to cause it.

Cleop. You, *Charmion*, and your Fellow, stand at distance.—

(*Aside.*) Hold up, my Spirits.—Well, now your mournful matter;
For I'm prepar'd, perhaps can gness it too.

Dolla. I wish you would; for 'tis a thankless office,
To tell ill news: and I, of all your Sex,
Most fear displeasing you.

Cleop. Of all your Sex,

I soonest could forgive you, if you should.

Ven. (Most delicate advances! Woman! woman!
Dear, damn'd, inconstant Sex!

ALL FOR LOVE

Cleop. In the first place,
I am to be forsaken; is't not so?

Dolla. I wish I could not answer to that question.

Cleop. Then pass it o'er, because it troubles you:
I should have been more griev'd another time.

Next, I'm to lose my Kingdom—Farewel, *Egypt*.

Yet, is there any more?

Dolla. Madam, I fear
Your too deep sense of grief has turn'd your reason.

Cleop. No, no, I'm not run mad; I can bear Fortune:
And Love may be expell'd by other Love,
As Poysons are by Poysons.

Dolla. You o'erjoy me, Madam,
To find your griefs so moderately born.
~~You've heard the worst; all are not false like him.~~

Cleop. No; Heav'n forbid they should.

Dolla. Some men are constant.

Cleop. And constancy deserves reward, that's certain.

Dolla. Deserves it not; but give it leave to hope.

Ven. I'll swear thou hast my leave. I have enough:
But how to manage this! Well, I'll consider.

Exit.

Dolla. I came prepar'd
To tell you heavy news; which I thought
Would fright the blood from your pale cheeks to hear:
But you have met it with a cheerfulness
That makes my task more easie; and my tongue,
Which on anothers message was employ'd,
Would gladly speak its own.

Cleop. Hold, *Dollabella*.
First tell me, were you chosen by my Lord?
Or sought you this employment?

Dolla. He pick'd me out; and, as his bosom-friend,
He charg'd me with his words.

Cleop. The message then
I know was tender, and each accent smooth,
To mollifie that rugged word *Depart*.

Dolla. Oh, you mistake: he chose the harshest words,
With fiery eyes, and with contracted brows,
He coyn'd his face in the severest stamp:
And fury, shook his Fabrick like an Earthquake;
He heav'd for vent, and burst like bellowing *Ætna*,
In sounds scarce humane, "Hence, away for ever:
"Let her begone, the blot of my renown,

ALL FOR LOVE

" And bane of all my hopes:

[All the time of this speech, Cleop. seems more and more concern'd, till she sinks quite down.]

" Let her be driv'n as far as men can think

" From Mans commerce: She'll poyson to the Center."

Cleop. Oh, I can bear no more!

Dolla. Help, help: Oh Wretch! O cursed, cursed Wretch!

What have I done?

Char. Help, chafe her Temples, *Iras.*

Iras. Bend, bend her forward quickly.

Char. Heav'n be prais'd,

She comes again.

Cleo. Oh, let him not approach me.

Why have you brought me back to this loath'd Being,

Th'abode of Falshood, violated Vows,

And injur'd Love? For pity, let me go;

For if there be a place of long repose,

I'm sure I want it. My disdainful Lord

Can never break that quiet; nor awake

The sleeping soul with hollowing in my Tomb

Such words as fright her hence. Unkind, unkind.

Dolla. kneeling. Believe me, 'tis against my self I speak,

That sure deserves belief; I injur'd him:

My Friend ne'er spoke those words. Oh, had you seen

How often he came back, and every time

With something more obliging and more kind,

To add to what he said; what dear Farewells;

How almost vanquisht by his love he parted,

And lean'd to what unwillingly he left:

I, Traitor as I was, for love of you

(But what can you not do, who made me false!)

I forg'd that lye; for whose forgiveness kneels

This self-accus'd, self-punish'd Criminal.

Cleop. With how much ease believe we what we wish!

Rise, *Dollabella*; if you have been guilty,

I have contributed, and too much love

Has made me guilty too.

Th'advance of kindness which I made, was feign'd,

To call back fleeting love by jealousy;

But 'twould not last. Oh, rather let me lose,

Than so ignobly trifle with his heart.

Dolla. I find your breast fenc'd round from humane reach,

Transparent as a Rock of solid Crystal;

ALL FOR LOVE

Seen through, but never pierc'd (My Friend, my Friend!
What endless treasure hast thou thrown away,
And scatter'd, like an Infant, in the Ocean,
Vain sums of Wealth which none can gather thence!

Cleop. Could you not beg
An hours admittance to his private ear?
Like one who wanders through long barren Wilds
And yet foreknows no hospitable Inn
Is near to succour hunger,
Eats his fill before his painful march;
So would I feed a while my famish'd eyes
Before we part; for I have far to go,
If death be far, and never must return.

Ventidius, with Octavia, behind.

Ven. From hence you may discover—Oh, sweet, sweet!
Would you indeed? the pretty hand in earnest?

Dolla. I will, for this reward.—(*Takes her hand.*) Draw it not back.
'Tis all I e'er will beg.

Ven. They turn upon us.

Octav. What quick eyes has guilt!

Ven. Seem not to have observ'd 'em, and go on.

They enter.

Dolla. Saw you the Emperor, Ventidius?

Ven. No.

I sought him; but I heard that he was private,
None with him but *Hipparchus* his Freedman.

Dolla. Know you his bus'ness?

Ven. Giving him Instructions,
And Letters, to his Brother *Cæsar*.

Dolla. Well,

He must be found. [*Exeunt Dol. and Cleop.*

Octav. Most glorious impudence!

Ven. She look'd, methought,
As she would say, Take your old man, *Octavia*;
Thank you, I'm better here.

Well, but what use
Make we of this discovery?

Octav. Let it die.

Ven. I pity *Dollabella*; but she's dangerous:
Her eyes have pow'r beyond *Thessalian* Charms,
To draw the Moon from Heav'n; for Eloquence,

ALL FOR LOVE

The Sea-green Syrens taught her voice their flatt'ry;
And while she speaks, Night steals upon the Day,
Unmark'd of those that hear: Then she's so charming,
Age buds at sight of her, and swells to youth:
The holy Priests gaze on her when she smiles;
And with heav'd hands forgetting gravity,
They bless her wanton eyes: Even I who hate her,
With a malignant joy behold such beauty;
And, while I curse, desire it. *Anthony*
Must needs have some remains of passion still,
Which may ferment into a worse relapse,
If now not fully cur'd. I know, this minute,
With *Cesar* he's endeavouring her peace.

Olav. You have prevail'd; but for a further purpose [Walks off.
I'll prove how he will relish this discovery.
What, make a Strumpet's peace! it swells my heart:
It must not, sha' not be.

Ven. His Guards appear.
Let me begin, and you shall second me.

Enter Antony.

Ant. *Oclavia*, I was looking you, my love;
What, are your Letters ready? I have giv'n
My last Instructions.

Olav. Mine, my Lord, are written.

Ant. *Ventidius*.

[Drawing him aside.

Ven. My Lord?

Ant. A word in private.
When saw you *Dollabella*?

Ven. Now, my Lord,
He parted hence; and *Cleopatra* with him.

Ant. Speak softly. 'Twas by my command he went,
To bear my last farewell.

Ven. aloud. It look'd indeed
Like your farewell.

Ant. More softly.—My farewell?
What secret meaning have you in those words
Of my Farewell? He did it by my Order.

Ven. aloud. Then he obey'd your Order. I suppose
You bid him do it with all gentleness,
All kindness, and all—love.

Ant. How she mourn'd,
The poor forsaken Creature!

ALL FOR LOVE

Ven. She took it as she ought; she bore your parting
As she did *Cesar's*, as she would anothers,
Were a new Love to come.

Ant. aloud. Thou dost belye her;
Most basely, and maliciously belye her.

Ven. I thought not to displease you; I have done.

Octav. coming up. You seem disturb'd, my Lord.

Ant. A very trifle.

Retire, my Love.

Ven. It was indeed a trifle.

He sent—

Ant. angrily. No more. Look how thou disobey'st me;
Thy life shall answer it.

Octav. Then 'tis no trifle.

Ven. to Octav. 'Tis less; a very nothing: you too saw it,
As well as I, and therefore 'tis no secret.

Ant. She saw it!

Ven. Yes: she saw young *Dollabella*—

Ant. Young *Dollabella*!

Ven. Young, I think him young,
And handsom too; and so do others think him.
But what of that? He went by your command,
Indeed, 'tis probable, with some kind message;
For she receiv'd it graciously; she smil'd:
And then he grew familiar with her hand,
Squeez'd it, and worry'd it with ravenous kisses;
She blush'd, and sigh'd, and smil'd, and blush'd again;
At last she took occasion to talk softly,
And brought her cheek up close, and lean'd on his:
At which he whisper'd kisses back on hers;
And then she cry'd aloud, That constancy
Should be rewarded.

Octav. This I saw and heard.

Ant. What woman was it whom you heard and saw
So playful with my Friend!
Not *Cleopatra*?

Ven. Even she, my Lord.

Ant. My *Cleopatra*?

Ven. Your *Cleopatra*;
Dollabella's Cleopatra;
Every Man's *Cleopatra*.

Ant. Thou ly'st.

Ven. I do not lye, my Lord.

ALL FOR LOVE

Is this so strange? Should Mistresses be left,
And not provide against a time of change?
You know she's not much us'd to lonely nights.

Ant. I'll think no more on't.

I know 'tis false, and see the plot betwixt you.
You needed not have gone this way, *Octavia*.
What harms it you that *Cleopatra's* just?
She's mine no more. I see; and I forgive:
Urge it no farther, Love.

Octav. Are you concern'd
That she's found false?

Ant. I should be, were it so;
For, tho 'tis past, I would not that the World
Should tax my former choice: That I lov'd one
Of so light note; but I forgive you both.

Ven. What has my age deserv'd, that you should think
I would abuse your ears with perjury?
If Heav'n be true, she's false.

Ant. Though Heav'n and Earth
Should witness it, I'll not believe her tainted.

Ven. I'll bring you, then, a witness
From Hell to prove her so.—Nay, go not back,
[*Seeing Alexas just entering, and starting back.*]
For stay you must and shall.

Alex. What means my Lord?

Ven. To make you do what most you hate; speak truth.
You are of *Cleopatra's* private Counsel,
Of her Bed-Counsel, her lascivious hours;
Are conscious of each nightly change she makes,
And watch her, as *Chaldeans* do the Moon,
Can tell what Signs she passes through, what day.

Alex. My Noble lord.

Ven. My most Illustrious Pandar,
No fine set Speech, no Cadence, no turn'd Periods,
But a plain home-spun Truth, is what I ask:
I did, my self, o'erhear your Queen make love
To *Dollabella*. Speak; for I will know
By your confession what more past betwixt 'em;
How near the bus'ness draws to your employment,
And when the happy hour.

Ant. Speak truth, *Alexas*, whether it offend
Or please *Ventidius*, care not, justify
Thy injur'd Queen from malice: dare his worst.

ALL FOR LOVE

Octav. aside. See how he gives him courage! how he fears
To find her false! and shuts his eyes to truth,
Willing to be misled!

Alex. As far as love may plead for Woman's frailty,
Urg'd by desert and greatness of the Lover;
So far (*Divine Octavia!*) may my Queen
Stand even excus'd to you, for loving him,
Who is your Lord: so far, from brave *Ventidius*,
May her past actions hope a fair report.

Ant. 'Tis well, and truly spoken: mark, *Ventidius*.

Alex. To you, most Noble Emperor, her strong passion
Stands not excus'd, but wholly justifi'd.

(Her Beauty's charms alone, without her Crown,
From *Ind* and *Meroe* drew the distant Vows
Of sighing Kings; and at her feet were laid
The Scepters of the Earth, expos'd on heaps,
To choose where she would Reign:)
She thought a *Roman* only could deserve her;
And of all *Romans* only *Antony*.

And to be less than Wife to you, disdain'd
Their lawful passion.

Ant. 'Tis but truth.

Alex. And yet, tho love, and your unmatch'd desert,
Have drawn her from the due regard of Honor,
At last Heav'n open'd her unwilling eyes
To see the wrongs she offer'd fair *Octavia*,
Whose holy Bed she lawlessly usurpt,
The sad effects of this improsperous War
Confirm'd those pious thoughts.

Ven. aside. O, wheel you there?
Observe him now; the Man begins to mend,
And talk substantial reason. Fear not, Eunuch,
The Emperor has giv'n thee leave to speak.

Alex. Else had I never dar'd t'offend his ears
With what the last necessity has urg'd
On my forsaken Mistress; yet I must not
Presume to say, her heart is wholly alter'd.

Ant. No, dare not for thy life. I charge thee dare not
Pronounce that fatal word.

Octav. aside. Must I bear this? good Heav'n, afford me patience.

Ven. On, sweet Eunuch; my dear half man, proceed.

Alex. Yet *Dollabella*
Has loved her long, he, next my God-like Lord,

ALL FOR LOVE

Deserves her best; and should she meet his passion,
Rejected, as she is, by him she lov'd—

Ant. Hence from my sight; for I can bear no more:
Let Furies drag thee quick to Hell; let all
The longer damn'd have rest; each torturing hand
Do thou employ, till *Cleopatra* comes;
Then joyn thou too, and help to torture her.

Exit Alexas, thrust out by Antony.

Octav. 'Tis not well,
Indeed, my Lord, 'tis much unkind to me,
To show this passion, this extream concernment
For an abandon'd, faithless Prostitute.

Ant. Octavia, leave me; I am much disorder'd.
Leave me, I say.

Octav. My Lord?

Ant. I bid you leave me.

Ven. Obey him, Madam: best withdraw a while,
And see how this will work.

Octav. Wherein have I offended you, my Lord,
That I am bid to leave you? Am I false,
Or infamous? Am I a *Cleopatra*?
Were I she,

Base as she is, you would not bid me leave you;
But hang upon my neck, take slight excuses,
And fawn upon my falsehood.

Ant. 'Tis too much,
Too much, *Octavia*; I am prest with sorrows
Too heavy to be born; and you add more:
I would retire, and recollect what's left
Of Man within, to aid me.

Octav. You would mourn,
In private, for your Love, who has betray'd you;
You did but half return to me: your kindness
Linger'd behind with her. I hear, my Lord,
You make Conditions for her,
And would include her Treaty. Wondrous proofs
Of love to me!

Ant. Are you my Friend, *Ventidius*?
Or are you turn'd a *Dollabella* too,
And let this Fury loose?

Ven. Oh, be advis'd,
Sweet Madam, and retire.

Octav. Yes, I will go; but never to return.

ALL FOR LOVE

You shall no more be haunted with this Fury.
My Lord, my Lord, love will not always last,
When urg'd with long unkindness, and disdain;
Take her again whom you prefer to me;
She stays but to be call'd. Poor cozen'd Man!
Let a feign'd parting give her back your heart,
Which a feign'd love first got; for injur'd me,
Tho' my just sense of wrongs forbid my stay,
My duty shall be yours.
To the dear pledges of our former love,
My tenderness and care shall be transferr'd,
And they shall cheer, by turns, my Widow'd Nights;
So take my last farewell; for I despair
To have you whole, and scorn to take you half.)

Exit.

Ven. I combat Heav'n, which blasts my best designs:
My last attempt must be to win her back;
But Oh, I fear in vain.

Exit.

Ant. Why was I fram'd with this plain honest heart,
Which knows not to disguise its griefs and weakness,
But bears its workings outward to the World?
I should have kept the mighty anguish in,
And forc'd a smile at *Cleopatra's* falshood;
Octavia had believ'd it, and had staid;
But I am made a shallow-forded Stream,
Seen to the bottom: all my clearness scorn'd,
And all my faults exposed!—See, where he comes,

Enter Dollabella.

Who has prophan'd the Sacred Name of Friend,
And worn it into vileness!
With how secure a brow, and specious form,
He guilds the secret Villain! Sure that face
Was meant for honesty; but Heav'n mis-match'd it,
And furnish'd Treason out with Natures pomp,
To make its work more easie.

Dolla. O, my Friend!

Ant. Well, *Dollabella*, you perform'd my message?

Dolla. I did, unwillingly.

Ant. Unwillingly?

Was it so hard for you to bear our parting?
You should have wisht it.

Dolla. Why?

ALL FOR LOVE

Ant. Because you love me.

And she receiv'd my message, with as true,
With as unfeign'd a sorrow, as you brought it?

Dolla. She loves you, ev'n to madness.

Ant. Oh, I know it.

You, *Dollabella*, do not better know
How much she loves me. And should I
Forsake this Beauty? This all-perfect Creature?

Dolla. I could not, were she mine.

Ant. And yet you first

Perswaded me; how come you alter'd since?

Dolla. I said at first I was not fit to go;
I could not hear her sighs and see her tears,
But pity must prevail: and so, perhaps,
It may again with you; for I have promis'd
That she should take her last farewell: and, see,
She comes to claim my word.

Enter Cleopatra.

Ant. False *Dollabella*!

Dolla. What's false, my Lord?

Ant. Why, *Dollabella's* false,

And *Cleopatra's* false; both false and faithless.
Draw near, you well-join'd wickedness, you Serpents,
'Whom I have in my kindly bosom, warm'd'
Till I am stung to death.

Dolla. My Lord, have I
Deserv'd to be thus us'd?

Cleop. Can Heav'n prepare
A newer Torment? Can it find a Curse
Beyond our separation?

Ant. Yes, if Fate

Be just, much greater: Heav'n should be ingenious
In punishing such crimes. The rowling Stone
And gnawing Vulture, were slight pains, invented
When *Jove* was young, and no examples known
Of mighty ills; but you have ripen'd sin
To such a monstrous growth, 'twill pose the Gods
To find an equal Torture. Two, two such,
Oh, there's no farther name, two such—to me,
To me, who lock'd my Soul within your breasts,
Had no desires, no joys, no life, but you;

ALL FOR LOVE

When half the Globe was mine, I gave it you
In Dowry with my heart; I had no use,
No fruit of all, but you: a Friend and Mistress
Was what the world could give. Oh, *Cleopatra!*
Oh, *Dollabella!* how could you betray
This tender heart, which with an Infant-fondness
Lay lull'd betwixt your bosoms, and there slept,
Secure of injur'd Faith?

Dolla. If she has wrong'd you,
Heav'n, Hell, and You revenge it.

Ant. If she wrong'd me,
Thou wouldst evade thy part of guilt; but swear
Thou lov'st not her.

Dolla. Not so as I love you.

Ant. Not so! Swear, swear, I say, thou dost not love her.

Dolla. No more than Friendship will allow.

Ant. No more?

Friendship allows thee nothing; thou art perjurd——
And yet thou didst not swear thou lov'dst her not;
But not so much, no more. Oh trifling Hypocrite,
Who dar'st not own to her thou dost not love,
Nor own to me, thou dost! *Ventidius* heard it;
Ostavia saw it.

Cleop. They are enemies.

Ant. *Alexas* is not so: he, he confest it;
He who, next Hell, best knew it, he avow'd it.
(*To Dol.*) Why do I seek a proof beyond your self?
You, whom I sent to bear my last Farewel,
Return'd to plead her stay.

Dolla. What shall I answer?

If to have lov'd be guilt, then I have sinn'd;
But if to have repented of that love
Can wash away my crime, I have repented.
Yet, if I have offended past forgiveness,
Let not her suffer: she is innocent.

Cleop. Ah, what will not a Woman do who loves!
What means will she refuse, to keep that heart
Where all her joys are plac'd! 'Twas I encourag'd,
'Twas I blew up the fire that scorch'd his Soul,
To make you jealous; and by that regain you.
But all in vain; I could not counterfeit:
In spite of all the damms, my love broke o'er,
And drown'd my heart again; Fate took th'occasion;

ALL FOR LOVE

And thus one minutes feigning has destroy'd
My whole life's truth.

Ant. Thin Cobweb Arts of Falshood;
Seen, and broke through at first.

Dolla. Forgive your Mistress.

Cleop. Forgive your Friend.

Ant. You have convinc'd your selves;
You plead each others Cause: What Witness have you,
That you but meant to raise my jealousy?

Cleop. Our selves, and Heav'n.

Ant. Guilt witnesses for guilt. Hence, Love and Friend-
ship;

You have no longer place in humane breasts,
These two have driv'n you out: avoid my sight;
I would not kill the Man whom I have lov'd;
And cannot hurt the Woman; but avoid me,
I do not know how long I can be tame;
For, if I stay one minute more to think
How I am wrong'd, my Justice and Revenge
Will cry so loud within me, that my pity
Will not be heard for either.

Dolla. Heav'n has but
Our sorrow for our sins; and then delights
To pardon erring Man; sweet Mercy seems
Its darling Attribute, which limits Justice;
As if there were degrees in Infinite;
And Infinite would rather want perfection
Than punish to extent.

Ant. I can forgive
A Foe; but not a Mistress, and a Friend:
~~Treason is there in its most horrid shape~~
Where trust is greatest: and the Soul resign'd
Is stabb'd by its own Guards: I'll hear no more;
Hence from my sight, for ever!

Cleop. How? for ever!
I cannot go one moment from your sight,
And must I go for ever?
My joys, my only joys, are center'd here:
What place have I to go to? my own Kingdom?
That I have lost for you: or to the *Romans*?
They hate me for your sake: or must I wander
The wide World o'er, a helpless, banish'd Woman,
Banish'd for love of you; banish'd from you?

ALL FOR LOVE

I, there's the Banishment! Oh, hear me; hear me,
With strictest Justice: for I beg no favour:
And if I have offended you, then kill me,
But do not banish me.

Ant. I must not hear you.
I have a Fool within me takes your part;
But Honour stops my ears.

Cleop. For pity hear me!
Wou'd you cast off a Slave who follow'd you,
Who crouch'd beneath your Spurn?—He has no pity!
See if he gives one tear to my departure;
One look, one kind farewell: Oh Iron heart!
Let all the Gods look down, and judge betwixt us
If he did ever love!

Ant. No more: *Alexas!*

Dolla. A perjur'd Villain!

Ant. to Cleop. Your *Alexas*; yours.

Cleop. O 'twas his plot: his ruinous design,
T' ingage you in my love by jealousy.
Hear him; confront him with me; let him speak.

Ant. I have; I have.

Cleop. And if he clear me not—

Ant. Your Creature! one who hangs upon your smiles!
Watches your eye to say or to unsay
Whate'er you please! I am not to be mov'd.

Cleop. Then must we part? Farewel, my cruel Lord,
Th'appearance is against me; and I go,
Unjustifi'd, for ever from your sight.
How I have lov'd, you know; how yet I love,
My only comfort is, I know my self:
I love you more, ev'n now you are unkind,
Than when you lov'd me most; so well, so truly,
I'll never strive against it; but die pleas'd
To think you once were mine.

Ant. Good Heav'n, they weep at parting.
Must I weep too? that calls 'em innocent.
I must not weep; and yet I must, to think
That I must not forgive.——

Live, but live wretched, 'tis but just you shou'd,
Who made me so: Live from each others sight:
Let me not hear you meet: Set all the Earth
And all the Seas, betwixt your sunder'd Loves:
View nothing common but the Sun and Skys:

ALL FOR LOVE

Now, all take several ways;
And each your own sad fate with mine deplore;
That you were false, and I could trust no more. *Exeunt severally.*

ACT. V.

Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras.

Char. **B**E juster, Heav'n: such virtue punish'd thus,
Will make us think that Chance rules all above,
And shuffles with a random hand, the Lots
Which Man is forc'd to draw.

Cleop. I cou'd tear out these eyes, that gain'd his heart,
And had not pow'r to keep it. O the curse
Of doting on, ev'n when I find it Dotage!
Bear witness, Gods, you heard him bid me go;
You, whom he mock'd with imprecating Vows
Of promis'd Faith.—I'll die; I will not bear it.
You may hold me.— [*She pulls out her Dagger, and they hold her.*]
But I can keep my breath; I can die inward,
And choak this Love.

Enter Alexas.

Iras. Help, O *Alexas*, help!
The Queen grows desperate, her Soul struggles in her,
With all the Agonies of Love and Rage,
And strives to force its passage.

Cleop. Let me go.
Art thou there, Traitor!—O
O, for a little breath, to vent my rage!
Give, give me way, and let me loose upon him.

Alexas. Yes, I deserve it, for my ill-tim'd truth.
Was it for me to prop
The Ruins of a falling Majesty?
To place my self beneath the mighty flaw,
Thus to be crush'd, and pounded into Atomes,
By its o'erwhelming weight? 'Tis too presuming
For Subjects, to preserve that wilful pow'r
Which courts its own destruction.

Cleop. I wou'd reason
More calmly with you. Did not you o'er-rule

ALL FOR LOVE

And force my plain, direct, and open love
Into these crooked paths of jealousy?
Now, what's th'event? *Octavia* is remov'd;
But *Cleopatra's* banish'd. Thou, thou, Villain,
Has push'd my Boat, to open Sea; to prove,
At my sad cost, if thou canst steer it back.
It cannot be; I'm lost too far; I'm ruin'd:
Hence, thou Impostor, Traitor, Monster, Devil.—
I can no more; thou, and my griefs, have sunk
Me down so low that I want voice to curse thee.

Alex. Suppose some shipwrack'd Seaman near the shore,
Dropping and faint, with climbing up the Cliff,
If, from above, some charitable hand
Pull him to safety, hazarding himself
To draw the others weight; wou'd he look back
And curse him for his pains? The case is yours;
But one step more, and you have gain'd the height.

Cleop. Sunk, never more to rise.

Alex. *Octavia's* gone, and *Dollabella* banish'd.
Believe me, Madam, *Antony* is yours.
His heart was never lost; but started off
To Jealousie, Love's last retreat and covert:
Where it lies hid in Shades, watchful in silence,
And list'ning for the sound that calls it back.
Some other, any man, ('tis so advanc'd)
May perfect this unfinish'd work, which I
(Unhappy only to my self) have left
So easie to his hand.

Cleop. Look well thou do't; else—

Alex. Else, what your silence threatens.—*Antony*
Is mounted up the *Pharos*; from whose Turret,
He stands surveying our *Egyptian* Gallies,
Engag'd with *Cæsar's* Fleet: now Death, or Conquest.
If the first happen, Fate acquits my promise:
If we o'recome, the Conqueror is yours.

A distant Shout within.

Char. Have comfort, Madam: did you mark that Shout?

Second Shout nearer.

Iras. Hark; they redouble it.

Alex. 'Tis from the Port.

The loudness shows it near: good news, kind Heavens.

Cleop. *Osiris* make it so.

ALL FOR LOVE

Enter Serapion.

Serap. Where, where's the Queen?

Alex. How frightfully the holy Coward stares!
As if not yet recover'd of th' assault,
When all his Gods, and, what's more dear to him,
His Offerings were at stake.

Serap. O horror, horror!

Egypt has been; our latest hour is come:
The Queen of Nations, from her ancient seat,
Is sunk for ever in the dark Abyss:
Time has unrowl'd her Glories to the last,
And now clos'd up the Volume.

Cleop. Be more plain:

Say, whence thou com'st (though Fate is in thy face,
Which from thy haggard eyes looks wildly out,
And threatens ere thou speak'st).

Serap. I came from *Pharos*;
From viewing (spare me, and imagine it)
Our Lands last hope, your Navy.—

Cleop. Vanquish'd?

Serap. No.

They fought not.

Cleop. Then they fled.

Serap. Nor that. I saw,
With *Antony*, your well-appointed Fleet
Row out; and thrice he wav'd his hand on high,
And thrice with cheerful cries they shouted back:
'Twas then false Fortune, like a fawning Strumpet,
About to leave the Bankrupt Prodigal,
With a dissembled smile wou'd kiss at parting,
And flatter to the last; the well-tim'd Oars
Now dipt from every bank, now smoothly run
To meet the Foe; and soon indeed they met,
But not as Foes. In few, we saw their Caps
On either side thrown up; th' *Egyptian* Gallies
(Receiv'd like Friends) past through, and fell behind
The *Roman* rear; and now, they all come forward,
And ride within the Port.

Cleop. Enough, *Serapion*:

I've heard my doom. This needed not, you Gods:
When I lost *Antony*, your work was done;
'Tis but superfluous malice. Where's my Lord?
How bears he this last blow?

ALL FOR LOVE

Serap. His fury cannot be express'd by words:
Thrice he attempted headlong to have faln
Full on his foes, and aim'd at *Cæsar's* Galley;
With-held, he raves on you; cries, He's betray'd.
Should he now find you.—

Alex. Shun him; seek your safety,
Till you can clear your innocence.

Cleop. I'll stay.

Alex. You must not, haste you to your Monument,
While I make speed to *Cæsar*.

Cleop. *Cæsar!* No,
I have no business with him.

Alex. ~~I~~ can work him
To spare your life, and let this madman perish:

Cleop. Base fawning Wretch! wouldst thou betray him too?
Hence from my sight, I will not hear a Traytor;
'Twas thy design brought all this ruine on us;
Serapion, thou art honest; counsel me:
But haste, each moment's precious.

Serap. Retire; you must not yet see *Antony*.
He who began this mischief,
'Tis just he tempt the danger: let him clear you;
And, since he offer'd you his servile tongue,
To gain a poor precarious life from *Cæsar*,
Let him expose that fawning eloquence,
And speak to *Antony*.

Alex. O Heavens! I dare not,
I meet my certain death.

Cleop. Slave, thou deserv'st it.
Not that I fear my Lord, will I avoid him;
I know him noble: when he banish'd me,
And thought me false, he scorn'd to take my life;
But I'll be justifi'd, and then die with him.

Alex. O pity me, and let me follow you.

Cleop. To death, if thou stir hence. Speak, if thou canst,
Now for thy life, which basely thou wou'dst save;
While mine I prize at this. Come, good *Serapion*.

Exeunt Cleo. Serap. Char. Iras.

Alex. O that I less cou'd fear to lose this being,
Which, like a Snow-ball, in my coward hand,
The more 'tis grasp'd, the faster melts away.
Poor Reason! what a wretched aid art thou!
For still, in spight of thee,

ALL FOR LOVE

These two long Lovers, Soul and Body, dread
Their final separation. Let me think:
What can I say to save my self from death?
No matter what becomes of *Cleopatra*.

Ant. within. Which way? where?

Ven. within. This leads to th' Monument.

Alex. Ah me! I hear him; yet I'm unprepar'd:
My gift of lying's gone;
And this Court-Devil, which I so oft have rais'd,
Forsakes me at my need. I dare not stay;
Yet cannot far go hence.

Exit.

Enter Antony and Ventidius.

Ant. O happy *Cæsar*! Thou hast men to lead:
Think not 'tis thou hast conquer'd *Antony*;
But *Rome* has conquer'd *Egypt*. I'm betray'd.

Ven. Curse on this treach'rous Train!
Their Soil and Heav'n infect 'em all with baseness,
And their young Souls come tainted to the World
With the first breath they draw.

Ant. Th'original Villain sure no God created;
He was a Bastard of the Sun, by *Nile*,
Ap'd into Man; with all his Mother's Mud
Crusted about his Soul.

Ven. The nation is
One Universal Traitor; and their Queen
The very Spirit and Extract of 'em all.

Ant. Is there yet left
A possibility of aid from Valor?
Is there one God unsworn to my Destruction?
The least unmortgag'd hope? for, if there be,
Methinks I cannot fall beneath the Fate
Of such a Boy as *Cæsar*.

The world's one half is yet in *Antony*;
And, from each limb of it that's hew'd away,
The Soul comes back to me.

Ven. There yet remain
Three Legions in the Town. The last assault
Lopt off the rest: if death be your design
(As I must wish it now) these are sufficient
To make a heap about us of dead Foes,
An honest Pile for burial.

Ant. They're enough.

ALL FOR LOVE

We'll not divide our Stars; but, side by side,
Fight emulous: and with malicious eyes
Survey each other's acts: so every death
Thou giv'st, I'll take on me as a just debt,
And pay thee back a Soul.

Ven. Now you shall see I love you. Not a word
Of chiding more. By my few hours of life,
I am so pleas'd with this brave *Roman* Fate,
That I would not be *Cæsar*, to out-live you.
When we put off this flesh, and mount together,
I shall be shown to all th'Etherial crowd;
Lo, this is he who dy'd with *Antony*.

Ant. Who knows but we may pierce through all their Troops,
And reach my Veterans yet? 'Tis worth the tempting,
T'o'erleap this Gulph of Fate,
And leave our wond'ring Destinies behind.

Enter Alexas, trembling.

Ven. See, see, that Villain;
See *Cleopatra* stamp't upon that face,
With all her cunning, all her arts of falshood!
How she looks out through those dissembling eyes!
How he has set his count'nance for deceit;
And promises a lye, before he speaks!
Let me dispatch him first.

(*Drawing.*)

Alex. O spare me, spare me!

Ant. Hold; he's not worth your killing. On thy life
(Which thou may'st keep, because I scorn to take it)
No syllable to justifie thy Queen;
Save thy base tongue its office.

Alex. Sir, she's gone,
Where she shall never be molested more
By Love, or you.

Ant. Fled to her *Dollabella*!

Die, Traitor, I revoke my promise, die.

(*Going to kill him.*)

Alex. O hold, she is not fled.

Ant. She is: my eyes
Are open to her falshood; my whole life
Has been a golden dream, of Love and Friendship;
But, now I wake, I'm like a Merchant, row'd
From soft repose, to see his Vessel sinking,
And all his Wealth cast o'er. Ingrateful Woman!
Who follow'd me, but as the Swallow Summer,

ALL FOR LOVE

Hatching her young ones in my kindly Beams,
Singing her flatt'ries to my morning wake;
But, now my Winter comes, she spreads her wings,
And seeks the Spring of *Cæsar*.

Alex. Think not so:

Her Fortunes have, in all things, mixt with yours.
Had she betray'd her Naval force to *Rome*,
How easily might she have gone to *Cæsar*,
Secure by such a bribe!

Ven. She sent it first,
To be more welcome after.

Ant. 'Tis too plain;

Else wou'd she have appeared, to clear her self.

Alex. Too fatally she has: she could not bear
To be accus'd by you; but shut her self
Within her Monument; look'd down, and sigh'd;
While, from her unchang'd face, the silent tears
Dropt, as they had not leave, but stole their parting.
Some undistinguish'd words she inly murmur'd;
At last, she rais'd her eyes; and, with such looks
As dying *Lucrece* cast,—

Ant. My heart forbodes.—

Ven. All for the best: go on.

Alex. She snatch'd her Ponyard,
And, ere we cou'd prevent the fatal blow,
Plung'd it within her breast: then turn'd to me,
Go, bear my Lord (said she) my last Farewel;
And ask him if he yet suspect my Faith.
More she was saying, but death rush'd betwixt.
She half pronounc'd your Name with her last breath,
And bury'd half within her.

Ven. Heav'n be prais'd.

Ant. Then art thou innocent, my poor dear Love?
And art thou dead?

O those two words! their sound shou'd be divided:
Hadst thou been false, and dy'd; or hadst thou liv'd,
And hadst been true—But Innocence and Death!
This shows not well above. Then what am I,
The Murderer of this Truth, this Innocence!
Thoughts cannot form themselves in words so horrid
As can express my guilt!

Ven. Is't come to this? The Gods have been too gracious:
And thus you thank 'em for't!

ALL FOR LOVE

Ant. to Alex. Why stay'st thou here?
Is it for thee to spy upon my Soul,
And see its inward mourning? Get thee hence;
Thou art not worthy to behold, what now
Becomes a *Roman* Emperor to perform.

Alex. aside. He loves her still:
His grief betrays it. Good! The joy to find
She's yet alive, compleats the reconcilement.
I've sav'd my self, and her. But, Oh! the *Romans!*
Fate comes too fast upon my Wit,
Hunts me too hard, and meets me at each double.

Exit.

Ven. Wou'd she had dy'd a little sooner tho,
Before *Octavia* went; you might have treated:
Now 'twill look tame, and wou'd not be receiv'd.
Come, rouse your self, and lets die warm together.

Ant. I will not fight: there's no more work for War.
The bus'ness of my angry hours is done.

Ven. *Cæsar* is at your Gates.

Ant. Why, let him enter;
He's welcom now.

Ven. What Lethargy has crept into your Soul?

Ant. 'Tis but a scorn of life, and just desire
To free my self from bondage.

Ven. Do it bravely.

Ant. I will; but not by fighting. O, *Ventidius!*
What shou'd I fight for now? My queen is dead.
I was but great for her; my Pow'r, my Empire,
Were but my Merchandise to buy her love;
And conquer'd Kings, my Factors. Now she's dead,
Let *Cæsar* take the World,—
An Empty Circle, since the Jewel's gone
Which made it worth my strife: my being's nauseous;
For all the bribes of life are gone away.

Ven. Wou'd you be taken?

Ant. Yes, I wou'd be taken;
But, as a *Roman* ought, dead, my *Ventidius*:
For I'll convey my Soul from *Cæsar's* reach,
And lay down life my self. 'Tis time the World
Shou'd have a Lord, and know whom to obey.
We two have kept its homage in suspence,
And bent the Globe on whose each side we trod,
Till it was dinted inwards: Let him walk
Alone upon't; I'm weary of my part.

ALL FOR LOVE

~~My Torch is out; and the World stands before me
Like a black Desert, at th' approach of night:~~
I'll lay me down, and stray no farther on.

Ven. I cou'd be griev'd,
But that I'll not out-live you: ~~choose your death;~~
For, I have seen him in such various shapes,
I care not which I take: I'm only troubled
The life I bear, is worn to such a rag,
'Tis scarce worth giving. I cou'd wish indeed,
We threw it from us with a better grace;
That, like two Lyons taken in the Toils,
We might at least thrust out our paws, and wound
The Hunters that inclose us.

Ant. I have thought on't.
Ventidius, you must live.

Ven. I must not, sir.
Ant. Wilt thou not live, to speak some good of me?
To stand by my fair Fame, and guard th'approaches
From the ill Tongues of Men?

Ven. Who shall guard mine,
For living after you?

Ant. Say I command it.
Ven. If we die well, our deaths will speak themselves
And need no living witness.

Ant. Thou hast lov'd me,
And fain I wou'd reward thee: I must die;
Kill me, and take the merit of my death
To make thee friends with *Cæsar*.

Ven. Thank your kindness.
You said I lov'd you; and in recompence,
You bid me turn a Traitor: did I think
You wou'd have us'd me thus? that I shou'd die
With a hard thought of you?

Ant. Forgive me, *Roman*.
Since I have heard of *Cleopatra's* death,
My reason bears no rule upon my tongue;
But lets my thoughts break all at random out:
I've thought better; do not deny me twice.

Ven. By Heav'n I will not.
Let it not be t'outlive you.

Ant. Kill me first,
And then die thou: for 'tis but just thou serve
Thy Friend, before thy self.

ALL FOR LOVE

Ven. Give me your hand.
We soon shall meet again. (Now, Farewel, Emperor. (Embrace.)
Methinks that word's too cold to be my last:
Since Death sweeps all distinctions, Farewel, Friend)
That's all.——

I will not make a bus'ness of a trifle:
And yet I cannot look on you, and kill you;
Pray turn your face.

Ant. I do: strike home be sure.

Ven. Home as my Sword will reach. (Kills himself.)

Ant. O, thou mistak'st;
That wound was none of thine; give it me back:
Thou robb'st me of my death.

Ven. I do indeed;
But, think 'tis the first time I e'er deceiv'd you;
If that may plead my pardon. And you, Gods,
Forgive me, if you will; for I die perjur'd,
Rather than kill my Friend. (Dies.)

Ant. Farewell! Ever my Leader, ev'n in death!
My Queen and thou have got the start of me,
And I'm the lag of Honour.—Gone so soon?
Is death no more? He us'd him carelessly,
With a familiar kindness: ere he knock'd,
Ran to the door, and took him in his arms,
As who shou'd say, Y'are welcome at all hours,
A Friend need give no warning. Books had spoil'd him;
For all the Learn'd are Cowards by profession.
'Tis not worth
My farther thought; for death, for ought I know,
Is but to think no more. Here's to the satisfi'd.

(Falls on his Sword.)

I've mist my heart. O unperforming hand!
Thou never cou'dst have err'd in a worse time.
My Fortune jades me to the last; and death,
Like a great Man, takes state, and makes me wait
For my admittance.—(Trampling within.)

Some perhaps from *Cæsar*:

If he should find me living, and suspect
That I plaid booty with my life! I'll mend
My work, ere they can reach me.

(Rises upon his knees.)

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras.

Cleop. Where is my Lord? where is he?

ALL FOR LOVE

Char. There he lies,
And dead *Ventidius* by him.

Cleop. My fears were Prophets; I am come too late.
O that accurs'd *Alexas*! (*Runs to him.*)

Ant. Art thou living?
Or am I dead before I knew, and thou
The first kind Ghost that meets me?

Cleop. Help me seat him.
Send quickly, send for help! (*They place him in a Chair.*)

Ant. I am answer'd.
We live both. Sit thee down, my *Cleopatra*:
I'll make the most I can of life, to stay
A moment more with thee.

Cleop. How is it with you?

Ant. 'Tis as with a man
Removing in a hurry; all pack'd up,
But one dear Jewel that his haste forgot;
And he, for that, returns upon the spur:
So I come back for thee.

Cleop. Too long, you Heav'ns, you have been cruel to me;
Now show your mended Faith, and give me back
His fleeting life!

Ant. It will not be, my Love.
I keep my Soul by force.
Say but thou art not false.

Cleop. 'Tis now too late
To say I'm true: I'll prove it, and die with you.
Unknown to me, *Alexas* feign'd my death:
Which when I knew, I hasted, to prevent
This fatal consequence. My Fleet betray'd
Both you and me.

Ant. And *Dollabella*.—

Cleop. Scarce esteem'd before he lov'd; but hated now.

Ant. Enough: my life's not long enough for more.
Thou sayst thou wilt come after: I believe thee;
For I can now believe whate'er thou sayst,
That we may part more kindly.

Cleop. I will come:
Doubt not, my life, I'll come, and quickly too:
Cesar shall triumph o'er no part of thee.

Ant. But grieve not, while thou stayst
My last disastrous times:
Think we have had a clear and glorious day;

ALL FOR LOVE

And Heav'n did kindly to delay the storm
Just till our close of ev'ning. Ten years love,
And not a moment lost, but all improv'd
To th'utmost joys: What Ages have we liv'd?
And now to die each others; and, so dying,
While hand in hand we walk in Groves below,
Whole Troops of Lovers Ghosts shall flock about us,
And all the Train be ours.

Cleop. Your words are like the Notes of dying Swans,
Too sweet to last. Were there so many hours
For your unkindness, and not one for love:

Ant. No, not a minute.—This one kiss—more worth
Than all I leave to *Cæsar*.

(*Dies.*

Cleop. O tell me so again,
And take ten thousand kisses, for that word.
My Lord, my Lord: speak, if you yet have being;
Sigh to me, if you cannot speak; or cast
One look: Do anything that shows you live.

Iras. He's gone too far, to hear you;
And this you see, a lump of senseless Clay,
The leavings of a Soul.

Char. Remember, Madam,
He charg'd you not to grieve.

Cleop. And I'll obey him.
I have not lov'd a *Roman*, not to know
What should become his Wife; his Wife, my *Charmion*;
For 'tis to that high Title I aspire,
And now I'll not die less. Let dull *Octavia*
Survive, to mourn him dead: my Nobler Fate
Shall knit our Spousals with tie too strong
For *Roman* Laws to break.

Iras. Will you then die?

Cleop. Why shou'dst thou make that question?

Iras. *Cæsar* is merciful.

Cleop. Let him be so
To those who want his mercy: my poor Lord
Made no such Cov'nant with him, to spare me
When he was dead. Yield me to *Cæsar's* pride?
What, to be led in triumph through the Streets,
A spectacle to base *Plebeian* eyes;
While some dejected Friend of *Antony's*,
Close in a corner, shakes his head, and mutters

ALL FOR LOVE

A secret curse on her who ruin'd him?
I'll none of that.

Char. Whatever you resolve,
I'll follow, ev'n to death.

Iras. I only fear'd
For you; but more shou'd fear to live without you.

Cleop. Why, now 'tis as it shou'd be. Quick, my Friends,
Dispatch; ere this, the Town's in *Cæsar's* hands:
My Lord looks down concern'd, and fears my stay,
Lest I shou'd be surpriz'd;
Keep him not waiting for his love too long.
You, *Charmion*, bring my Crown and richest Jewels,
With 'em, the Wreath of Victory I made
(Vain Augury!) for him who now lies dead;
You, *Iras*, bring the cure of all our ills.

Iras. The Aspicks, Madam?

Cleop. Must I bid you twice? *Exeunt Char. and Iras.*
'Tis sweet to die, when they wou'd force life on me,
To rush into the dark aboad of death,
And seize him first; if he be like my Love,
He is not frightful, sure.
We're now alone, in secresie and silence;
And is not this like Lovers? I may kiss
These pale, cold lips; *Octavia* does not see me;
And, Oh! 'tis better far to have him thus,
Than see him in her arms.—O, welcome, welcome.

Enter Charmion, Iras.

Char. What must be done?

Cleop. Short Ceremony, Friends;
But yet it must be decent. First, this Laurel
Shall crown my Hero's Head: he fell not basely,
Nor left his Shield behind him. Only thou
Cou'd'st triumph o'er thy self; and thou alone
Wert worthy so to triumph.

Char. To what end
These Ensigs of your Pomp and Royalty?
Cleop. Dull, that thou art! why, 'tis to meet my Love;
As when I saw him first, on *Cydnos* bank,
All sparkling, like a Goddess; so adorn'd,
I'll find him once again: my second Spousals
Shall match my first, in Glory. Haſte, haſte, both,
And dress the Bride of *Antony*.

ALL FOR LOVE

Char. 'Tis done.

Cleop. Now seat me by my Lord. I claim this place;
For I must conquer *Cæsar* too, like him,
And win my share o'th' World. Hail, you dear Relicks
Of my Immortal Love!
O let no Impious hand remove you hence;
But rest for ever here: let *Egypt* give
His death that peace, which it deny'd his life.
Reach me the Casket.

Iras. Underneath the fruit the Aspicks lies.

Cleop. putting aside the leaves. Welcom, thou kind Deceiver!
Thou best of Thieves; who, with an easie key,
Dost open life, and, unperceiv'd by us,
Ev'n steal us from our selves: discharging so
Death's dreadful office, better than himself;
Touching our limbs so gently into slumber,
That Death stands by, deceiv'd by his own Image,
And thinks himself but Sleep.

Serap. within. The Queen, where is she?
The Town is yielded, *Cæsar's* at the Gates.

Cleop. He comes too late t'invade the Rights of Death.
Haste, bare my Arm, and rouse the Serpent's fury.

[*Holds out her Arm, and draws it back.*]

Coward Flesh——

Wou'dst thou conspire with *Cæsar*, to betray me,
As thou wert none of mine? I'll force thee to't,
And not be sent by him,
But bring my self my Soul to *Antony*.

[*Turns aside, and then shows her Arm bloody.*]

Take hence; the work is done.

Serap. within. Break ope the door,
And guard the Traitor well.

Char. The next is ours.

Iras. Now, *Charmion*, to be worthy
Of our great Queen and Mistress. [They apply the Aspicks.]

Cleop. Already, Death, I feel thee in my Veins;
I go with such a will to find my Lord,
That we shall quickly meet.

A heavy numness creeps through every limb,
And now 'tis at my head: my eye-lids fall,
And my dear Love is vanish'd in a mist.
Where shall I find him, where? O turn me to him,

ALL FOR LOVE

And lay me on his breast!—*Cæsar*, thy worst;

Now part us, if thou canst.

(*Dies.*)

Iras sinks down at her feet, and dies; Charmion stands behind her Chair, as dressing her head.

Enter Serapion, two Priests, Alexas bound, Egyptians.

2 *Priests*. Behold, *Serapion*, what havock Death has made!

Serap. 'Twas what I fear'd.

Charmion, is this well done?

Char. Yes, 'tis well done, and like a Queen, the last
Of her great Race; I follow her.

(*Sinks down; Dies.*)

Alex. 'Tis true,

She has done well: much better thus to die,

Than live to make a Holy-day in *Rome*.

Serap. See, see how the Lovers sit in State together,
As they were giving Laws to half Mankind.

Th'impression of a smile left in her face,

Shows she dy'd pleas'd with him for whom she liv'd,

And went to charm him in another World.

Cæsar's just entring; grief has now no leisure.

Secure that Villain, as our pledge of safety

To grace th'Imperial Triumph. Sleep, blest Pair,

Secure from humane chance, long Ages out,

While all the Storms of Fate fly o'er your Tomb;

And Fame, to late Posterity, shall tell,

No Lovers liv'd so great, or dy'd so well.

ALL FOR LOVE

EPILOGUE

Poets, like Disputants, when Reasons fail,
Have one sure Refuge left; and that's to rail.
*Fop, Coxcomb, Fool, are thunder'd through the Pit;
And this is all their Equipage of Wit.*
*We wonder how the Devil this diff'rence grows,
Betwixt our Fools in Verse, and yours in Prose:
For, 'Faith, the quarrel rightly understood,
'Tis Civil War with their own Flesh and Blood.*
*The thread-bare Author hates the gawdy Coat;
And swears at the Guilt Coach, but swears a foot:
For 'tis observ'd of every Scribbling Man,
He grows a Fop as fast as e'er he can;
Prunes up, and asks his Oracle the Glass,
If Pink or Purple best become his face.*
*For our poor Wretch, he neither rails nor prays;
Nor likes your Wit just as you like his Plays;
He has not yet so much of Mr. Bays.* }
*He does his best; and, if he cannot please,
Wou'd quietly sue out his Writ of Ease.*
*Yet, if he might his own Grand Jury call,
By the Fair Sex he begs to stand or fall.*
*Let Cæsar's Pow'r the Mens ambition move,
But grace You him who lost the World for Love.*
*Yet if some antiquated Lady say,
The last Age is not Copy'd in his Play;
Heav'n help the Man who for that face must drudge,
Which only has the wrinkles of a Judge.*
*Let not the Young and Beauteous join with those;
For shou'd you raise such numerous Hosts of Foes,
Young Wits and Sparks he to his aid must call;
'Tis more than one Man's work to please you all.*

FINIS.

THE
KIND KEEPER
OR MR. LIMBERHAM
A COMEDY

Κῆν με φάγῃς ἐπὶ ρίζαν, ὅμως ἔτι καρποφορήσω.
Ἐνθολογία Δευτέρα.

Hic nuptiarum insanit amoribus ; hic meretricum :
Omnes hi metuant versus ; odere Poetas.
Horat.

THE KIND KEEPER

SOURCE

THE incident of the concealment of Woodall in the chest by Mrs. Tricksy, Act II, may perhaps be due to Dryden's recollection of the third novella of the Third Decade of Giraldo Cinthio's *Hecatommithi*. "La Terza Deca de Gli Hecatommithi, nella quale si ragiona dell' infideltà de' Mariti, e delle Mogliere." The rubric of the third novella runs: "Bice ama Pamphilo, e si gode con lui, il quale per alcuni giorni si allontana da lei, ella in quel tempo si giace con un Giudice della città; Ritorna Pamphilo, alla sproueduta, mentre ella è col Giudice, onde, temendo di non essere colta con lui, sì, che l'amante uccida l'vno, e l'altro, fà entrare il Giudice in vn cofano, nel quale per caso soprauenuto, è portato a Palazzo, e consegnato alla Moglie, e ella ritrouatolo, gli rimprouera la rotta fede, e poscia con lui si rappacifica." (I have used the Venice edition of the *Hecatommithi*, 1608, Parte Prima, p. 284.)

Langbaine, *An Account of the English Dramatick Poets*, Oxford, 1691 (p. 165), writes: "The same Story is in *The Fortunate Deceiv'd, and Unfortunate Lovers*." Of this book I have used the edition of 1683, *Les Amans Heureux Trompez Malheureux*, A Paris, Chez Claude Barbin. Eight novels under each several heading give stories illustrating the happiness, unhappiness, or sleights and turns of amours, tragic or gay. Nouvelle VII of *Les Amans Trompez, "Histoire Galante"* has for rubric: *Un fuge de Valadolid en Espagne, se divertissant avec une Femme commode, fut obligé de se servir d'un Coffre pour Refuge. Et ce fut par un grand Bonheur, qu'il manqua de tomber dans une Disgrace publique.* The lady in question, "une fameuse Courtisane, qui s'appeloit Laure," is kept by "un jeune Cavalier nommé Don Fernandez." This gallant, when supposed absent from the town, returns whilst Laure is entertaining the Judge, who is promptly concealed in a chest. "C'etoit un grand Coffre qu'une de ses Voisins avoit fait transporter chez Laure." Various adventures follow which are pleasantly enough told, and although the Judge seems on the point of discovery, eventually he escapes scot-free. The tale is obviously borrowed from Cinthio, but it may be traced back in some details at any rate to an ancient fabliau, which is related in the folk-lore and merry jests of many countries. Apuleius has a very similar episode, and one may also refer to the *Decameron*, VIII, 8. There are close parallels in Oriental literature.

Langbaine continues: "Mrs. Brainsicks pricking and pinching him [Woodall, whom Langbaine erroneously dubs *Love-all*], Act 3. Sc. 2, is copied from the *Triumph of Love over Fortune*, a Novel writ by M. S. Bremond, or else from *Zelotide* of M. de Pais."

"The Triumph of Love over Fortune: *A Pleasant Novel. Written in French by that Great Wit of France M. St Bremond, AND Translated into English by a Person of Quality.* LONDON, Printed for James Magnes and Richard Bentley, in Russel-Street in Covent-Garden, near the Piazzas," was published 12mo, 1678; "Licensed, Ro. L'Estrange, October 11, 1677." This little romance, which is an uncommonly scarce book, tells of a King of Spain

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"whose Name History mentions not," who whilst recreating himself away from the Court at "*Aranjues* . . . a House of pleasure, seated most deliciously," falls in love with and would seduce Dorothy, a gardener's daughter. The lass, however, has given her heart to a shepherd, Antonine. Dorothy, to further the King's design, is taken into the service of the Marchioness de las Torrillas. On one occasion the King repairs to this lady's apartments when Antonine is there, and, "not well knowing where to hide the poor Shepherd, she put him under a bed of Repose, where he lay coop'd up in a very narrow room. This done, she came out to make way for the King, who entered with *Dorothy* and made her sit with him on the same Bed. Well *Dorothy*, says the King, you will never love me." The poor girl is very confused, and presently the King opened the dance with kisses which she dare not refuse. "But the Shepherd scarce heard the smack of 'em, but all in a rage he pinch'd her by the Leg. This so frightened the poor Girl, that she shriek'd, which astonisht the King. He asked her what the matter was; she told him something had bit her. By good luck for *Antonine*, there stood between the King and *Dorothy* a little Bitch of the Marchioness's, which came with them into the Closet; the King thought her guilty of the assault, and with great animosity drove her out of the Closet." Dorothy, however, suspects that it is Antonine, concealed under the bed, who has given her such a sharp nip, and indeed when the King has left he appears, not over well pleased with what he has heard. The little incident in the story is of the slightest.

"Zelotyde, Histoire Galante, A Son Altesse Royale Monseigneur Le Duc de Savoye, Prince de Piedmont, Roy de Chypre, &c. Par Monsieur Le Pays," was published "A Cologne, Chez Pierre Michel. M.DC.LXVI." It was translated into English as "*The Drudge: Or The Jealous Extravagant. A Piece of Gallantry*," London, 8vo, 1673. The Dedication to Buckhurst is signed J.B. (John Bulteel?) Zelotide was a lady who would have the whole world dote on her alone. When she went to the theatre "she would fain get *Celadon* from *Florimel*, or *Dauphine* from the Collegiate Ladies, and could not endure to hear *Romeo* compliment his *Juliet*." ("A la Comedie, elle eust voulu enlever Rodrigue à Chimène, et ne pouvoit se consoler d'entendre Cinna en conter à Emilie.") She is courted by a cavalier named Lycidas, who also shows some attention to the fair Cephise. In the course of the romance, at a marriage entertainment Lycidas retires to a bedchamber and falls asleep to be wakened by Zelotide, who "took her place very obligingly on the Bed-side next the Wall, and begun a very pleasant entertainment with the too happy Lycidas." However, when both parties were very well satisfied a third person enters the bed, none other than Cephise, who has slipped away from the company, and to whom in her turn Lycidas has to devote considerable attention. Zelotide dare not stir lest she be discovered, so that a pretty situation results. Thus Lycidas lies between his two mistresses, but as for Zelotide, "though she durst not let her Rival know her, and revenge her self upon the brisk Jilt for that injury she received; *Lycidas* must feel her fury, she scratched and bit him by the hand, Arm, and Face, and pulled him by the Hair, of her side, I mean, and in a word, where-ever her Teeth and Nails could reach, she clawed him, as though the Divel were in her, or as though the Divel were in him, and she were to draw

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blood of the Wizard." In the end, however, the two rival ladies are reconciled and rally one another very agreeably on the adventure.

As will be very plain, Dryden has merely borrowed the shadow of a hint from these little romances, incidents which in themselves scarcely original are surely to be esteemed the property of any dramatist who cares to use them.

THEATRICAL HISTORY

THE *Kind Keeper*; or, *Mr. Limberham* was produced at Dorset Garden in March, 1677-8, no doubt upon the 11th March when the King was present at this comedy. Whether there was indeed as Dryden tells us in the Epistle Dedicatory to the quarto, 1680, some noisy outbreak of puritanism, which the poet's enemies may well have engineered to advantage, or whether the satire upon some prominent person was too particular, it is difficult to know; but, however the case may be, *The Kind Keeper* "was permitted to be acted only thrice." We are the less able to guess at the truth as Dryden took care "that those things which offended on the Stage, might be either alter'd, or omitted in the Press," and therefore unhappily we possess but an emasculated script of this sparkling comedy.

Robert Gould in his jaundiced satire *The Play House*, "Writ in the year 1685," (*Poems*, 1689, pp. 155-185), takes occasion very sourly to gird at Dryden:

And we must do the *Laureat* justice too:
For *OEdipus* (of which, *Lee*, half is thine,
And there thy *Genius* does with Lustre shine)
Does raise our *Fear* and *Pity* too as high
As, almost, can be done in Tragedy.
His *all for love*, and most correct of all,
Of just and vast applause can never fail,
Never; but when his *Limberham* I name,
I hide my Head and almost blush with shame, }
To think the *Author* of both these same:
So bawdy it not only sham'd the Age,
But worse, was ev'n too nauseous for the Stage.
If Witty 'tis to be obscene and lewd,
We grant for Wit in some esteem it stood; }
But what is in it for *Instruction* good?
And that's one *end* for which our Bards shou'd write,
When they do that, 'tis then they hit the white;
For *Plays* shou'd as well *profit*, as *delight*.

The original cast of *The Kind Keeper* has not been preserved, but Genest is certainly right when he says: "Limberham was no doubt acted by Nokes and Aldo by Leigh; Woodall was probably acted by Smith."

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In Tom Brown's *Letter of News from Mr. Joseph Haines, of Merry Memory to his Friends at Will's Coffee-House*, December 21, 1701, Nokes is made to say: "For my part, I keep a nicknackatory, or toy-shop, as I formerly did over against the *Exchange*, and turn a sweet penny by it." In *A Satyr on the Players* allusion is made to the "Foreman" of Nokes' shop. Curll says that Nokes was a toyman in Cornhill. The circumstance of this actor having kept a shop seems alluded to in the Epilogue of *Mr. Limberham*, "Spoken by Limberham":

*Well, I ne're Acted Part in all my life,
But still I was fobb'd off with some such Wife:
I find the Trick: these Poets take no pity
Of one that is a Member of the City.
We Cheat you lawfully, and in our Trades,
You Cheat us basely with your Common Jades . . .
In all the Boys their Fathers Vertues shine,
But all the Female Fry turn Pugs like mine.
When these grow up, Lord with what Rampant Gadders
Our Counters will be throng'd, and Roads with Padders.*

To surmise which actors sustained the other parts, Brainsick, Mrs. Brainsick, Mrs. Tricksy, that ancient but frail precisian Mrs. Saintly, and the rest, would be mereſt hazard, a game in which personally I care not at all to indulge.

Although *The Kind Keeper* disappeared from the stage after so short a life, Mr. Limberham was still remembered, and when in D'Urfey's *Love for Money: or, The Boarding-School*, produced at Drury Lane in the autumn of 1690, Lady Addleplot taunted her over-worked if well paid lover with "If there be a Capon in Christendom I'll make thee one . . . you *Limberhams* Rascal you" the point was taken with loud laughter by the whole house.

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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
JOHN LORD VAUGHAN,
&c.

My Lord,

I CANNOT easily excuse the printing of a PLAY at so unseasonable a time, when the Great Plot of the Nation, like one of *Pharaoh's* lean Kine, has devour'd its younger Brethren of the Stage: But however weak my defence might be for this, I am sure I shou'd not need any to the World, for my Dedication to your Lordship; and if you can pardon my presumption in it, that a bad Poet should address himself to so great a Judge of Wit, I may hope at least to scape with the Excuse of *Catullus*, when he writ to *Cicero*:

*Gratias tibi Maximas Catullus
Agit, pessimus omnium Poeta;
Tanto pessimus omnium Poeta,
Quanto tu optimus omnium Patronus.*

I have seen a Epistle of *Fleckno's* to a Noble-man, who was by some extraordinary chance a Scholar; (and you may please to take notice by the way, how natural the connection of thought is betwixt a bad Poet and *Fleckno*) where he begins thus: *Quatuordecim jam elapsi sunt anni, &c.* his *Latin*, it seems, not holding out to the end of the Sentence; but he endeavour'd to tell his Patron, betwixt two Languages, which he understood alike, that it was 14 years since he had the happiness to know him; 'tis just so long, and as happy be the Omen of dulness to me, as it is to some Clergy-men, and States-men, since your Lordship has known that there is a worse Poet remaining in the world, than he of scandalous Memory who left it last. I might enlarge upon the Subject with my Author, and assure you, that I have serv'd as long for you, as one of the *Patriarchs* did for his Old Testament Mistress: But I leave those flourishes, when occasion shall serve, for a greater Orator to use, and dare only tell

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you, that I never pass'd any part of my life with greater satisfaction or improvement to my self, than those Years which I have liv'd in the Honour of your Lordship's Acquaintance. If I may have only the time abated when the Publick Service call'd you to another part of the World, which in imitation of our Florid Speakers, I might (if I durst presume upon the expression) call the *Parenthesis of my Life*.

That I have always honour'd you, I suppose I need not tell you at this time of day; for you know I staid not to date my respects to you from that Title which now you have, and to which you bring a greater addition by your Merit, than you receive from it by the Name; but I am proud to let others know, how long it is that I have been made happy by my knowledge of you, because I am sure it will give me a Reputation with the present Age, and with Posterity. And now, my Lord, I know you are afraid, lest I should take this occasion, which lies so fair for me, to acquaint the World with some of those Excellencies which I have admir'd in you; but I have reasonably consider'd, that to acquaint the World, is a Phrase of a malicious meaning: for it would imply, that the World were not already acquainted with them. You are so generally known to be above the meanness of my praises, that you have spar'd my Evidence, and spoil'd my Complement; should I take for my common places, your knowledge both of the old and the new *Philosophy*, should I add to these, your skill in *Mathematicks*, and *History*, and yet farther, your being conversant with all the Ancient Authors of the *Greek* and *Latine* Tongues, as well as with the *Modern*; I should tell nothing new to Mankind; for when I have once but nam'd you, the World will anticipate all my Commendations, and go faster before me than I can follow. Be therefore secure, my Lord, that your own Fame has freed it self from the danger of a *Panegyrique*, and only give me leave to tell you, that I value the Candour of your Nature, and that one Character of Friendliness, and if I may have leave to call it, kindness in you, before all those other which make you considerable in the Nation.

Some few of our Nobility are Learned, and therefore I will not conclude an absolute contradiction in the terms of Noble man and Scholar; but as the World goes now, 'tis very hard to predicate one upon the other; and 'tis yet more difficult to prove, that a Nobleman can be a Friend to Poetry: Were it not for two or three Instances in *WHITE-HALL*, and in the Town, the Poets of this Age would find so little encouragement for their labours, and so few Understanders, that they might have leisure to turn Pamphleteers, and augment the number of those abominable Scriblers, who in this

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time of License abuse the Press, almost every day, with Nonsense, and railing against the Government.

It remains, my Lord, that I should give you some account of this Comedy, which you have never seen, because it was written and acted in your absence, at your Government of *Jamaica*. 'Twas intended for an honest *Satyre* against our crying sin of *Keeping*; how it would have succeeded, I can but guess, for it was permitted to be acted only thrice. The Crime for which it suffer'd, was that which is objected against the *Satyres* of *Juvenal*, and the *Epigrams* of *Catullus*, that it express'd too much of the Vice which it decry'd: Your Lordship knows what Answer was return'd by the Elder of those Poets, whom I last mention'd, to his Accusers.

*Castum esse decet primum Poetam
Ipsam. Versiculos nihil necesse est:
Qui tum denique habent salem ac leporem
Si sint molliculi & parum pudici.*

But I dare not make that Apology for my self, and therefore have taken a becoming care, that those things which offended on the Stage, might be either alter'd, or omitted in the Press: For their Authority is, and shall be ever sacred to me, as much absent as present, and in all alterations of their Fortune, who for those Reasons have stopp'd its farther appearance on the *Theatre*. And whatsoever hindrance it has been to me, in point of profit, many of my Friends can bear me witness, that I have not once murmur'd against that Decree. The same Fortune once happen'd to *Moliere*, on the occasion of his *Tartuffe*; which notwithstanding afterwards has seen the light, in a Country more *Bigot* than ours, and is accounted amongst the best Pieces of that Poet. I will be bold enough to say, that this *Comedy* is of the first Rank of those which I have written, and that Posterity will be of my Opinion. It has nothing of particular *Satyre* in it: for whatsoever may have been pretended by some Criticks in the Town, I may safely and solemnly affirm, that no one Character has been drawn from any single man; and that I have known so many of the same humour, in every folly which is here expos'd, as may serve to warrant it from a particular Reflection. It was printed in my absence from the Town, this Summer, much against my expectation, otherwise I had over-look'd the Press, and been yet more careful, that neither my Friends should have had the least occasion of unkindness against me, nor my Enemies of upbraiding me; but if it live to a second Impression, I will faithfully perform what has been wanting in this. In the mean time, my Lord, I recommend it to your Protection, and beg I

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may keep still that place in your favour which I have hitherto enjoy'd; and which I shall reckon as one of the greatest Blessings which can befall,

My Lord,

Your Lordships most obedient,

faithful Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

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PROLOGUE

TTRUE *Wit* has seen its best days long ago,
It ne're look'd up, since we were dipt in Show:
When Sense in Dogrel Rhimes and Clouds was lost,
And Dulness flourished at the Actors cost.
Nor slept it here, when Tragedy was done,
Satyre and Humour the same Fate have run;
And Comedy is sunk to Trick and Pun.
Now our Machining Lumber will not sell,
And you no longer care for Heav'n or Hell;
What Stuff will please you next, the Lord can tell.
Let them, who the Rebellion first began,
To wit, restore the Monarch if they can;
Our Author dares not be the first bold Man.
He, like the prudent Citizen takes care,
To keep for better Marts his Staple Ware,
His Toys are good enough for Sturbridge Fair.
Tricks were the Fashion; if it now be spent,
'Tis time enough at Easter to invent;
No Man will make up a new Suit for Lent:
If now and then he takes a small pretence
To forrage for a little Wit and Sense,
Pray pardon him, he means you no offence.
Next Summer Nostradamus tells, they say,
That all the Criticks shall be shipt away,
And not enow be left to damn a Play.
To every Sayl beside, good Heav'n be kind;
But drive away that Swarm with such a Wind,
That not one Locust may be left behind.

PERSONÆ DRAMATIS

1. **A***ldo*, an honest, good-natur'd, free-hearted old Gentleman of the Town.
2. *Woodall*, his Son, under a false Name; bred abroad, and new return'd from Travel.
3. *Limberham*, a tame, foolish Keeper, perswaded by what is last said to him, and changing next word.
4. *Brainsick*, a Husband, who being well conceited of himself, despises his Wife: Vehement and Eloquent, as he thinks; but indeed a talker of Nonsense.
5. *Gervase*, *Woodall*'s Man: formal, and apt to give good counsel.
6. *Giles*, *Woodall*'s cast Servant.
7. Mrs. *Saintly*, an Hypocritical Fanatick, Landlady of the Boarding-House.
8. Mrs. *Tricksy*, a Termagant kept Mistress.
9. Mrs. *Pleasance*, suppos'd Daughter to Mrs. *Saintly*: spiteful and Satyrical; but secretly in Love with *Woodall*.
10. Mrs. *Brainsick*.
11. *Judith*, a Maid of the House.

SCENE, *A Boarding-House in Town.*

LIMBERHAM

OR, THE Kind Keeper

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open Garden-House; a Table in it, and Chairs.

Enter Woodall, Gervase.

Woodall. **B**ID the Foot-man receive the Trunks, and Pormantu; and see 'em plac'd in the Lodgings you have taken for me, while I walk a Turn here in the Garden.

Gervase. 'Tis already order'd, Sir: But they are like to stay in the outer Room, till the Mistress of the House return from Morning Exercise.

Wood. What, she's gone to the Parish Church, it seems, to her Devotions.

Ger. No, Sir; the Servants have inform'd me, that she rises every Morning, and goes to a private Meeting house; where they pray for the Government, and practice against the Authority of it.

Wood. And hast thou trepan'd me into a Tabernacle of the Godly? Is this Pious Boarding-house a place for me, thou wicked Varlet?

Ger. According to humane appearance, I must confess, 'tis neither fit for you, nor you for it; but, have patience, Sir, matters are not so bad as they may seem: there are pious Baudy-houses in the World, or Conventicles wou'd not be so much frequented: Neither is it impossible, but a Devout Fanatick-Landlady of a Boarding-House may be a Baud.

Wood. I, to those of her own Church, I grant you, *Gervase*; but I am none of those.

Ger. If I were worthy to read you a Lecture in the Mystery of Wickedness, I wou'd instruct you first in the *Art of Seeming Holiness*: but, Heav'n be thank'd, you have a toward and pregnant Genius to Vice, and need not any man's Instruction; and I am too good, I thank my Stars, for the vile employment of a Pimp.

Wood. Then thou art e'en too good for me; a worse Man will serve my turn.

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Ger. I call your Conscience to witness how often I have given you wholsom counsel; how often I have said to you, with tears in myeyes, Master, or Master *Aldo*——

Wood. Mr. *Woodall*, you Roguel that's my *nom de guerre*: You know I have laid by *Aldo*, for fear that name shou'd bring me to the notice of my Father.

Ger. Cry you mercy, good Mr. *Woodall*. How often have I said, Into what courses do you run! Your Father sent you into *France*, at twelve year old, bred you up at *Paris*; first, in a College, and then at an *Academy*: At the first, instead of running through a course of Philosophy, you ran through all the Baudy-houses in Town: At the latter, instead of managing the Great Horse, you exercis'd on your Master's Wife. What you did in *Germany*, I know not; but that you beat 'em all at their own Weapon, *Drinking*, and have brought home a Goblet of Plate from *Munster*, for the Prize of swallowing a Gallon of *Rhenish* more than the *Bishop*.

Wood. *Gervase* thou shalt be my Chronicler, thou losest none of my Heroick Actions.

Ger. What a comfort are you like to prove to your good Old Father! You have run a Campaigning among the *French* these last three Years, without his leave; and, now he sends for you back, to settle you in the World, and marry you to the Heiress of a rich Gentleman, of whom he had the Guardianship, yet you do not make your Application to him.

Wood. Prithee, no more.

Ger. You are come over, have been in Town above a Week *Incognito*, haunting Play-houses, and other places, which for Modesty I name not; and have chang'd your name from *Aldo*, to *Woodall*, for fear of being discover'd to him: you have not so much as inquir'd where he is lodg'd, though you know he is most commonly in *London*: And lastly, you have discharg'd my honest Fellow-servant *Giles*, because——

Wood. Because he was too saucy, and was ever offering to give me counsel: mark that, and tremble at his Destiny.

Ger. I know the reason why I am kept: because you cannot be discover'd by my means; for you took me up in *France*, and your Father knows me not.

Wood. I must have a Ramble in the Town: when I have spent my Money, I will grow dutiful; see my Father, and ask for more. In the mean time, I have beheld a handsom Woman at a Play, I am fall'n in love with her, and have found her easie: thou, I thank thee, hast trac'd her to her Lodging in this Boarding-house, and hither I am come to accomplish my design.

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Ger. Well, Heav'n mend all. I hear our Landlady's voice [*Noise.*] without; and therefore shall defer my counsel to a fitter season.

Wood. Not a syllable of counsel: the next Grave Sentence, thou marchest after *Giles Woodall's* my name: remember that.

Enter Mrs. Saintly.

Is this the Lady of the House?

Ger. Yes, Mr. *Woodall*, for want of a better, as she will tell you.

Wood. She has a notable Smack with her! I believe Zeal first taught the Art of Kissing close. [*Saluting her.*]

Saintly. You're welcom, Gentleman. *Woodall* is your name?

Wood. I call my self so.

Saint. You look like a sober discreet Gentleman; there is Grace in your Countenance.

Wood. Some sprinklings of it, Madam: we must not boast.

Saint. Verily, boasting is of an evil Principle.

Wood. Faith, Madam,——

Saint. No swearing, I beseech you. Of what Church are you?

Wood. Why, of *Covent-Garden* Church, I think.

Ger. How lewdly and ignorantly he answers! [*Aside.*]
She means, of what Religion are you?

Wood. O, does she so?——Why, I am of your Religion, be it what it will, I warrant it a right one: I'll not stand with you for a trifle; *Presbyterian, Independant, Anabaptist*, they are all of 'em too good for us, unless we had the grace to follow 'em.

Saint. I see you are ignorant; but verily, you are a new Vessel, and I may season you. I hope you do not use the Parish-Church.

Wood. Faith, Madam——(Cry you mercy; I forgot again!) I have been in *England* but five days.

Saint. I find a certain motion within me to this young man, and must secure him to my self, e're he see my Lodgers. [*Aside.*]
O, seriously, I had forgotten; your Trunk and Portmantu are standing in the Hall: your Lodgings are ready, and your Man may place 'em, if he please, while you and I confer together.

Wood. Go, *Gervase*, and do as you are directed. [*Exit Ger.*]

Saint. In the first place, you must know, we are a Company of our selves, and expect you shou'd live conformably and lovingly amongst us.

Wood. There you have hit me. I am the most loving Soul, and shall be conformable to all of you.

Saint. And to me especially. Then, I hope, you're no keeper of late hours.

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Wood. No, no, my hours are very early; betwixt three and four in the morning, commonly.

Saint. That must be amended: But to remedy the inconvenience, I will myself sit up for you. I hope, you wou'd not offer violence to me?

Wood. I think I shou'd not, if I were sober.

Saint. Then, if you were overtaken, and shou'd offer violence, and I consent not, you may do your filthy part, and I am blameless.

Wood. [*Aside.*] I think the Devil's in her; she has given me the hint again. Well, it shall go hard, but I will offer violence sometimes; will that content you?

Saint. I have a Cup of Cordial-Water in my Closet, which will help to strengthen Nature, and to carry off a Debauch: I do not invite you thither; but the House will be safe a Bed, and Scandal will be avoided.

Wood. Hang Scandal; I am above it, at those times.

Saint. But Scandal is the greatest part of the offence; you must be secret. And I must warn you of another thing; there are, besides myself, two more young Women in my House.

Wood. [*Aside.*] That, besides her self, is a cooling Card. Pray, how young are they?

Saint. About my Age: some eighteen, or twenty, or thereabouts.

Wood. Oh, very good! Two more young Women besides yourself, and both handsom?

Saint. No, verily, they are painted out-sides; you must not cast your eyes upon 'em, nor listen to their Conversation: you are already chosen for a better work.

Wood. I warrant you, let me alone: I am chosen, I.

Saint. They are a couple of alluring wanton Minxes.

Wood. Are they very alluring, say you? very wanton?

Saint. You appear exalted, when I mention those Pit-falls of Iniquity.

Wood. Who, I exalted? Good faith, I am as sober, a melancholy poor Soul!—

Saint. I see this abominable sin of Swearing is rooted in you. Tear it out, oh tear it out; it will destroy your precious Soul.

Wood. I find we two shall scarce agree: I must not come to your Closet when I have got a Bottle; for, at such a time, I am horribly given to it.

Saint. Verily, a little Swearing may be then allowable: you may swear you love me, 'tis a lawful Oath; but then, you must not look on Harlots.

Wood. I must wheedle her, and whet my courage first on her: as

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a good Musician always preludes before a Tune. Come, here's my first Oath. [Embracing her.]

Enter Aldo.

Aldo. How now, Mrs. *Saintly*! what work have we here towards?

Wood. [Aside.] *Aldo*, my own natural Father, as I live! I remember the Lines of that hide-bound face: Does he lodge here? if he shou'd know me, I am ruin'd.

Saint. Curse on his coming! he has disturb'd us. [Aside.]
Well, young Gentleman, I shall take a time to instruct you better.

Wood. You shall find me an apt Scholar.

Saint. I must go abroad, upon some business; but remember your promise, to carry your self soberly, and without scandal in my Family; and so I leave you to this Gentleman, who is a Member of it. [Ex. Saintly.]

Aldo. [Aside.] Before *George*, a proper fellow! and a Swinger he shou'd be, by his make! the Rogue wou'd bumble a Whore, I warrant him! You are welcome, Sir, amongst us;——most heartily welcome, as I may say.

Wood. All's well: he knows me not. Sir, your civility is obliging to a Stranger, and may befriend me, in the acquaintance of our fellow-Lodgers.

Aldo. Hold there you, Sir: I must first understand you a little better; and yet, methinks, you shou'd be true to love.

Wood. Drinking, and Wenching, are but slips of Youth: I had those good qualities from my Father.

Aldo. Thou, Boy! Aha, Boy! a true *Trojan*, I warrant thee! [Hugging him.] Well, I say no more; but you are lighted into such a Family, such food for concupiscence, such *Bona-Roba's*!

Wood. One I know indeed; a Wife: but *Bona Roba's* say you.

Aldo. I say, *Bona Roba's*, in the Plural Number.

Wood. Why, what a *Turk Mahomet* shall I be! No, I will not make my self drunk, with the conceit of so much joy: the Fortunes too great for mortal man; and I a poor unworthy sinner.

Aldo. Wou'd I lye to my Friend? Am I a Man? am I a Christian? there is that Wife you mention'd, a delicate little wheedling Devil, with such an appearance of simplicity; and with that, she does undermine, so fool her conceited Husband, that he despises her!

Wood. Just ripe for horns: his destiny, like a *Turks*, is written in his forehead.

Aldo. Peace, peace; thou art yet ordain'd for greater things. There's another too, a kept Mistress, a brave strapping Jade, a two-handed Whore!

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Wood. A kept Mistress too! my bowels yearn to her already: She's certain prize.

Aldo. But this Lady is so Termagant an Empress! and he so submissive, so tame, so led a Keeper, and as proud of his Slavery, as a French-man: I am confident he dares not find her false, for fear of a quarrel with her; because he is sure to be at the charges of the War; She knows he cannot live without her, and therefore seeks occasions of falling out to make him purchase peace. I believe she's now aiming at a settlement.

Wood. Might not I ask you one civil question? How pass you your time in this Noble Family? for I find you are a Lover of the Game, and shou'd be loth to hunt in your Purlieus.

Aldo. I must first tell you something of my condition: I am here a Friend to all of 'em; I am their *Fac totum*, do all their business; for, not to boast, Sir, I am a man of general acquaintance: there's no News in Town, either Foreign or Domestick, but I have it first; no Mortgage of Lands, no sale of Houses, but I have a finger in 'em.

Wood. Then, I suppose, you are a gainer by your pains.

Aldo. No, I do all *gratis*, and am most commonly a loser; only a Buck sometimes from this good Lord, or that good Lady in the Country: and I eat it not alone, I must have company.

Wood. Pray, what company do you invite?

Aldo. Peace, peace, I am coming to you: Why, you must know I am tender-natur'd; and if any unhappy difference have arisen betwixt a Mistress and her Gallant, then I strike in to do good offices betwixt 'em; and, at my own proper charges, conclude the quarrel with a reconciling Supper.

Wood. I find the Ladies of Peasure are beholden to you.

Aldo. Before *George*, I love the poor little Devils. I am indeed a Father to 'em, and so they call me: I give 'em my Counsel, and assist 'em with my Purse. I cannot see a pretty Sinner hurry'd to Prison by the Land-Pyrats, but Nature works, and I must Bail her: or want a Supper, but I have a couple of cram'd Chickens, a Cream Tart, and a Bottle of Wine to offer her.

Wood. Sure you expect some kindness in return.

Aldo. Faith, not much: Nature in me is at low water-mark; my Body's a Jade, and tires under me, yet I love to smuggle still in a Corner; pat 'em down, and pur over 'em; but after that I can do 'em little harm.

Wood. Then I'm acquainted with your business: you wou'd be a kind of Deputy-Fumbler under me.

Aldo. You have me right. Be you the *Lyon*, to devour the Prey, I

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am your *Jack-Call* to provide it for you: there will be a Bone for me to pick.

Wood. Your Humility becomes your Age. For my part, I am vigorous, and throw at all.

Aldo. As right as if I had begot thee! Wilt thou give me leave to call thee Son?

Wood. With all my heart.³

Aldo. Ha, mad Son!

Wood. Mad Daddy!

Aldo. Your man told me, you were just return'd from Travel: what Parts have you last visited?

Wood. I came from *France*.

Aldo. Then, perhaps, you may have known an ungracious Boy of mine there.

Wood. Like enough: pray, what's his name?

Aldo. *George Aldo*.

Wood. I must confess I do know the Gentleman; satisfy your self, he's in health, and upon his return.

Aldo. That's some comfort: But, I hear, a very Rogue, a lewd young Fellow.

Wood. The worst I know of him is, that he loves a Wench; and that good quality he has not stoln.

Musick at the Balcony over head: Mrs. Tricksy and Judith appear.
Hark! there's Musick above.

Aldo. 'Tis at my Daughter *Tricksy's* Lodging, the kept Mistress I told you of, the Lass of Mettle: but for all she carries it so high, I know her Pedigree; her Mother's a Semstress in *Dog and Butch-Yard*, and was, in her Youth, as right as she is.

Wood. Then she's a two-pil'd Punk, a Punk of two Descents.

Aldo. And her Father, the famous Cobler, who taught *Walsingham* to the Blackbirds. How stand thy affections to her, thou lusty Rogue?

Wood. All o'fire: a most urging Creature!

Aldo. Peace! they are beginning.

A SONG.

I.

'*G*ainst Keepers we petition,
Who wou'd inclose the Common:
'Tis enough to raise Sedition
In the free-born subject Woman.
Because for his gold

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*I my body have sold,
He thinks I'm a Slave for my life;
He rants, domineers,
He swaggers and swears,
And wou'd keep me as bare as his Wife.*

2.

*'Gainst Keepers we Petition, &c.
'Tis honest and fair,
That a Feast I prepare;
But when his dull appetite's o're,
I'll treat with the rest,
Some welcomer Ghest,
For the Reck'ning was paid me before.*

Wood. A Song against Keepers! this makes well for us lusty Lovers.

Tricksy. [*Above.*] Father, Father *Aldo*!

Aldo. Daughter *Tricksy*, are you there Child? your Friends at *Barnet* are all well, and your dear Master *Limberham*, that Noble *Hephestion*, is returning with 'em.

Trick. And you are come upon the Spur before, to acquaint me with the news.

Aldo. Well, thou art the happiest Rogue in a kind Keeper! He drank thy health five times, *supernaculum*, to my Son *Brain-sick*; and dipt my Daughter *Pleasance*'s little finger, to make it go down more glibly: And, before *George*, I grew tory rory, as they say, and strain'd a Brimmer through the Lilly-white Smock, i'faith.

Trick. You will never leave these fumbling Tricks, Father, till you are taken upon suspicion of Manhood, and have a Bastard laid at your Door: I am sure you wou'd own it for your Credit.

Aldo. Before *George*, I shou'd not see it starve for the Mother's sake: for, if she were a Punk, she was good-natur'd, I warrant her.

Wood. [*Aside.*] Well, if ever Son was bless'd with a hopeful Father, I am.

Trick. Who's that Gentleman with you?

Aldo. A young *Monsieur* return'd from travel; a lusty young Rogue; a true-mill'd Whore-master, with the right Stamp. He's a Fellow-lodger, incorporate in our Society: for whose sake he came hither, let him tell you.

Wood. [*Aside.*] Are you gloting already? then there's hopes, i'faith.

Trick. You seem to know him, Father.

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Aldo. Know him! from his Cradle——What's your name?

Wood. *Woodall.*

Aldo. *Woodall* of *Woodall*; I knew his Father: we were Contemporaries, and Fellow-Wenchers in our Youth.

Wood. *Aside.* My honest Father stumbles into truth, in spite of lying.

Trick. I was just coming down to the Garden-house before you came.

Aldo. I'm sorry I cannot stay to present my Son *Woodall* to you; but I have set you together, that's enough for me. *[Exit.*

Wood. *[Alone.]* 'Twas my study to avoid my Father, and I have run full into his mouth; and yet I have a strong hank upon him too, for I am private to as many of his Vertues, as he is of mine. After all, if I had an ounce of discretion left, I shou'd pursue this business no farther: but two fine Women in a House! Well, 'tis resolv'd, come what will on't, thou art answerable for all my sins, old *Aldo.*——

Enter Tricksy with a Box of Essences.

Here she comes, this Heir-apparent of a Semstress, and a Cobler! and yet, as she's adorn'd, she looks like any Princess of the Blood.

[Salutes her.]

Trick. *[Aside.]* What a difference there is between this Gentleman, and my feeble Keeper, Mr. *Limberham*! He's to my wish, if he wou'd but make the least advances to me. Father *Aldo* tells me, Sir, you're a Traveller: what Adventures have you had in Foreign Countries?

Wood. I have no Adventures of my own can deserve your Curiosity; but, now I think on't, I can tell you one that hapned to a *French Cavalier*, a Friend of mine, at *Tripoli*.

Trick. No Wars, I beseech you: I am so weary of Father *Aldo*'s *Lorrain* and *Creguy*.

Wood. Then this is as you wou'd desire it, a Love-Adventure. This *French Gentleman* was made a Slave to the *Dye* of *Tripoli*; by his good qualities gain'd his Master's favour; and after, by corrupting an *Eunuch*, was brought into the *Seraglio* privately, to see the *Dye*'s Mistress.

Trick. This is somewhat; proceed, sweet Sir.

Wood. He was so much amaz'd, when he first beheld her, leaning over a *Balcone*, that he scarcely dar'd to lift his eyes, or speak to her.

Trick. *[Aside.]* I find him now. But what follow'd of this dumb Interview?

Wood. The *Nymph* was gracious, and came down to him; but

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with so Goddess-like a presence, that the poor Gentleman was Thunder-struck again.

Trick. That savour'd little of the *Monsieurs* Gallantry, especially when the Lady gave him encouragement.

Wood. The Gentleman was not so dull, but he understood the favour, and was presuming enough to try if she were Mortal: He advanc'd with more assurance, and took her fair hands: Was he not too bold, Madam? and wou'd not you have drawn back yours, had you been in the *Sultana's* place?

Trick. If the *Sultana* lik'd him well enough to come down into the Garden to him, I suppose she came not thither to gather Nosegays.

Wood. Give me leave, Madam, to thank you, in my Friends behalf, for your favourable judgment. [Kisses her hand.

He kiss'd her hand with an exceeding Transport; and finding that she prest his at the same instant, he proceeded with a greater eagerness to her lips: But, Madam, the Story wou'd be without life, unless you give me leave to act the Circumstances. [Kisses her.

Trick. Well, I'll swear you are the most Natural Historian!

Wood. But now, Madam, my heart beats with joy, when I come to tell you the sweetest part of his Adventure: Opportunity was favourable, and Love was on his side; he told her, the Chamber was more private, and a fitter Scene for Pleasure. Then, looking on her Eyes, he found 'em languishing; he saw her Cheeks blushing, and heard her Voice faulting in a half denial: he seiz'd her hand with an Amorous Extasie, and—— [Takes her hand.

Trick. Hold, Sir, you act your Part too far. Your Friend was unconscionable, if he desir'd more favours at the first Interview.

Wood. He both desir'd, and obtain'd 'em, Madam, and so will——

[Noise.] *Trick.* Heav'ns! I hear Mr. *Limberham's* voice: he's return'd from *Barnet*.

Wood. I'll avoid him.

Trick. That's impossible; he'll meet you. Let me think a moment: Mrs. *Saintly* is abroad, and cannot discover you: Have any of the Servants seen you?

Wood. None.

* *Trick.* Then you shall pass for my *Italian* Merchant of Essences: Here's a little Box of 'em just ready.

Wood. But I speak no *Italian*, only a few broken scraps which I pick'd up from *Scaramouch* and *Harlequin* at *Paris*.

Trick. You must venture that: when we are rid of *Limberham*, 'tis but slipping into your Chamber, throwing off your black Periwig, and Riding Sute, and you come out an *English-man*. No more; he's here.

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Enter Limberham.

Limberham. Why, how now, *Pug*? Nay, I must lay you over the Lips, to take handsel of 'em, for my welcom.

Trick. [*Putting him back.*] Foh! how you smell of Sweat, Dear!

Lim. I have put my self into this same unsavoury heat, out of my violent affection to see thee, *Pug*, before *George*, as Father *Aldo* says; I cou'd not live without thee; thou art the purest Bed-fellow, though I say it, that I did nothing but dream of thee all night; and then I was so troublesome to Father *Aldo* (for you must know, he and I were lodg'd together) that, in my Conscience, I did so kiss him, and so hug him in my sleep!

Trick. I dare be sworn 'twas in your sleep; for, when you are waking, you are the most honest, quiet Bed-fellow, that ever lay by woman.

Lim. Well, *Pug*, all shall be amended; I am come home on purpose to pay old Debts. But who is that same Fellow there? what makes he in our Territories?

Trick. You Auph you, do you not perceive it is the *Italian* Seignior, who is come to sell me Essences?

Lim. Is this the Seignior? I warrant you, 'tis he the *Lampoon* was made on. [*Sings the Tune of Seignior, and ends with Ho, ho.*]

Trick. Prithree leave thy foppery, that we may have done with him. He asks an unreasonable price, and we cannot agree. Here, Seignior, take your Trinkets and be gone.

Wood [*taking the Box*] *A Dio, Seigniora.*

Lim. Hold, pray stay a little, Seignior; a thing is come into my head o'th' sudden.

Trick. What wou'd you have, you eternal Sot? the Man's in haste.

Lim. But why shou'd you be in your Frumps, *Pug*, when I design only to oblige you? I must present you with this Box of Essences; nothing can be too dear for thee.

Trick. Pray let him go, he understands no *English*.

Lim. Then how cou'd you drive a Bargain with him, *Pug*?

Trick. Why, by Signs, you Coxcomb.

Lim. Very good! Then I'll first pull him by the Sleeve, that's a Sign to stay. Look you, Mr. *Seignior*, I wou'd make a Present of your Essences to this Lady; for I find I cannot speak too plain to you, because you understand no *English*. Be not you refractory now, but take ready Money: that's a Rule.

Wood. *Seignioro, non intendo Inglese.*

Lim. This is a very dull Fellow! he says, he does not intend *English*. How much shall I offer him, *Pug*?

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Trick. If you will present me, I have bidden him ten Guineys.

Lim. And, before *George*, you bid him fair. Look you, Mr. *Seignior*, I will give you all these: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10. Do you see, *Seignior*?

Wood. *Seignior, Si.*

Lim. Lo'you there, *Pug*, he does see. Here, will you take me at my word?

Wood. [*Shrugging up.*] *Troppo poco, troppo poco.*

Lim. *A poco, a poco!* why, a Pox o'you too, and you go to that. Stay, now I think on't, I can tickle him up with *French*; he'll understand that sure. *Mounsieur, voulez vous prendre ces dix Guinnees, pour ces Essences? mon foy c'est assez.*

Wood. *Chi vala, Amici: ho di Casa! Taratapa, Taratapa, eus, matou, meau!*—[*To her.*] I am at the end of my *Italian*, what will become of me?

Trick. [*To him.*] Speak any thing, and make it pass for *Italian*; but be sure you take his Money.

Wood. *Seignior, jo non canno takare ten Guinneo, possibilmentè; 'tis to my losso.*

Lim. That is, *Pug*, he cannot possibly take ten Guineys, 'tis to his loss: now I understand him; this is almost *English*.

Trick. *English!* away, you Fop! 'tis a kind of *Lingua Franca*, as I have heard the Merchants call it; a certain compound Language, made up of all Tongues, that passes through the *Levant*.

Lim. This *Lingua*, what you call it, is the most rarest Language, I understand it as well as if it were *English*; you shall see me answer him: *Seignioro, stay a littlo, and consider wello, ten Guinnio is monyo, a very considerable summo.*

Trick. Come, you shall make it twelve, and he shall take it for my sake.

Lim. Then, *Seignioro*, for *Pugsakio*, addo two moro: je vous donne bon advise: *prenez vistement: prenez me a mon mot.*

Wood. *Jo losero molto: ma per guadagnare il vestro costume, datemi hansello.*

Lim. There is both *hansello* and *Guinnio*; *tako, tako*; and so Good-morrow.

Trick. Good-morrow, *Seignior*, I like your Spirits very well; pray let me have all your Essence you can spare.

Lim. Come, *Puggio*, and let us retire in *secreto*, like Lovers, into our *Chambro*; for I grow *impatiento*.—*Bon Matin, Mounsieur, bon Matin & bon jour.* [*Exeunt Liberham, Tricksy.*]

Wood. Well, get thee gone, Squire *Limberhamo*, for the easiest Fool I ever knew, next my Naunt of Fairies in the *Alchemist*. I have

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escap'd, thanks to my Mistresses *Lingua Franca*: I'll steal to my Chamber, shift my Periwig, and Cloaths; and then, with the help of resty *Gervase*, concert the business of the next Campaign. My Father sticks in my Stomach still; but I am resolv'd to be *Woodall* with him, and *Aldo* with the Women. [Exit.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Woodall, Gervase.

Wood. **H**itherto, sweet *Gervase*, we have carry'd matters swimmingly: I have danc'd in a Net before my Father, almost Check-mated the Keeper, retir'd to my Chamber undiscover'd, shifted my Habit, and am come out an absolute *Monsieur* to allure the Ladies. How sits my *Chedreux*?

Ger. O very finely! with the Locks comb'd down, like a *Mare-maid*s, on a Sign-Post. Well, you think now your Father may live in the same House with you till *Dooms-day*, and never find you; or when he has found you, he will be kind enough not to consider what a Property you have made of him. My Employment is at an end; you have got a better Pimp, thanks to your Filial Reverence.

Wood. Prithee what shou'd a man do with such a Father, but use him thus? Besides, he does Journey-work under me; 'tis his humour to fumble, and my duty to provide for his old age.

Ger. Take my advice yet; down o'your Marrow-bones, and ask forgiveness; Espouse the Wife he has provided for you; lie by the side of a wholesom Woman, and procreate your own Progeny in the fear of Heaven.

Wood. I have no vocation to it, *Gervase*: A man of Sense is not made for Marriage; 'tis a Game, which none but dull plodding Fellows can play at well; and 'tis as natural to them, as *Crimp* is to a *Dutch-man*.

Ger. Think on't however, Sir; Debauchery is upon its last Legs in *England*: witty men began the Fashion; and, now the Fops are got into't, 'tis time to leave it.

Enter Aldo.

Aldo. Son *Woodall*, thou vigorous young Rogue, I congratulate thy good Fortune; thy Man has told me the Adventure of the *Italian Merchant*.

Wood. Well, they are now retir'd together, like *Rinaldo* and

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Armida, to private dalliance; but we shall find a time to separate their loves, and strike in betwixt 'em, Daddy: But I hear there's another Lady in the House, my Landladies fair Daughter; how came you to leave her out of your Catalogue?

Aldo. She's pretty, I confess, but most damnably honest; have a care of her, I warn you, for she's prying and malicious.

Wood. A tang of the Mother; but I love to graff on such a Crab-tree; she may bear good fruit another year.

Aldo. No, no, avoid her: I warrant thee, young *Alexander*, I will provide thee more Worlds to conquer.

Ger. [*Aside*.] My old Master wou'd fain pass for *Philip of Macedon*, when he is little better than Sir *Pandarus of Troy*.

Wood. If you get this Keeper out of doors, Father, and give me but an opportunity——

Aldo. Trust my diligence; I will smoak him out, as they do Bees, but I will make him leave his Honey-comb.

Ger. [*Aside*.] If I had a thousand Sons, none of the Race of the *Gervases* shou'd ever be educated by thee, thou vile old Satan.

Aldo. Away, Boy, fix thy Arms, and whet, like the lusty *German* Boys, before a Charge: he shall bolt immediately.

Wood. O, fear not the vigorous five and twenty.

Aldo. Hold, a word first: Thou said'st my Son was shortly to come over.

Wood. So he told me.

Aldo. Thou art my Bosom Friend.

Ger. [*Aside*.] Of an hours acquaintance.

Ald. Be sure thou dost not discover my frailties to the young Scoundrel: 'twere enough to make the Boy my Master. I must keep up the Dignity of old Age with him.

Wood. Keep but your own counsel, Father; for what ever he knows, must come from you.

Ald. The truth on't is, I sent for him over; partly to have marri'd him, and partly because his villanous Bills came so thick upon me, that I grew weary of the charge.

Ger. He spar'd for nothing; he laid it on, Sir, as I have heard.

Wood. Peace, you lying Rogue, believe me, Sir, bating his necessary expences of Women, which I know you wou'd not have him want: in all things else, he was the best manager of your allowance; and, tho I say it,——

Ger. [*Aside*.] That shou'd not say it.

Wood. The most hopeful young Gentleman in *Paris*.

Ald. Report speaks otherwise. And, before *George*, I shall read him a Wormwood Lecture, when I see him. But hark, I hear the

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door unlock; the Lovers are coming out: I'll stay here, to wheedle him abroad; but you must vanish.

Wood. Like Night and the Moon, in the Maids Tragedy: I into Myst; you into Day. [Ex. Wood. Gerv.]

Enter Limberham and Tricksy.

Limb. Nay, but dear sweet honey *Pug*, forgive me but this once: it may be any man's case, when his desires are too vehement.

Trick. Let me alone; I care not.

Limb. But then thou wilt not love me, *Pug*.

Ald. How now Son *Limberham*? there's no quarrel towards, I hope!

Trick. You had best tell now, and make your self ridiculous!

Limb. She's in Passion: Pray do you moderate this matter, Father *Aldo*.

Trick. Father *Aldo*! I wonder you are not ashamed to call him so! you may be his Father, if the truth were known.

Ald. Before *George*, I smell a Rat, Son *Limberham*: I doubt, I doubt here has been some great omission in Love affairs.

Limb. I think all the Stars in Heav'n have conspired my ruin. I'll look in my Almanack—— As I hope for mercy 'tis cross day now.

Trick. Hang your pitiful excuses. 'Tis well known what offers I have had, and what fortunes I might have made with others, like a fool as I was, to throw away my youth and Beauty upon you. I could have had a young handsome Lord, that offer'd me my Coach and six; besides many a good Knight and Gentleman, that wou'd have parted with their own Ladies, and have settled half they had upon me.

Limb. I, you said so.

Trick. I said so, Sir! who am I? is not my word as good as yours?

Limb. As mine, Gentlewoman? tho I say it, my word will go for thousands.

Trick. The more shame for you, that you have done no more for me: But I am resolv'd I'll not lose my time with you; I'll part.

Limb. Do, who cares? Go to Dog and Bitch yard, and help your Mother to make Footmens Shirts.

Trick. I defy you, Slanderer, I defy you.

Ald. Nay, dear Daughter!

Limb. I defy her too.

Ald. Nay, good Son!

Trick. Let me alone: I'll have him cudgel'd, by my Footman.

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Enter Saintly.

Saint. Bless us! what's here to do? My Neighbours will think I keep a Nest of unclean Birds here.

Limb. You had best preach now, and make her house be thought a Baudy-house!

Trick. No, no: while you are in't, you'll secure it from that scandal. Hark hither, Mrs. *Saintly*. [Whispers.]

Limb. Do, tell, tell, no matter for that.

Saint. Who wou'd have imagin'd you had been such a kind of man, Mr. *Limberham*! O Heav'n, O Heav'n. [Ex.]

Limb. So, Now you have spit your Venom, and the Storm's over.

Aldo. [crying.] That I shou'd ever live to see this day!

Trick. To show I can live honest, in spite of all mankind, I'll go into a Nunnery, and that's my resolution.

Limb. Don't hinder her, good Father *Aldo*; I'm sure she'll come back from *France*, before she gets half way o're to *Calais*.

Aldo. Nay, but Son *Limberham*, this must not be: a word in private. You'll never get such another Woman, for Love nor Money. Do but look upon her; she's a Mistress for an Emperor.

Limb. Let her be a Mistress for a Pope, like a Whore of *Babylon*, as she is.

Ald. Wou'd I were worthy to be a young man, for her sake: she shou'd eat Pearl, if she wou'd have 'em.

Limb. She can digest 'em, and Gold too. Let me tell you Father *Aldo*, she has the Stomach of an Estrich.

Aldo. Daughter *Tricksy*, a word with you.

Trick. I'll hear nothing: I am for a Nunnery.

Ald. I never saw a Woman, before you, but first or last she wou'd be brought to Reason. Hark you Child, you'll scarcely find so kind a keeper: What if he has some impediment one way? every body is not a *Hercules*. You shall have my Son *Woodal*, to supply his wants; but as long as he maintains you, be rul'd by him that bears the purse.

Limb. Singing.

*I my own Jaylour was; my only Foe,
Who did my liberty forego;
I was a Pris'ner, 'cause I wou'd be so.*

Ald. Why, look you now, Son *Limberham*, is this a Song to be sung at such a time, when I am labouring your reconciliation? Come, Daughter *Tricksy*, you must be rul'd; I'll be the Peace-maker.

Trick. No, I'm just going.

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Lim. The Devil take me if I call you back.

Trick. And his Dam take me, if I return, except you do.

Ald. So, now you'll part, for a meer Punctilio! Turn to him, Daughter: speak to her, Son. Why shou'd you be so refractory both, to bring my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave?

Lim. I'll not be forsworn, I swore first.

Trick. Thou art a forsworn man however; for thou swor'st to love me eternally.

Lim. Yes, I was such a fool, to swear so.

Ald. And will you have that dreadful oath ly gnawing on your Conscience?

Trick. Let him be damn'd; and so farewell for ever. [Going.

Lim. Pug!

Trick. Did you call, Mr. *Limberham*.

Lim. It may be, I; it may be, No.

Trick. Well, I am going to the Nunnery: but to show I am in charity, I'll pray for you.

Ald. Pray for him! fy, Daughter, fy; is that an answer for a Christian.

Lim. What did *Pug* say? will she pray for me? Well, to show I am in Charity, she shall not pray for me. Come back, *Pug*. But did I ever think thou cou'd'st have been so unkind to have parted with me. [Cries.

Ald. Look you, Daughter, see how nature works in him!

Lim. I'll settle two hundred a year upon thee, because thou said'st thou wou'd'st pray for me.

Ald. Before *George*, Son *Limberham*, you'll spoil all, if you underbid so. Come, down with your dust, man: what, show a base mind, when a fair Lady's in question!

Lim. Well, if I must give three hundred.

Trick. No, 'tis no matter; my thoughts are on a better place.

Ald. Come, there's no better place, than little *London*. You sha' not part for a Trifle. What, Son *Limberham*? four hundred a year's a square sum, and you shall give it.

Lim. 'Tis a round Sum indeed; I wish a three-corner'd sum wou'd have serv'd her turn. Why shou'd you be so pervicacious now; *Pug*? Pray take three hundred.——Nay, rather than part, *Pug*, it shall be so. [She frowns.

Ald. It shall be so, it shall be so: come, now buss, and seal the bargain.

Trick. [kissing him.] You see what a good-natur'd fool I am, Mr. *Limberham*, to come back into a wicked World, for love of you. You'l see the Writings drawn, Father?

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Ald. I; and pay the Lawyer too. Why, this is as it shou'd be! I'll be at the charge of the reconciling Supper——— [*To her aside.*] Daughter, my Son *Woodall* is waiting for you.——— Come away, Son *Limberham*, to the Temple.

Lim. With all my Heart, while she's in a good humor: it wou'd cost me another hundred, if I shou'd stay till *Pug* were in wrath again. Adieu, sweet *Pug*. [*Ex. Aldo. Limb.*]

Trick. That he shou'd be so silly to imagine I wou'd go into a Nunnery! 'tis likely; I have much Nuns Flesh about me. But here comes my Gentleman.

Enter Woodall, not seeing her.

Wood. Now the Wife's return'd, and the Daughter too, and I have seen 'em both, and am more distracted than before: I wou'd enjoy all, and have not yet determin'd with which I shou'd begin. 'Tis but a kind of Clergy-covetousness in me, to desire so many; if I stand gaping after Pluralities, one of 'em is in danger to be made a *Sine cure*——— (*Sees her.*) O, Fortune has determin'd for me. 'Tis just here, as it is in the World; the Mistress will be serv'd before the Wife.

Trick. How now, Sir, are you rehearsing your *Lingua Franca* by your self, that you walk so pensively?

Wood. No faith, Madam, I was thinking of the fair Lady, who at parting bespoke so cunningly of me all my Essences.

Trick. But there are other Beauties in the house, and I shou'd be impatient of a Rival: for I am apt to be partial to my self, and think I deserve to be prefer'd before 'em.

Wood. Your Beauty will allow of no competition; And I am sure my love cou'd make none.

Trick. Yes, you have seen Mrs. *Brainsick*, she's a Beauty.

Wood. You mean, I suppose, the peaking Creature, the Marry'd Woman, with a sideling look, as if one Cheek carry'd more byass than the other?

Trick. Yes, and with a high Nose, as visible as a land-mark.

Wood. With one cheek blew, the other red: just like the covering of *Lambeth Palace*.

Trick. Nay, but her legs, if you cou'd see 'em———

Wood. She was so foolish to wear short Petticoats, and show 'em. They are pillars, gross enough to support a larger building; of the *Tuscan* order, by my troth.

Trick. And her little head, upon that long neck, shows like a Traitor's scull upon a pole. Then, for her wit.———

Wood. She can have none: there's not room enough for a Thought to play in.

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Trick. I think indeed I may safely trust you with such Charms; and you have pleas'd me with your description of her.

Wood. I wish you wou'd give me leave to please you better; but you transact as gravely with me *as a Spaniard; and are losing Love, as he does Flanders: you consider, and demur, when the Monarch is up in Arms, and at your Gates.*

Trick. But to yield upon the first Summons, e're you have laid a formal Siege——

To morrow may prove a luckier day to you.

Wood. Believe me, Madam, ~~Lovers~~ are not to trust to morrow; Love may die upon our hands, or opportunity be wanting; 'tis best securing the present hour.

Trick. No, Love's like Fruit; it must have time to ripen on the Tree; if it be green gather'd, 'twill but wither afterwards.

Wood. Rather 'tis like Gun-powder; that which fires quickest, is commonly the strongest.——By this burning kiss——

Trick. You Lovers are such froward Children, ever crying for the Breast; and, when you have once had it, fall fast asleep in the Nurses Arms.——And with what face shou'd I look upon my Keeper after it?

Wood. With the same face that all Mistresses look upon theirs. Come, come.

Trick. But my Reputation!

Wood. Nay, that's no Argument, if I shou'd be so base to tell; for Women get good fortunes now-a-daies, by losing their Credit, as a cunning Citizen does by Breaking.

Trick. But I'm so shame-fac'd! Well, I'll go in, and hide my Blushes. [Exit.]

Wood. I'll be 'not long after you; for I think I have hidden my Blushes where I shall never find 'em.

Re-enter Trickisy.

Trick. As I live, Mr. *Limberham*, and Father *Aldo*, are just return'd; I saw 'em entring. My Settlement will miscarry, if you are found here: what shall we do?

Wood. Go you into your Bed-Chamber, and leave me to my Fortune.

Trick. That you shou'd be so dull! their suspicion will be as strong still; for what shou'd you make here?

Wood. The curse on't is too, I bid my Man tell the Family I was gone abroad; so that if I am seen you are infallibly discover'd.

[Noise.]

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♫ *Trick.* Hark, I hear 'em! Here's a Chest which I borrow'd of Mrs. *Pleasance*; get quickly into it, and I will lock you up: there's nothing in't, but Cloaths of *Limberham's*, and a Box of Writings.

Wood. I shall be smother'd.

Trick. Make haste, for Heav'n sake; they'l quickly be gone, and then——

Wood. That Then, will make a Man venture any thing.

[*He goes in, and she locks the Chest.*]

Enter Limberham and Aldo.

Lim. Dost thou not wonder, to see me come again so quickly, *Pug*?

Trick. No, I am prepar'd for any foolish freak of yours: I knew you wou'd have a qualm, when you came to settlement.

Lim. Your settlement depends most absolutely on that Chest.

Trick. Father *Aldo*, a word with you, for Heav'n sake.

Ald. No, no, I'll not whisper: do not stand in your own light, but produce the Keys, Daughter.

Lim. Be not musty, my pretty *S. Peter*, but produce the Keys; I must have the Writings out that concern thy Settlement.

Trick. Now I see you are so reasonable, I'll show you I dare trust your honesty; the Settlement shall be defer'd till another day.

Ald. No deferring, in these cases, Daughter.

Trick. But I have lost the Keys.

Lim. That's a jest! let me feel in thy Pocket, for I must oblige thee.

Trick. You shall feel no where: I have felt already, and am sure they are lost.

Ald. But feel again, the Lawyer stays.

Trick. Well, to satisfie you, I will feel.——They are not here.——Nor here neither.

[*She pulls out her Handkerchief, and the Keys drop after it: Limberham takes 'em up.*]

Lim. Look you now, *Pug*! who's in the right? Well, thou art born to be a lucky *Pug*, in spite of thy self.

Trick. [*Aside.*] O, I am ruin'd!——One word, I beseech you, Father *Aldo*.

Aldo. Not a syllable: what's the Devil in you, Daughter? Open, Son, open.

Trick. [*Aloud.*] It shall not be open'd; I will have my will, though I lose my Settlement: Wou'd I were within the Chest, I wou'd hold it down to spite you: I say again, wou'd I were within the Chest, I wou'd hold it so fast, you shou'd not open it: the best on't is,

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there's good Inckle on the top of the in-side, if he have the wit to lay hold on't.

Lim. [*Going to open it.*] Before *George*, I think you have the Devil in a String, *Pug*; I cannot open it, for the Guts of me. *Hiclious Doc-tius!* what's here to do? I believe, in my Conscience, *Pug* can Con-jure: Marry, God bless us all good Christians.

Aldo. Push hard, Son,

Lim. I cannot push; I was never good at pushing: when I push, I think the Devil pushes too. Well, I must let it alone, for I am a Fumbler. Here, take the Keys, *Pug*.

Trick. [*Aside.*] Then all's safe again.

Enter Judith and Gervase.

Jud. Madam, Mrs. *Pleasance* has sent for the Chest you borrow'd of her: she has present occasion for it; and has desir'd us to carry it away.

Lim. Well, that's but reason: if she must have it, she must have it.

Trick. Tell her, it shall be return'd some time to day; at present we must crave her pardon, because we have some Writings in it, which must first be taken out, when we can open it.

Lim. Nay, that's but reason too: then she must not have it.

Ger. Let me come to't; I'll break it open, and you may take out your Writings.

Lim. That's true: 'tis but reasonable it shou'd be broken open.

Trick. Then I may be bound to make good the loss.

Lim. 'Tis unreasonable it shou'd be broken open.

Aldo. Before *George*, *Gervase* and I will carry it away; and a Smith shall be sent for to my Daughter *Pleasance's* Chamber, to open it without damage.

Lim. Why, who says against it? Let it be carri'd; I'm all for Reason.

Trick. Hold; I say it shall not stir.

Aldo. What? every one must have their own: *Fiat Justitia aut ruat Mundus.*

Lim. I, *fiat Justitia*, *Pug*: she must have her own; for *Justitia* is Latin for Justice. [*Aldo and Gervase lift at it.*]

Aldo. I think the Devil's in't.

Ger. There's somewhat bounces, like him, in't. 'Tis plaguy heavy; but we'll take t'other heave.

Trick. [*Taking hold of the Chest.*] Then you shall carry me too. Help, murder, murder. [*A confus'd gabbling among 'em.*]

Enter Mrs. Saintly.

Saint. Verily, I think all Hell's broke loose among you. What, a

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Schism in my Family! Does this become the Purity of my House? What will the ungodly say?

Lim. No matter for the ungodly; this is all among our selves: for, look you, the business is this, Mrs. *Pleasance* hath sent for this same Business here, which she lent to *Pug*; now *Pug* has some private Businesses within this Business, which she wou'd take out first, and the Business will not be open'd: and this makes all the Business.

Saint. Verily, I am rais'd up for a Judge amongst you; and I say——

Trick. I'll have no Judge: it shall not go.

Aldo. Why Son, why Daughter, why Mrs. *Saintly*; are you all mad? Hear me, I am sober, I am discreet; let a Smith be sent for hither, let him break open the Chest; let the things contained be taken out, and the thing containing be restor'd.

Lim. Now hear me too, for I am sober and discreet; Father *Aldo* is an Oracle: it shall be so.

Trick. Well, to show I am reasonable, I am content, Mr. *Gervase* and I will fetch an Instrument from the next Smith; in the mean time, let the Chest remain where it now stands, and let every one depart the Chamber.

Lim. That no violence be offer'd to the Person of the Chest, in *Pug's* absence.

Aldo. Then this matter is compos'd.

Trick. [*Aside.*] Now I shall have leisure to instruct his Man, and set him free, without discovery. Come, Mr. *Gervase*.

[*Ex. all but Saintly.*]

Saint. There is a certain motion put into my mind, and it is of good; I have Keys here, which a precious Brother, a devout Blacksmith made me; and which will open any Lock of the same bore: verily, it can be no sin to unlock this Chest therewith, and take from thence the spoils of the ungodly. I will satisfie my Conscience, by giving part thereof to the Hungry, and the Needy; some to our Pastor, that he may prove it lawful; and some I will sanctifie to my own use.

[*She unlocks the Chest, and Woodall starts up.*]

Wood. Let me imbrace you, my dear Deliverer!

Bless us! is it you, Mrs. *Saintly*?

[*She shrieks.*]

Saint. [*Shrieking.*] Heav'n, of his mercy! Stop Thief, stop Thief.

Wood. What will become of me now?

Saint. According to thy wickedness, shall it be done unto thee. Have I discover'd thy back-slidings, thou unfaithful man! thy Treachery to me shall be rewarded, verily; for I will testify against thee.

Wood. Nay, since you are so revengeful, you shall suffer your

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part of the disgrace; if you testifie against me for Adultery, I shall testifie against you for Theft: there's an Eighth for your Seventh.
[Noise.]

Saint. Verily, they are approaching: return to my imbraces, and it shall be forgiven thee.

Wood. Thank you, for your own sake: Hark! they are coming! cry Thief again, and help to save all yet.

Saint. Stop Thief, stop Thief.

Wood. Thank you for your own sake; but I fear 'tis too late.

Enter Tricksy, Limberham.

Trick. [Entr'ing.] The Chest open, and *Woodall* discover'd, I am ruin'd!

Enter Limb. Why all this shrieking, Mrs. *Saintly*?

Wood. [Rushing him down.] Stop Thief, stop Thief, stop Thief! cry you mercy, Gentleman, if I have hurt you.

Lim. [Rising.] 'Tis a fine time to cry a man mercy, when you have beaten his wind out of his body.

Saint. As I watched the Chest, behold a Vision rushed out of it, on the sudden; and I lifted up my voice, and shriek'd.

Lim. A Vision, Landlady; what, have we *Gog* and *Magog* in our Chamber?

Trick. A Thief, I warrant you, who had gotten into the Chest.

Wood. Most certainly a Thief: for hearing my Landlady cry out, I flew from my Chamber to her help, and met him running down stairs; and then he turn'd back to the *Balcone*, and lept into the Street.

Lim. I thought indeed that something held down the Chest, when I would have open'd it:——But my Writings are there still; that's one comfort!——Oh *Seignioro*, are you here!

Wood. Do you speak to me, Sir?

Saint. This is Mr. *Woodall*, your new fellow-Lodger.

Limb. Cry you mercy, Sir; I durst have sworn you cou'd have spoken *Lingua Franca*.——I thought in my Conscience, *Pug*, this had been thy *Italian Merchant*.

Wood. Sir, I see you mistake me for some other: I shou'd be happy to be better known to you.

Lim. Sir, I beg your pardon with all my heart. Before *George*, I was caught again there! But you are so very like a paltry Fellow, who came to sell *Pug* Essences this morning, that one wou'd swear those Eyes, and that Nose and Mouth, belong'd to that Rascal.

Wood. You must pardon me, Sir, if I don't much relish the close of your Complement.

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Trick. Their Eyes are nothing like: (you'll have a quarrel.)

Lim. Not very like, I confess.

Trick. Their Nose and Mouth are quite different.

Lim. As *Pug* says, they are quite different indeed: but I durst have sworn it had been he; and therefore once again, I demand your *pardon*.

Trick. Come, let us go down; by this time *Gervase* has brought the Smith; and then Mrs. *Pleasance* may have her Chest. Please you, Sir, to bear us company.

Wood. At your service, Madam.

Lim. Pray lead the way, Sir.

Wood. 'Tis against my will, Sir: but I must leave you in possession. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Saintly and Pleasance.

Pleasance. **N**Ever fear it, I'll be a Spy upon his actions: he shall neither whisper nor glote on either of 'em, but I'll ring him such a Peal!

Saint. Above all things, have a care of him your self; for surely there is Witchcraft betwixt his Lips: he is a Wolf within the Sheepfold; and therefore I will be earnest, that you may not fall. [*Exit.*

Pleas. Why shou'd my Mother be so inquisitive about this Lodger? I half suspect Old *Eve* her self has a mind to be nibbling at the Pippin: he makes Love to one of 'em, I am confident; it may be to both; for methinks I shou'd have done so, if I had been a Man; but the damn'd Petticoats have perverted me to honesty, and therefore I have a grudge to him, for the Priviledge of his Sex. He shuns me too, and that vexes me; for though I wou'd deny him, I scorn he shou'd not think me worth a civil question.

Re-enter Woodall, with Tricksy, Mrs. Brainsick, Judith, and Musick.

Mrs. Brain. Come, your works, your works; they shall have the approbation of Mrs. *Pleasance*.

Trick. No more Apologies: give *Judith* the words; she sings at sight.

Jud. I'll try my skill.

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A SONG from the ITALIAN.

B*Y a dismal Cypress lying,
Damon cry'd, all pale and dying,
Kind is Death that ends my pain,
But cruel She I lov'd in vain.
The Mossy Fountains
Murmure my trouble,
And hollow Mountains
My groans redouble:
Every Nymph mourns me,
Thus while I languish;
She only scorns me,
Who caus'd my anguish.
No Love returning me, but all hope denying;
By a dismal Cypress lying,
Like a Swan, so sung he dying:
Kind is Death that ends my pain,
But cruel She I lov'd in vain.*

Pleas. By these languishing Eyes, and those *Simagres* of yours, we are given to understand, Sir, you have a Mistress in this Company: Come, make a free discovery which of 'em your Poetry is to Charm; and put the other out of pain.

Trick. No doubt 'twas meant to Mrs. *Brainsick*.

Mrs. *Brain.* We Wives are despicable Creatures: we know it, Madam, when a Mistress is in presence.

Pleas. Why this Ceremony betwixt you? 'Tis a likely proper Fellow, and looks as he cou'd People a new Isle of *Pines*.

Mrs. *Brain.* 'Twere a work of Charity to convert a fair young Schismatick, like you, if 'twere but to gain you to a better Opinion of the Government.

Pleas. If I am not mistaken in you two, he has works of Charity enough upon his hands already; but 'tis a willing Soul, I'll warrant him, eager upon the Quarry, and as sharp as a Governour of *Covent-Garden*.

Wood. Sure this is not the phrase of your Family: I thought to have found a sanctifi'd Sister; but I suspect now, Madam, that if your Mother kept a Pension in your Father's time, there might be some Gentleman-Lodger in the house; for I humbly conceive, you are of the half-strain at least.

Pleas. For all the rudeness of your Language, I am resolv'd to

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know upon what Voyage you are bound: you Privateer of Love, you *Argiers* Man, that cruise up and down for prize in the *Streights Mouth*; which of the Vessels wou'd you snap now?

Trick. We are both under safe Convoy, Madam: a Lover and a Husband.

Pleas. Nay, for your part, you are notably guarded, I confess; but Keepers have their Rooks, as well as Gamesters: But they only venture under 'em, till they pick up a Sum, and then push for themselves.

Wood. [*Aside.*] A Plague of her suspicions; they'l ruine me on that side.

Pleas. So; let but little *Minx* go proud, and the Dogs in *Covent-garden* have her in the wind immediately: all pursue the Scent.

Trick. Not to a Boarding-house, I hope!

Pleas. If they were wise, they would rather go to a Brothel-house; for there most Mistresses have left behind 'em their Maiden-heads, of blessed memory: and those which wou'd not go off in that Market, are carri'd about by Bauds, and sold at doors, like stale Flesh in Baskets. Then for your honesty, or justness, as you call it, to your Keepers, your kept Mistress is originally a Punk; and let the Cat be chang'd into a Lady never so formally, she still retains her natural property of Mousing.

Mrs. Brain. You are very sharp upon the Mistresses; but I hope you'l spare the Wives.

Pleas. Yes, as much as your Husbands do, after the first Month of Marriage; but you requite their negligence in Household-duties, by making them Husbands of the first Head, e're the year be over.

Wood. (*Aside*) She has me there too.

Pleas. And as for you, young Gallant.

Wood. Hold, I beseech you, a Truce for me.

Pleas. In troth I pity you, for you have undertaken a most difficult Task, to cozen two Women, who are no Babies in their Art, if you bring it about, you perform as much as he that cheated the very Lottery.

Wood. Ladies, I am sorry this shou'd happen to you for my sake: she's in a raging Fit, you see; 'tis best withdrawing, till the Spirit of Prophecy has left her.

Trick. I'll take shelter in my Chamber,——whither, I hope, he'll have the grace to follow me. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Brain. And, now I think on't, I have some Letters to dispatch.

[*Ex. Trick. and Mrs. Brain. severally.*]

Pleas. Now good *John* among the Maids, how mean you to

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bestow your time? Away, to your Study I advise you, invoke your Muses, and make *Madrigals* upon absence.

Wood. I wou'd go to *China*, or *Japan*, to be rid of that impetuous Clack of yours: Farewel, thou Legion of Tongues in one Woman.

Pleas. Will you not stay, Sir? it may be I have a little business with you.

Wood. Yes, the second part of the same Tune! Strike by your self, sweet Larm; you're true Bell mettall, I warant you. *[Exit.*

Pleas. This spightfulness of mine will be my ruine: To rail them off, was well enough, but to talk him away too! O Tongue, Tongue! thou wert given for a Curse to all our Sex!

Enter Judith.

Jud. Madam, your Mother wou'd speak with you.

Pleas. I will not come: I'm mad I think: I come immediately. Well, I'll go in, and vent my passion by railing at them, and him too. *[Exit.*

Jud. You may enter in safety, Sir, the Enemy's march'd off.

Re-enter Woodall.

Wood. Nothing but the love I bear thy Mistress cou'd keep me in the house with such a Fury. When will the bright *Nymph* appear?

Jud. Immediately: I hear her coming.

Wood. That I cou'd find her coming, Mrs. *Judith!*

Enter Mrs. Brainsick.

You have made me languish in expectation, Madam. Was it nothing, do you think, to be so near a happiness, with violent desires, and to be delay'd?

Mrs. Brain. Is it nothing, do you think, for a Woman of Honour, to overcome the tyes of Vertue and Reputation; to do that for you, which I thought I shou'd never have ventur'd for the sake of any man?

Wood. But my comfort is, that Love has overcom. Your Honour is, in other words, but your good Repute; and 'tis my part to take care of that: for the Fountain of a Womans Honour is in the Lover, as that of the Subject is in the King.

Mrs. Brain. You had concluded well, if you had been my Husband: you know where our subjection lies.

Wood. But cannot I be yours, without a Priest? They were cunning People, doubtless, who began that Trade; to have a double Hank upon us, for two Worlds: that no pleasure here, or hereafter shou'd be had, without a Bribe to them.

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Mrs. Brain. Well, I'm resolv'd, I'll read, against the next time I see you; for, the truth is, I am not very well prepar'd with Arguments for Marriage; mean while farewell.

Wood. I stand corrected; you have reason indeed to go, if I can use my time no better: We'll withdraw, if you please, and dispute the rest within.

Mrs. Brain. Perhaps, I meant not so.

Wood. I understand your meaning at your Eyes. You'll watch, *Judith?*

Mrs. Brain. Nay, if that were all, I expect not my Husband till to-morrow: The Truth is, he's so oddly humour'd, that, if I were inclin'd, it wou'd half justify a Woman: He's such a kind of Man,

Wood. Or, if he be not, we'll make him such a kind of Man.

Mrs. Brain. So Fantastical, so Musical, his talk all Rapture, and half Nonsense: Like a Clock out of order, set him a going, and he strikes eternally. Besides, he thinks me such a Fool, that I cou'd half resolve to revenge my self, in justification of my Wit.

Wood. Come, come, no half resolutions among Lovers; I'll hear no more of him, till I have reveng'd you fully. Go out, and watch, *Judith.* [Exit Judith.]

Mrs. Brain. Yet, I cou'd say, in my defence, that my Friends married me to him against my will.

Wood. Then let us put your Friends too, into the Quarrel: it shall go hard, but I'll give you a Revenge for them.

Enter Judith again, hastily.

How now? what's the matter?

Mrs. Brain. Can'st thou not speak? hast thou seen a Ghost?—As I live, she signs Horns! that must be for my Husband: He's return'd.

[Judith looks ghastly, and signs Horns.]

Jud. I wou'd have told you so, if I cou'd have spoken for fear.

Mrs. Brain. Hark, a knocking! what shall we do? [Knocking.] There's no dallying in this case: here you must not be found, that's certain; but *Judith* hath a Chamber within mine; haste quickly thither; I'll secure the rest.

Jud. Follow me, Sir.

[Ex. Woodall, Judith.]

Knocking again. She opens: Enter Brainsick.

Brain. What's the matter, Gentlewoman? am I excluded from my own Fortress; and by the way of Barricado? Am I to dance Attendance at the Door, as if I were some base *Plebeian* Groom? I'll have you know, that when my Foot assaults, the Lightning and the Thunder are not so terrible as the strokes: Brazen Gates shall

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tremble, and Bolts of Adamant dismount from off their Hinges, to admit me.

Mrs. *Brain*. Who wou'd have thought that 'none Dear wou'd have come so soon? I was e'en lying down on my Bed, and dreaming of him: Tum a'me, and buss, poor Dear, piddee buss.

Brain. I nauseat these foolish Feats of Love.

Mrs. *Brain*. Nay, but why shou'd he be so fretful now? and knows I doat on him; to leave a poor Dear so long without him, and then come home in an angry humour! indeed I'll ky.

Brain. Prithce leave thy fulsom fondness; I have surfeited on Conjugal Embraces.

Mrs. *Brain*. I thought so; some light Huswife has bewitch'd him from me: I was a little Fool, so I was, to leave a Dear behind at *Barnet*, when I knew the Women wou'd run mad for him.

Brain. I have a luscious Air forming, like a Pallas, in my Brain-pan; and now thou com'st a-cross my fancy, to disturb the rich Idea's; with the yellow Jaundies of thy Jealousie.~ [*Noise within*. Hark, what noise is that within, about *Judith's* Bed?

Mrs. *Brain*. I believe, Dear, she's making it.——Wou'd the Fool wou'd go.

Brain. Hark, again!

Mrs. *Brain*. [*Aside*.] I have a dismal apprehension in my head, that he's giving my Maid a cast of his Office, in my stead. O, how it stings me! [*Woodall sneezes*.

Brain. I'll enter, and find the reason of this Tumult.

Mrs. *Brain*. [*holding him*.] Not for the World: there may be a Thief there; and shou'd I put 'none Dear in danger of his life?——What shall I do? betwixt the jealousy of my Love, and fear of this Fool, I am distracted: I must not venture 'em together, what e're comes on't. Why, *Judith*, I say! Come forth, Damsel.

Wood. [*within*.] The danger's over: I may come out safely.

Jud. [*within*.] Are you mad? you sha'not.

Mrs. *Brain*. [*aside*.] So, now I'm ruin'd unavoidably.

Brain. Who-e're thou art, I have pronounc'd thy Doom; the dreadful *Brainsick* bears his brawny Arm in tearing terror; kneeling Queens in vain shou'd beg thy being.——Sa, fa, there.

Mrs. *Brain*. [*aside*.] Tho I believe he dares not venture in; yet I must not put it to the Tryal. Why *Judith*, come out, come out, Huswife.

Enter Judith trembling.

What Villain have you hid within?

Jud. O Lord, Madam, what shall I say?

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Mrs. *Brain*. How shou'd I know what you shou'd say? Mr. *Brainsick* has heard a Man's Voice within; if you know what he makes there, confess the truth; I am almost dead with fear, and he stands shakeing.

Brain. Terror, I! 'tis indignation shakes me. With this Sabre I'll slice him small as Atoms; he shall be doom'd by the Judge, and damn'd upon the Gibbet.

Jud. [*kneeling.*] My Master's so out-ragious, sweet Madam, do you intercede for me, and I'll tell you all in private. [*Whispers.*] If I say it is a Thief, he'll call up help; I know not what o'th' sudden to invent.

Mrs. *Brain*. Let me alone.———And is this all? why wou'd you not confess it before, *Judith*? when you know I am an indulgent Mistress. [*Laughs.*]

Brain. What has she confess'd?

Mrs. *Brain*. A venial Love-Trespass, Dear: 'Tis a Sweet-heart 'of hers; one that is to marry her; and she was unwilling I shou'd know it, so she hid him in her Chamber.

Enter Aldo.

Aldo. What's the matter tro? what in Martial posture, Son *Brainsick*?

Jud. Pray, Father *Aldo*, do you beg my pardon of my Master: I have committed a Fault; I have hidden a Gentleman in my Chamber, who is to marry me without his Friends consent, and therefore came in private to me.

Aldo. That thou shou'd'st think to keep this secret! why, I know it as well as he that made thee.

Mrs. *Brain*. [*aside.*] Heav'n be prais'd for this Knower of all things: Now will he lye three or four rapping Volunteers, rather than be thought ignorant in any thing.

Brain. Do you know his Friends, Father *Aldo*?

Aldo. Know 'em! I think I do. His Mother was an Arch-Deacon's Daughter; as honest a Woman as ever broke Bread: She and I have been Cater-Cousins in our Youth; we have tumbled together between a pair of Sheets, i'faith.

Brain. An honest woman, and yet you two have tumbled together! those are inconsistent.

Aldo. No matter for that.

Mrs. *Brain*. He blunders; I must help him. I warrant 'twas before Marriage, that you were so great.

Aldo. Before *George*, and so it was: for she had the prettiest black Mole upon her left Ankle, it does me good to think on't! His Father

THE KIND KEEPER

was Squire what d'you call him, of what d'you call 'em Shire. What think you, little *Judith*? do I know him now?

Jud. I suppose you may be mistaken: my Servant's Father is Knight of *Hamshire*.

Aldo. I meant of *Hamshire*. But that I shou'd forget he was a Knight, when I got him Knighted at the King's coming in! Two fat Bucks, I am sure, he sent me.

Brain. And what's his Name?

Aldo. Nay, for that, you must excuse me: I must not disclose little *Judith*'s Secrets.

Mrs. Brain. All this while the poor Gentleman is left in pain: we must let him out in secret; for I believe the young Fellow is so bashful, he would not willingly be seen.

Jud. The best way will be, for Father *Aldo* to lend me the Key of his Door, which opens into my Chamber; and so I can convey him out.

Aldo. [*Giving her a Key.*] Do so, Daughter. Not a word of my familiarity with his Mother, to prevent blood-shed betwixt us: but I have her Name down in my *Almanack*, I warrant her.

Jud. What, kiss and tell, Father *Aldo*; kiss and tell! [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Brain. I'll go and pass an hour with Mrs. *Tricksy*. [*Exit.*]

Enter Limberham.

Brain. What, the lusty Lover *Limberham*!

Enter Woodall at another door.

Aldo. O here's a *Mounsieur*, new come over, and a Fellow-lodger; I must endear you two to one another.

Brain. Sir, 'tis my extream ambition to be better known to you: you come out of the Country I adore. And how does the dear *Batist*? I long for some of his new Compositions in the last *Opera*. *A propo!* I have had the most happy invention this morning, and a Tune trouling in my head; I rise immediately in my Night-Gown and Slippers, down I put the Notes slap dash, made words to 'em like Lightning: and I warrant you have 'em at the Circle in the Evening.

Wood. All were compleat, Sir, if *S. Andre* wou'd make steps to 'em.

Brain. Nay, thanks to my Genius, that care's over: you shall see, you shall see. But first the Air.—[*Sings.*] Is't not very fine? Ha, *Messieurs!*

Lim. The close of it is the most ravishing I ever heard!

Brain. I dwell not on your Commendations. What say you, Sir? [*To Wood.*] Is't not admirable? Do you enter into't?

THE KIND KEEPER

Wood. Most delicate *Cadence!*

Brain. Gad, I think so, without vanity. *Battist* and I have but one Soul. But the close, the close! [*Sings it thrice over.*] I have words too upon the Air; but I am naturally so bashful!

Wood. Will you oblige me, Sir?

Brain. You might command me, Sir; for I sing too *en Cavalier*: but——

Lim. But you wou'd be intreated, and say, *Nolo, nolo, nolo*, three times, like any Bishop, when your mouth waters at the Diocess.

Brain. I have no voice; but, since this Gentleman commands me, let the words commend themselves. [*Sings.*]

My Phillis is Charming——

Lim. But why, of all Names, wou'd you chuse a *Phillis*? There have been so many *Phillis*'s in Songs, I thought there had not been another left, for Love or Money.

Brain. If a man shou'd listen to a Fop! [*Sings.*]

My Phillis——

Aldo. Before *George*, I am on t'other side: I think, as good no Song, as no *Phillis*.

Brain. Yet again!— *My Phillis*—— [*Sings.*]

Lim. Pray, for my sake, let it be your *Cloris*.

Brain. [*Looking scornfully at him.*] *My Phillis*—— [*Sings.*]

Lim. You had as good call her your *Succuba*.

Brain. *Morbleau!* will you not give me leave? I am full of *Phillis*.

My Phillis—— [*Sings.*]

Lim. Nay, I confess, *Phillis* is a very pretty name.

Brain. *Diable!* Now I will not sing, to spight you. By the World, you are not worthy of it. Well, I have a Gentleman's Fortune, I have courage, and make no inconsiderable Figure in the World: yet I wou'd quit my pretensions to all these, rather than not be Author of this Sonnet, which your rudeness has irrevocably lost.

Lim. Some foolish *French quelque chose*, I warrant you.

Brain. *Quelque chose!* O ignorance, in supreme perfection! he means a *kek shose*.

Lim. Why, a *kek shooes* let it be then! And a *kek shooes* for your Song.

Brain. I give to the Devil such a Judge: well, were I to be born again, I wou'd as soon be the Elephant as a Wit; he's less a Monster in this Age of malice. I cou'd burn my Sonnet, out of rage.

Lim. You may use your pleasure with your own.

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Wood. His Friends wou'd not suffer him: *Virgil* was not permitted to burn his *Æneids*.

Brain. Dear Sir, I'll not die ingrateful for your approbation: [*Aside to Woodall*] You see this Fellow? he's an Ass already; he has a handsome Mistress, and you shall make an Oxe of him, e're long.

Wood. Say no more, it shall be done.

Lim. Hark you, Mr. *Woodall*; this Fool *Brainsick* grows insupportable; he's a publick Nuisance; but I scorn to set my wit against him: he has a pretty Wife: I say no more, but if you do not graff him——

Wood. A word to the wise: I shall consider him, for your sake.

Lim. Pray do, Sir: consider him much.

Wood. Much is the word.—This fewd makes well for me. [*Aside.*

Brain. to *Wood*. I'll give you the opportunity, and rid you of him — Come away, little *Limberham*; you, and I, and Father *Aldo*, will take a turn together in the Square.

Aldo. We'll follow you immediately.

Lim. Yes, we'll come after you, Bully *Brainsick*: but I hope you will not draw upon us there.

Brain. If you fear that, *Bilbo* shall be left behind.

Lim. Nay, nay, leave but your *Madrigal* behind: draw not that upon us, and 'tis no matter for your Sword. [*Exit Brainsick.*

Enter Tricksy, and Mrs. Brainsick, with a Note for each.

Wood. [*Aside.*] Both together! either of 'em apart, had been my business: but I shall ne're play well at this Three-hand Game.

Lim. O, *Pug*, how have you been passing of your time?

Trick. I have been looking over the last Present of Orange Gloves you made me; and methinks I do not like the scent.——O Lord, Mr. *Woodall*, did you bring those you wear from *Paris*?

Wood. Mine are *Roman*, Madam.

Trick. The scent I love, of all the World. Pray let me see 'em.

Mrs. Brain. Nay, not both, good Mrs. *Tricksy*; for I love that scent as well as you.

Wood. [*Pulling 'em off, and giving each one*] I shall find two dozen more of Womens Gloves among my Trifles, if you please to accept 'em Ladies.

Trick. Look to't; we shall expect 'em.——Now to put in my Billet doux!

Mrs. Brain. So, now I have the opportunity to thrust in my Note.

Trick. Here, Sir, take your Glove again; the Perfume's too strong for me.

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Mrs. Brain. Pray take the other to't; though I shou'd have kept it for a Pawn. [*Mrs. Brainsick's Note falls out, Lim. takes it up.*]

Lim. What have we here? For Mr. Woodall.

Both Women. Hold, hold, Mr. Limberham. [*They snatch it.*]

Aldo. Before George, Son Limberham, you shall read it.

Wood. By your favour, Sir, but he must not.

Trick. He'll know my hand, and I am ruin'd!

Mrs. Brain. Oh, my misfortune! Mr. Woodall, will you suffer your secrets to be discover'd?

Wood. It belongs to one of 'em that's certain,—Mr. Limberham, I must desire you to restore this Letter; 'tis from my Mistress.

Trick. The Devil's in him; will he confess?

Wood. This Paper was sent me from her this morning; and I was so fond of it, that I left it in my Glove: if one of the Ladies had found it there, I shou'd have been laugh'd at most unmercifully.

Mrs. Brain. That's well come off!

Lim. My Heart was at my mouth, for fear it had been Pug's—
[*Aside*] There 'tis again.—Hold, hold; pray let me see't once more: A Mistress, said you?

Aldo. Yes, a Mistress, Sir. I'll be his Voucher; he has a Mistress, and a fair one too.

Lim. Do you know it, Father Aldo?

Aldo. Know it! I know the match is as good as made already: Old Woodall and I, are all one. You, Son, were sent for over on purpose; the Articles for her Joynture are all concluded, and a Friend of mine drew 'em.

Lim. Nay, if Father Aldo knows it, I am satisfi'd.

Aldo. But how came you by this Letter, Son Woodall? let me examine you.

Wood. Came by it! (Pox, he has *non-plus'd* me!) How do you say I came by it, Father Aldo?

Aldo. Why, there's it, now. This morning I met your Mistresses Father, Mr. you know who——

Wood. Mr. Who, Sir?

Aldo. Nay, you shall excuse me for that; but we are intimate: his Name begins with some Vowel or Consonant, no matter which; well, her Father gave me this very Numerical Letter, superscrib'd, *For Mr. Woodall.*

Lim. Before George, and so it is.

Aldo. Carry me this Letter, quoth he, to your Son Woodall; 'tis from my Daughter such a one, and then whisper'd me her Name.

Wood. Let me see; I'll read it once again.

Lim. What, are you not acquainted with the Contents of it?

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Wood. O, your true Lover will read you over a Letter, from his Mistress, a thousand times.

Trick. I, two thousand, if he be in the humour.

Wood. Two thousand! then it must be hers. [*Reads to himself.*]
——Away, to your Chamber immediately, and I'll give my Fool the slip——(The Fool! that may be either the Keeper, or the Husband; but commonly the Keeper is the greater. Humh! without Subscription! it must be *Tricksy*.) Father *Aldo*, prithee rid me of this Coxcomb.

Aldo. Come, Son *Limberham*, we let our Friend *Brainsick* walk too long alone: shall we follow him? We must make haste; for I expect a whole Beavy of Whores, a Chamber-full of Temptation this Afternoon: 'tis my Day of Audience.

Lim. Mr. *Woodall*, we leave you here, you remember?

[*Exeunt Limber. Aldo.*]

Wood. Let me alone. Ladies, your Servant; I have a little private business with a Friend of mine.

Mrs. Brain. Meaning me.——Well, Sir, your Servant.

Trick. Your Servant, till we meet again. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. *Mr. Woodall's Chamber.*

Mrs. Brainsick alone.

Mrs. Brain. My Note has taken as I wish'd: he will be here immediately. If I could but resolve to lose no time, out of modesty; but 'tis his part to be violent, for both our Credits. Never so little force and ruffling, and a poor weak Woman is excus'd. [*Noise.*] Hark, I hear him coming.——Ah me! the steps beat double: he comes not alone: If it shou'd be my Husband with him! where shall I hide myself? I see no other place, but under his Bed: I must lie as silently, as my fear will suffer me. Heav'n send me safe again to my own Chamber.
[*Creeps under the Bed.*]

Enter Woodall and Tricksy.

Wood. Well, Fortune at the last is favourable, and now you are my Prisoner.

Trick. After a quarter of an hour, I suppose, I shall have my liberty upon easie terms. But pray let us parley a little first.

Wood. Let it be upon the Bed then. Please you to sit?

Trick. No matter where: I am never the nearer to your wicked

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purpose. But you men are commonly great *Comedians* in Love-matters; therefore you must swear, in the first place——

Wood. Nay, no Conditions: the Fortress is reduc'd to Extremity; and you must yield upon discretion, or I Storm.

Trick. Never to love any other Woman.

Wood. I kiss the Book upon't.

[*Kisses her.* *Mrs. Brain.* *pinches him from underneath the Bed.* Oh, are you at your Love-tricks already? If you pinch me thus, I shall bite your Lip.

Trick. I did not pinch you: but you are apt, I see, to take any occasion of gathering up more close to me. Next, you shall not so much as look on *Mrs. Brainsick*.

Wood. Have you done? these Covenants are so tedious!

Trick. Nay, but swear then.

Wood. I do promise, I do swear, I do any thing [*Mrs. Brain.* *runs a Pin into him.*] Oh, the Devil! what do you mean to run Pins into me? this is perfect Catter-wauling.

Trick. You fancy all this; I wou'd not hurt you for the World. Come, you shall see how well I love you. [*Kisses him: Mrs. Brain.* *pricks her.*] Oh! I think you have Needles growing in your Bed.

[*Bosh rise up.*

Wood. I'll see what's the matter in't.

Saint. [*Within.*] Mr. *Woodall*, where are you, verily?

Wood. Pox verily her; 'tis my Landlady: here, hide your self behind the Curtains, while I run to the door to stop her entry.

Trick. Necessity has no Law; I must be patient.

[*She gets into the Bed, and draws the Cloaths over her.*

Enter Saintly.

Saint. In sadness, Gentleman, I can hold no longer: I will not keep your wicked counsel, how you were lock'd up in the Chest; for it lies heavy upon my Conscience, and out it must, and shall.

Wood. You may tell, but who'll believe you? where's your witness?

Saint. Verily, Heav'n is my witness.

Wood. That's your witness too that you wou'd have allur'd me to lewdness, have seduc'd a hopeful young man, as I am; you wou'd have intic'd youth: mark that, *Beldam*.

Saint. I care not; my single Evidence is enough to Mr. *Limberham*; he will believe me, that thou burn'st in unlawful Lust to his beloved: So thou shalt be an out-cast from my Family.

Wood. Then will I go to the Elders of thy Church, and lay thee open before them, that thou did'st Feloniously unlock that Chest,

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with wicked intentions of purloining: so thou shalt be Excommunicated from the Congregation, thou *Jezebel*, and deliver'd over to *Satan*.

Saint. Verily, our Teacher will not Excommunicate me, for taking the Spoils of the Ungodly, to Cloath him; for it is a judg'd Case amongst us, that a marri'd Woman may steal from her Husband, to relieve a Brother. But yet thou may'st attone this difference betwixt us; verily, thou may'st.

Wood. Now thou art tempting me again. Well, if I had not the gift of Continency, what might become of me?

Saint. The means have been offer'd thee, and thou hast kicked with the Heel: I will go immediately to the Tabernacle of Mr. *Limberham*, and discover thee, O thou Serpent, in thy crooked Paths.

[*Going*.

Wood. Hold, good Landlady, not so fast; let me have time to consider on't; I may mollifie, for Flesh is frail. An hour or two hence we will confer together upon the Premises.

Saint. Oh, on the sudden, I feel my self exceeding sick! Oh! oh!

Wood. Get you quickly to your Closet, and fall to your *Mirabilis*; this is no place for sick people. Be gone, be gone.

Saint. Verily, I can go no farther.

Wood. But you shall, verily: I will thrust you down, out of pure pity.

Saint. Oh, my eyes grow dim! my heart quops, and my back aketh! here I will lay me down, and rest me.

[*Throws her self suddenly down upon the Bed; Tricksy shrieks, and rises: Mrs. Brainsick rises from under the Bed in a Fright.*

Wood. So! here's a fine business! my whole *Seraglio* up in Arms!

Saint. So, so; if Providence had not sent me hither, what folly had been this day committed!

Trick. Oh the Old Woman in the Oven! we both over-heard your Pious Documents: did we not, Mrs. *Brainsick*?

Mrs. *Brain*. Yes, we did over-hear her, and we will both testify against her.

Wood. I have nothing to say for her. Nay, I told her her own; you can both bear me witness. If a sober man cannot be quiet in his own Chamber for her——

Trick. For, you know, Sir, when Mrs. *Brainsick* and I over-heard her coming, having been before acquainted with her wicked purpose, we both agreed to trap her in it.

Mrs. *Brain*. And now she wou'd scape her self, by accusing us! but let us both conclude to cast an Infamy upon her House, and leave it.

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Saint. Sweet Mr. *Woodall*, intercede for me, or I shall be ruin'd.

Wood. Well, for once, I'll be good-natur'd, and try my interest. Pray, Ladies, for my sake, let this business go no farther.

Trick. Mrs. *Brain*. You may command us.

Wood. For, look you, the offence was properly to my Person; and Charity has taught me to forgive my Enemies. I hope, Mistress *Saintly*, this will be a warning to you, to amend your life: I speak like a Christian, as one that tenders the welfare of your Soul.

Saint. Verily, I will consider.

Wood. Why, that's well said.—[*Aside.*] Gad, and so must I too; for my People is dissatisfi'd, and my Government in danger: but this is no place for Meditation. Ladies, I wait on you. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Aldo, Geoffery.

Aldo. **D**ispatch, *Geoffery*, dispatch: the out lying Punks will be upon us, e're I am in a readiness to give Audience. Is the Office well provided.

Geoff. The Stores are very low, Sir: some *Doily* Petticoats, and *Manto*'s we have; and half a dozen pair of lac'd Shooes, bought from Court at second hand.

Aldo. Before *George*, there's not enough to rig out a Mournival of Whores: they'll think me grown a meer Curmudgeon. Mercy on me, how will this glorious Trade be carri'd on, with such a miserable Stock!

Geoff. I hear a Coach already stopping at the door.

Aldo. Well, somewhat in ornament for the Body, somewhat in counsel for the mind; one thing must help out another, in this bad World: Whoring must go on.

Enter Mrs. Overdon, and her Daughter Pru.

(*Mrs. Over.* Ask blessing, *Pru*: he's the best Father you ever had.

Aldo. Bless thee, and make thee a substantial, thriving Whore. Have your Mother in your eye, *Pru*; 'tis good to follow good example: How old are you, *Pru*? hold up your head, Child.

Pru. Going o'my sixteen, Father *Aldo*.

Aldo. And you have been initiated but these two years: loss of time, loss of precious time. Mrs. *Overdon*, how much have you made of *Pru*, since she has been Man's meat?

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Mrs. Over. A very small matter, by my troth; considering the charges I have been at in her Education: poor *Pru* was born under an unlucky Planet; I despair of a Coach for her. Her first Maiden-head brought me in but little: the weather-beaten old Knight that bought her of me, beat down the price so low; I held her at an hundred Guinnies, and he bid ten; and higher than thirty he wou'd not rise.

Aldo. A pox of his unluckie handsel: he can but fumble, and will not pay neither.

Pru. Hang him; I cou'd never endure him, Father: he's the filthi'st old Goat; and then he comes every day to our house, and eats out his thirty Guinnies; and at three Months end, he threw me off.

Mrs. Over. And since then, the poor Child has dwindled, and dwindled away: her next Maiden-head brought me but ten; and from ten she fell to five; and at last to a single Guinny: she has no luck to keeping; they all leave her, the more my sorrow.

Aldo. We must get her a Husband then in the City; they bite rarely at a stale Whore at this end o'th' Town, new furbish'd up in a taudry *Manto*.

Mrs. Over. No: pray let her try her fortune a little longer in the World first: by my troth, I shou'd be loth to be at all this cost, in her *French*, and her *Singing*, to have her thrown away upon a Husband.

Aldo. Before *George*, there can come no good of your swearing, *Mrs. Overdon*: Say your Prayers, *Pru*, and go duly to Church o' Sundays, you'll thrive the better all the week. Come, have a good heart, Child; I'll keep thee my self: thou shalt do my little business; and I'll find thee an able young Fellow to do thine.)

Enter Mrs. Pad.

Daughter *Pad*; you are welcome: what, you have perform'd the last Christian Office to your Keeper; I saw you follow him up the heavy Hill to *Tyburn*. Have you had never a business since his death?

Mrs. Pad. No indeed, Father; never since Execution-day: the night before, we lay together most lovingly in *Newgate*: and the next morning he lift up his eyes, and prepar'd his Soul with a Prayer, while one might tell twenty; and then mounted the Cart as merrily, as if he had been going for a Purse.

Aldo. You are a sorrowful Widow, Daughter *Pad*; but I'll take care of you: *Geoffrey*, see her rigg'd out immediately for a new Voyage: Look in Figure 9. in the upper Drawer, and give her out the Flower'd *Justacorps*, with the Petticoat belonging to't.

Mrs. Pad. Cou'd you not help to prefer me, Father?

Aldo. Let me see! let me see! Before *George* I have it, and it comes

THE KIND KEEPER

as pat too! Go me to the very Judge that sate upon him; 'tis an amorous, impotent, old Magistrate, and keeps admirably: I saw him leer upon you from the Bench: he'll tell you what's sweeter than Strawberries and Cream, before you part.

Enter Mrs. Termagant.

Mrs. *Term.* O Father, I think I shall go mad.

Aldo. You are of the violentest Temper, Daughter *Termagant!* when had you a business last?

Mrs. *Term.* The last I had was with young *Caster*, that Son of a Whore Gamester: he brought me to Taverns, to draw in young *Cullies*, while he bubbled 'em at Play: and when he had pick'd up a considerable Sum, and shou'd divide, the Cheating Dog wou'd sink my share, and swear, *Dam him, he won nothing.*

Aldo. Unconscionable Villain, to cozen you in your own Calling!

Mrs. *Term.* When he loses upon the Square, he comes home *Zoundzing* and *Blooding*; first beats me unmercifully, and then squeezes me to the last Penny: he has us'd me so, that Gad forgive me, I cou'd almost forswear my Trade: the Rogue starves me too: he made me keep *Lent* last year till *Whitsontide*, and out-fac'd me with Oaths, it was but *Easter*. And what mads me most, I carry a Bastard of the Rogues in my Belly: and now he turns me off, and will not own it.

Mrs. *Over.* Lord, how it quops! you are half a year gone, Madam——

[Laying her hand on her Belly.]

Mrs. *Term.* I feel the young Rascal kicking already, like his Father—— Oh, there's an Elbow thrusting out: I think in my Conscience he's Palming and Topping in my Belly; and practising for a livelihood before he comes into the World.

Aldo. *Geoffrey*, set her down in the Register, that I may provide her a Mid-wife, and a Dry and Wet Nurse: when you are up again, as Heav'n send you a good hour, we'll pay him off at Law i'faith. You have him under black and white, I hope.

Mrs. *Term.* Yes, I have a Note under his hand for 200 *l.*

Aldo. A Note under's hand! that's a Chip in Porridge; 'tis just nothing. Look, *Geoffrey*, to the Figure 12. for old Half-shirts for Child-bed Linnen.

Enter Mrs. Hackney.

Mrs. *Hack.* O, Madam *Termagant*, are you here! Justice, Father *Aldo*, Justice.

Aldo. Why, what's the matter, Daughter *Hackney*?

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Hack. She has violated the Law of Nations; for yesterday she inveigled my own natural *Cully* from me, a marri'd Lord, and made him false to my Bed, Father.

Term. Come, you are an illiterate Whore: He's my Lord now; and, though you call him Fool, 'tis well known he's a Critick, Gentlewoman. You never read a Play in all your life; and I gain'd him by my Wit, and so I'll keep him.

Hack. My comfort is, I have had the best of him; he can take up no more, till his Father dies: and so, much good may do you with my *Cully*, and my Clap into the Bargain.

Aldo. Then there's a Father for your Child, my Lord's Son and Heir by Mr. *Caster*: but henceforward, to preserve peace betwixt you, I ordain, that you shall ply no more in my Daughter *Hackney's* Quarters: you shall have the City, from *White-Chappel* to *Temple-Bar*; and she shall have to *Covent-Garden* downwards: At the Play-houses, she shall ply the *Boxes*, because she has the better Face; and you shall have the *Pit*, because you can prattle best out of a *Vizor-Mask*.

Mrs. Pad. Then all Friends, and Confederates: Now let's have Father *Aldo's* delight, and so *Adjourn the House*.

Aldo. Well said, Daughter: lift up your Voices, and sing like *Nightingales*, you Tory Rory Jades. Courage, I say; as long as the merry Pence hold out, you shall none of you die in *Shoreditch*.

Enter Woodall.

A hey, Boys, a hey! here he comes that will swinge you all! down, you little Jades, and worship him; 'tis the *Genius* of Whoring.

Wood. And down went Chairs and Table, and out went every Candle. Ho, brave old Patriarch in the middle of the Church Militant! Whores of all sorts; Forkers and Ruine-tail'd: now come I gingling in with my Bells, and fly at the whole Covey.

Aldo. A hey, a hey, Boys, the Town's thy own; burn, ravish, and destroy.

Wood. We'll have a Night on't; like *Alexander*, when he burnt *Persepolis*: *tue, tue, tue; point de quartier.*

[*He runs in amongst 'em, and they scuttle about the Room.*]

Enter Saintly, Pleasance, Judith, with Broom-Sticks.

Saint. What, in the midst of *Sodom*! O thou lewd young Man! My Indignation boils over against these Harlots; and thus I sweep 'em from out my Family.

Pleas. Down with the *Suburbians*, down with 'em.

THE KIND KEEPER

Aldo. O, spare my Daughters, Mrs. *Saintly*: sweet Mrs. *Pleasance*, spare my Flesh and Blood.

Wood. Keep the Door open, and help to secure the Retreat, Father: there's no pity to be expected.

[*The Whores run out, follow'd by Saintly, Pleasance, and Judish.*]

Aldo. Welladay, welladay! one of my Daughters is big with Bastard, and she laid at her *Gascoins* most unmercifully! every stripe she had, I felt it: the first fruit of Whoredom is irrecoverably lost!

Wood. Make haste, and comfort her.

Aldo. I will, I will: and yet I have a vexatious business which calls me first another way: the Rogue, my Son, is certainly come over; he has been seen in Town four days ago!

Wood. 'Tis impossible: I'll not believe it.

Aldo. A Friend of mine met his Old Man *Giles*, this very Morning, in quest of me; and *Giles* assur'd him, his Master is lodg'd in this very Street.

Wood. In this very Street! how knows he that?

Aldo. He dogg'd him to the corner of it: and then my Son turn'd back, and threaten'd him. But I'll find out *Giles*, and then I'll make such an Example of my Reprobate! [Exit. *Aldo.*]

Wood. If *Giles* be discover'd, I am undone! Why, *Gervase*, where are you, Sirrah! Hey, hey!

Enter Gervase.

Run quickly to that betraying Rascal *Giles*, a Rogue, who wou'd take *Judas* his Bargain out of his hands, and under-sell him: Command him strictly to mew himself up in his Lodgings, till farther Orders: and in case he be refractory, let him know I have not forgot to kick and cudgel. That *Memento* wou'd do well for you too, Sirrah.

Ger. Thank your Worship, you have always been liberal of your hands to me.

Wood. And you have richly deserv'd it.

Ger. I will not say who has better deserv'd it, of my old Master.

Wood. Away, old *Epistetus*, about your business, and leave your musty Morals, or I shall——

Ger. Nay, I won't forfeit my own widom so far, as to suffer for it. Rest you merry: I'll do my best, and Heav'n mend all. [Exit.]

Enter Saintly.

Saint. Verily, I have waited till you were alone, and am come to rebuke you, out of the zeal of my Spirit.

Wood. 'Tis the Spirit of Persecution: *Dioclesian*, and *Julian* the Apostate, were but Types of thee. Get thee hence, thou old Geneva

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Testament: thou art a part of the Ceremonial Law, and hast been abolish'd these twenty Years.

Saint. All this is nothing, Sir; I am privy to your Plots: I'll discover 'em to Mr. *Limberham*, and make the House too hot for you.

Wood. What, you can talk in the Language of the World, I see!

Saint. I can, I can, Sir; and in the Language of the Flesh and Devil too, if you provoke me to Despair: you must, and shall be mine, this night,

Wood. The very Ghost of Queen *Dido* in the Ballad.

Saint. Delay no longer, or——

Wood. Or! you will not swear, I hope?

Saint. Uds Niggers, but I will; and that so loud, that Mr. *Limberham* shall hear me.

Wood. Uds Niggars, I confess, is a very dreadful Oath: you cou'd lye naturally before, as you are a Fanatick: if you can swear such Rappers too, there's hope of you; you may be a Woman of the World in time. Well, you shall be satisfi'd, to the utmost farthing: to night, and in your own Chamber.

Saint. Or, expect to morrow——

Wood. All shall be atton'd e're then. Go, provide the Bottle of *Clary*, the *Westphalia* Ham, and other Fortifications of Nature; we shall see what may be done: what, an old Woman must not be cast away. [Chucks her.

Saint. Then, verily, I am appeas'd.

Wood. Nay, no relapsing into Verily; that's in our Bargain. Look how she weeps for joy! 'Tis a good old Soul, I warrant her.

Saint. You wi' not fail?

Wood. Dost thou think I have no compassion for thy grey hairs? Away, away; our love may be discover'd: we must avoid Scandal; 'tis thy own Maxim. [Ex. Saintly.

They are all now at *Ombre*; and *Brainsick's* Maid has promis'd to send her Mistress up.

Enter Pleasance.

That Fury here again!

Pleas. [Aside.] I'll conquer my proud Spirit, I'm resolv'd on't, and speak kindly to him.—What, alone, Sir! If my company be not troublesome; or a tender young Creature, as I am, may safely trust her self with a man of such Prowess in Love affairs——It wonnot be.

Wood. So! there's one Broad-side already: I must shear off. [Aside.

Pleas. What, you have been pricking up and down here upon a cold scent; but, at last, you have hit it off, it seems! Now for a fair

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view at the Wife or Mistress! up the wind, and away with it: Hey, *Jowler!*——I think I am bewitch'd, I cannot hold.

Wood. Your servant, your servant, Madam: I am in a little haste at present. [*Going.*]

Pleas. Pray resolve me first, for which of 'em you lie in Ambush: for, methinks, you have the Meen of a Spider in her Den: Come, I know the Web is spread, and, who ever comes, Sir *Cranion* stands ready to dart out, hale her in, and shed his Venom.

Wood. [*Aside.*] But such a terrible Wasp, as she, will spoil the Snare, if I durst tell her so.

Pleas. 'Tis unconscionably done of me, to debar you the Freedom and Civilities of the House. Alas, poor Gentleman! to take a Lodging at so dear a rate, and not to have the benefit of his Bargain!——Mischief on me, what need'd I have said that? [*Aside.*]

Wood. The Dialogue will go no farther: Farewel, gentle, quiet Lady.

Pleas. Pray stay a little; I'll not leave you thus.

Wood. I know it; and therefore mean to leave you first.

Pleas. O, I find it now; you are going to set up your Bills, like a Love-Mountebank, for the speedy cure of distressed Widows, old Ladies, and languishing Maids in the Green-sickness: a Sovereign Remedy.

Wood. That last, for Maids, wou'd be thrown away: few of your Age are qualify'd for the Medicine. What the Devil wou'd you be at, Madam?

Pleas. I am in the humour of giving you good counsel. The Wife can afford you but the leavings of a Fop; and to a witty man, as you think your self, that's nauseous: The Mistress has fed upon Fool so long, she's Carrion too, and Common into the Bargain. Wou'd you beat a Ground for Game in the Afternoon, when my Lord Mayor's Pack had been before you in the Morning?

Wood. I had rather sit five hours at one of his greasie Feasts, than hear you talk.

Pleas. Your two Mistresses keep both Shop and Ware-house; and what they cannot put off in Gross, to the Keeper and the Husband, they sell by Retail to the next Chance-customer. Come, are you edifi'd?

Wood. I'm considering how to thank you for your Homily: and to make a sober Application of it, you may have some laudable design your self in this advice.

Pleas. Meaning, some secret inclination to that amiable Person of yours?

Wood. I confess, I am vain enough to hope it: for why shou'd you

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remove the two Dishes, but to make me fall more hungrily on the third?

Pleas. Perhaps, indeed, in the way of *Honour*——

Wood. Paw, paw! that word *Honour* has almost turn'd my Stomach; it carries a villanous interpretation of Matrimony along with it. But, in a civil way, I cou'd be content to deal with you, as the Church does with the Heads of your Fanaticks, offer you a lusty Benefice to stop your mouth; if fifty Guinnies, and a courtesie more worth, will win you.

Pleas. Out upon thee! fifty Guinnies! Dost thou think I'll sell my self? and at Play-house price too? When ever I go, I go altogether: no cutting from the whole Piece; he who has me, shall have the fag end with the rest, I warrant him. Be satisf'd, thy Sheers shall never enter into my Cloth. But, look to thy self, thou impudent *Bel-swagger*: I'll be reveng'd; I will. [Exit.]

Wood. The Maid will give warning, that's my comfort; for she is brib'd on my side. I have another kind of Love to this Girl, than to either of the other two; but a Fanatic's Daughter, and the Noose of Matrimony, are such intolerable terms! O, here she comes, who will sell me better cheap?

Enter Mrs. Brainsick.

Mrs. Bra. How now, Sir? what impudence is this of yours, to approach my Lodgings?

Wood. You lately honour'd mine: and 'tis the part of a well-bred man to return your Visit.

Mrs. Bra. If I cou'd have imagin'd how base a Fellow you had been, you shou'd not then have been troubled with my company.

Wood. How cou'd I guess, that you intended me the Favour, without first acquainting me?

Mrs. Brain. Cou'd I do it, ungrateful as you are, with more obligation to you, or more hazard to my self, than by putting my Note into your Glove?

Wood. Was it yours then? I believ'd it came from Mrs. *Tricksy*.

Mrs. Brain. You wish'd it so; which made you so easily believe it. I heard the pleasant Dialogue betwixt you.

Wood. I am glad you did: for you cou'd not but observe, with how much care I avoided all occasions of railing at you; to which she urg'd me, like a malicious Woman, as she was.

Mrs. Brain. By the same token, you vow'd and swore never to look on Mrs. *Brainsick*!

Wood. But I had my Mental Reservations in a readiness. I had vow'd fidelity to you before; and there went my second Oath, i'faith:

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it vanish'd in a twinkling, and never gnaw'd my Conscience in the least.

Mrs. *Brain*. Well, I shall never heartily forgive you.

Jud. [*within.*] Mr. *Brainsick*, Mr. *Brainsick*, what do you mean to make my Lady lose her Game thus? Pray come back, and take up her Cards again.

Mrs. *Brain*. My Husband, as I live! Well, for all my quarrel to you, step immediately into that little dark Closet: 'tis for my private occasions; there's no Lock, but he wi'not stay.

Wood. Thus am I ever Tantaliz'd? [Goes in.]

Enter Brainsick.

Brain. What, am I become your Drudge? your Slave? the Property of all your pleasures? Shall I, the Lord and Master of your Life, become subservient; and the Noble Name of Husband be dishonour'd? No, though all the Cards were Kings and Queens, and *Indies* to be gain'd by every Deal——

Mrs. *Bra*. My dear, I am coming to do my duty. I did but go up a little, (I whisper'd you for what) and am returning immediately.

Brain. Your Sex is but one Universal Ordure, a Nuisance, and incumbrance of that Majestick Creature, Man: yet I my self am mortal too, Nature's necessities have call'd me up; produce your Utensil of Urine.

Mrs. *Brain*. 'Tis not in the way, Child: you may go down into the Garden.

Brain. The Voyage is too far: though the way were pav'd with Pearls and Diamonds, every step of mine is precious, as the March of Monarchs.

Mrs. *Brain*. Then my steps, which are not so precious, shall be imploid for you: I'll call up *Judith*.

Brain. I will not dance attendance. At the present, your Closet shall be honour'd.

Mrs. *Bra*. O Lord, Dear, 'tis not worthy to receive such a man as you are.

Brain. Nature presses; I am in haste.

Mrs. *Bra*. He must be discover'd, and I unavoidably undone!

[*Aside.*

Brainsick goes to the Door, and Woodall meets him: She shrieks out.

Brain. Mounsieur *Woodall*!

~*Wood*. Sir, be gone, and make no noise, or you'll spoil all.

Brain. Spoil all, quoth a! what does he mean, in the name of Wonder?

Wood. [*Taking him aside.*] Hark you, Mr. *Brainsick*, is the Devil

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in you, that you, and your Wife come hither, to disturb my Intrigue, which you your self ingag'd me in, with Mrs. *Tricksy*, to revenge you on *Limberham*? Why, I had made an appointment with her here; but, hearing some-body come up, I retir'd into the Closet, till I was satisfi'd 'twas not the Keeper.

Brain. But why this Intrigue in my Wife's Chamber?

Wood. Why, you turn my Brains, with talking to me of your Wife's Chamber! do you lie in common? the Wife and Husband, the Keeper and the Mistress?

Mrs. Bra. I am afraid they are quarrelling; pray Heav'n I get off.

Brain. Once again, I am the *Sultan* of this place: Mr. *Limberham* is the *Mogol* of the next Mansion.

Wood. Though I am a stranger in the House, 'tis impossible I shou'd be so much mistaken: I say, this is *Limberham's* Lodging.

Brain. You wou'd not venture a wager of ten pounds that you are not mistaken?

Wood. 'Tis done: I'll lay you.

Brain. Who shall be Judge?

Wood. Who better than your Wife? She cannot be partial, because she knows not on which side you have laid.

Brain. Content. Come hither, Lady mine: whose Lodgings are these? who is Lord, and Grand Seigneur of 'em?

Mrs. Bra. [*Aside*.] Oh, goes it there?—Why shou'd you ask me such a question, when every body in the house can tell they are n'one Dears?

Brain. Now are you satisfi'd? Children, and Fools, you know the Proverb.—

Wood. Pox on me; nothing but such a positive Coxcomb as I am, wou'd have laid his money upon such odds; as if you did not know your own Lodgings better than I, at half a days warning! And that which vexes me more than the loss of my Money, is the loss of my Adventure! [*Exit*.

Brain. It shall be spent: we'll have a Treat with it. This is a Fool of the first magnitude.

Mrs. Bra. Let n'one Dear alone, to find a Fool out.

Enter Limberham.

Lim. Bully *Brainsick*, *Pug* has sent me to you on an Embassie, to bring you down to Cards again; she's in her Mulligrubs already; she'll never forgive you the last *Vol* you won. 'Tis but losing a little to her, out of complaisance, as they say, to a fair Lady: and what e're she wins, I'll make up to you again in private.

Brain. I wou'd not be that Slave you are, to enjoy the Treasures

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of the *East*: the possession of *Peru*, and of *Potozi*, shou'd not buy me to the Bargain.

Lim. Will you leave your Perbole's, and come then?

Brain. No; for I have won a Wager, to be spent luxuriously at *Longs*; with *Pleasance* of the Party, and *Termagant Tricksy*; and I will pass, in Person, to the preparation: Come, Matrimony.

[*Exeunt Brainsick, Mrs. Brain.*]

Enter Saintly, and Pleasance.

Pleas. To him; I'll second you: now for mischief!

Saint. Arise, Mr. *Limberham*, arise; for Conspiracies are hatch'd against you, and a new *Faux* is preparing to blow up your happiness.

Lim. What's the matter, Landlady? Prithee speak, good honest *English*, and leave thy Canting.

Saint. Verily, thy Beloved is led astray, by the Young Man *Woodall*, that Vessel of Uncleaness: I beheld them communing together; she feigned her self sick, and retired to her Tent in the Garden-house; and I watched her out-going, and behold he follow'd her.

Pleas. Do you stand unmov'd, and hear all this?

Lim. Before *George*, I am Thunder-struck!

Saint. Take to thee thy resolution, and avenge thy self.

Lim. But give me leave to consider first: a man must do nothing rashly.

Peas. I cou'd tear out the Villains eyes, for dishonouring you, while you stand considering, as you call it. Are you a man, and suffer this?

Lim. Yes, I am a man; but a man is but a man, you know: I am recollecting my self, how these things can be.

Saint. How they can be! I have heard 'em; I have seen 'em.

Lim. Heard 'em and seen 'em! It may be so; but yet I cannot enter into this same business: I am amaz'd, I must confess; but the best is, I do not believe one word on't.

Saint. Make haste, and thine own eyes shall testify against her.

Lim. Nay, if my own eyes testify, it may be so.——But 'tis impossible however; for I am making a Settlement upon her, this very day.

Pleas. Look, and satisfy your self, e're you make that Settlement on so false a Creature.

Lim. But yet, if I shou'd look; and not find her false, then I must cast in another hundred, to make her satisfaction.

Pleas. Was there ever such a meek, Hen-hearted Creature!

Saint. Verily, thou hast not the Spirit of a Cock-Chicken.

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Lim. Before *George*, but I have the Spirit of a Lion, and I will tear her limb from limb——if I cou'd believe it.

Pleas. Love, Jealousie, and disdain, how they torture me at oncel and this insensible creature——were I but in his place——
[*To him.*] Think, that this very instant she's yours no more: now, now she's giving up her self, with so much violence of Love, that if Thunder roar'd, she cou'd not hear it.

Limb. I have been whetting all this while: they shall be so taken in the manner, that *Mars* and *Venus* shall be nothing to 'em.

Pleas. Make haste; go on then.

Limb. Yes, I will go on;——and yet my mind misgives me Plaguily.

Saint. Again backsliding!

Pleas. Have you no sense of Honour in you?

Limb. Well, Honor is Honor, and I must go: but I shall never get me such another *Pug* again! O, my heart! my poor tender heart! 'tis just breaking, with *Pug's* unkindness! *They drag him out.*

SCENE II.

Woodall and Tricksy discover'd in the Garden-house.

Enter Gervase to them.

Ger. Make haste, and save your self, Sir; the Enemy's at hand: I have discover'd him from the corner, where you set me Sentry.

Wood. Who is't?

Gerv. Who shou'd it be, but *Limberham*? Arm'd with a two-hand Fox. O Lord, O Lord!

Trick. Enter quickly into the Still-house both of you, and leave me to him: there's a Spring-lock within, to open it when we are gone.

Wood. Well, I have won the party and revenge however: a minute longer, and I had won the Tout.

[*They go in: She locks the door.*]

Enter Limberham, with a great Sword.

Limb. Disloyal *Pug*.

Trick. What humor's this? you're drunk it seems: go sleep.

Limb. Thou hast robb'd me of my repose for ever: I am like *Mackbeth*, after the death of good King *Duncan*; methinks a voice says to me, Sleep no more; *Tricksy* has murder'd Sleep.

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Trick. Now I find it: you are willing to save your Settlement, and are sent by some of your wise Counsellors, to pick a quarrel with me.

Limb. I have been your Cully above these seven years; but, at last, my eyes are open'd to your Witchcraft: and indulgent Heav'n has taken a care of my preservation.——In short, Madam, I have found you out; and to cut off preambles, produce your Adulterer.

Trick. If I have any, you know him best: you are the only ruin of my reputation. But if I have dishonour'd my Family, for the love of you, methinks you shou'd be the last man to upbraid me with it.

Limb. I am sure you are of the Family of your abominable great Grandam *Eve*; But produce the man, or, by my Father's Soul——

Trick. Still I am in the dark.

Limb. Yes, you have been in the dark; I know it: but I shall bring you to light immediately.

Trick. You are not jealous.

Limb. No; I am too certain to be jealous: but you have a man here, that shall be nameless; let me see him.

Trick. O, if that be your business, you had best search: and when you have wear'd your self, and spent your idle humor, you may find me above in my Chamber, and come to ask my pardon. [*Going.*]

Limb. You may go, Madam; but I shall beseech your Ladiship to leave the Key of the Still-house door behind you: I have a mind to some of the Sweetmeats you have lock'd up there; you understand me. Now, for the old Dog-trick! you have lost the Key, I know already, but I am prepar'd for that; you shall know you have no Fool to deal with.

Trick. No; here's the Key: take it, and satisfie your foolish curiosity.

Lim. [*Aside.*] This confidence amazes me! If those two Gipsies have abus'd me, and I shou'd not find him there now, this wou'd make an immortal quarrel.

Trick. [*Aside.*] I have put him to a stand.

Lim. Hang't, 'tis no matter; I will be satisfi'd: if it comes to a rupture, I know the way to buy my peace. *Pug*, produce the Key.

Trick. [*Takes him about the Neck.*] My Dear, I have it for you: Come, and kiss me. Why wou'd you be so unkind to suspect my Faith now? when I have forsaken all the World for you.——[*Kiss again.*] But I am not in the mood of quarrelling to night; I take this Jealousie the best way, as the effect of your passion. Come up, and we'll go to Bed together, and be Friends. [*Kiss again.*]

Lim. [*Aside.*] *Pug's* in a pure humor to night, and 'twou'd vex a

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man to lose it; but yet I must be satisfi'd: And therefore, upon mature consideration, give me the Key.

Trick. You are resolv'd then?

Lim. Yes, I am resolv'd; for I have sworn to my self by *Styx*: and that's an irrevocable Oath.

Trick. Now see your folly: there's the Key. [*Gives it him.*]

Lim. Why, that's a loving *Pug*; I will prove thee Innocent immediately: and that will put an end to all Controversies betwixt us.

Trick. Yes, it shall put an end to all our quarrels: farewell for the last time, Sir. Look well upon my face, that you may remember it; for from this time forward, I have sworn it irrevocably too, that you shall never see it more.

Lim. Nay, but hold a little, *Pug*. What's the meaning of this new Commotion?

Trick. No more; but satisfie your foolish fancy, for you are Master: And besides, I am willing to be justifi'd.

Lim. Then you shall be justifi'd. [*Puts the Key in the door.*]

Trick. I know I shall: farewell.

Lim. But, are you sure you shall?

Trick. No, no, he's there: you'll find him up in the Chimney, or behind the door; or, it may be, crouded into some little Galley-Pot.

Lim. But you will not leave me, if I shou'd look?

Trick. You are not worthy my answer: I am gone. [*Going out.*]

Lim. Hold, hold, Divine *Pug*, and let me recollect a little.—
This is no time for meditation neither: while I deliberate, she may be gone. She must be Innocent, or she cou'd never be so confident, and careless.—Sweet *Pug*, forgive me. [*Kneels.*]

Trick. I am provok'd too far.

Lim. 'Tis the property of a Goddess to forgive. Accept of this Oblation; with this humble kiss, I here present it to thy fair hand: I conclude thee Innocent without looking, and depend wholly upon thy mercy. [*Offers the Key.*]

Trick. No, keep it, keep it: the Lodgings are your own.

Lim. If I shou'd keep it, I were unworthy of forgiveness: I will no longer hold this fatal Instrument of our Separation.

Trick. [*Taking it.*] Rise, Sir: I will endeavour to overcome my Nature, and forgive you; for I am so scrupulously nice in Love, that it grates my very Soul to be suspected: Yet, take my counsel, and satisfie your self.

Lim. I wou'd not be satisfi'd, to be Possessor of *Potozi*, as my Brother *Brainsick* says. Come, to Bed, dear *Pug*. Now wou'd not I change my condition to be an *Eastern* Monarch. [*Exeunt.*]

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Enter Woodall and Gervase.

Ger. O Lord, Sir, are we alive!

Wood. Alive! why, we were never in any danger: well, she's a rare Menager of a Fool!

Ger. Are you dispos'd yet to receive good counsel? has affliction wrought upon you?

Wood. Yes, I must ask thy advice in a most important business: I have promis'd a Charity to Mrs. *Saintly*, and she expects it with a beating heart a-bed: Now, I have at present no running Cash to throw away, my ready Money is all paid to Mrs. *Tricksy*, and the Bill is drawn upon for to night.

Ger. Take advice of your Pillow.

Wood. No, Sirrah, since you have not the grace to offer yours, I will for once make use of my Authority, and command you to perform the foresaid Drudgery in my place.

Ger. Zookers, I cannot answer it to my Conscience.

Wood. Nay, and your Conscience can suffer you to swear, it shall suffer you to lie too: I mean in this sense. Come, no denial, you must do it; she's rich, and there's a provision for your life.

Ger. I beseech you, Sir, have pity on my Soul.

Wood. Have you pity of your Body: there's all the Wages you must expect.

Ger. Well, Sir, you have perswaded me: I will arm my Conscience with a resolution of making her an honourable amends by Marriage; for to morrow morning a Parson shall authorize my labours, and turn Fornication into duty. And moreover, I will enjoin my self, by way of Penance, not to touch her for seven nights after.

Wood. Thou wert predestinated for a Husband I see, by that natural Instinct: as we walk, I will instruct thee how to behave thy self, with secresie and silence.

Ger. I have a Key of the Garden, to let us out the back-way into the Street, and so privately to our Lodging.

Wood. 'Tis well: I'll plot the rest of my affairs a-bed; for 'tis resolv'd that *Limberham* shall not wear Horns alone: and I am impatient till I add to my Trophy the Spoils of *Brainsick*. [Exeunt.]

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ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Woodall, Judith.

Jud. **W**ELL, you are a lucky man! Mrs. *Brainsick* is Fool enough to believe you wholly Innocent; and that the Adventure of the Garden-house, last night, was only a Vision of Mrs. *Saintly's*.

Wood. I knew, if I cou'd once speak with her, all wou'd be set right immediately; for, had I been there, look you,——

Jud. As you were, most certainly.

Wood. *Limberham* must have found me out; that *Fe-fa-fum* of a Keeper wou'd have smelt the blood of a Cuckold-maker: they say, he was peeping and butting about in every cranny.

Jud. But one. You must excuse my unbelief, though Mrs. *Brainsick* is better satisfi'd. She and her Husband, you know, went out this morning to the *New-Exchange*: there she has given him the slip; and pretending to call at her Taylor's, to try her Stays for a new Gown.——

Wood. I understand thee. She fetch'd me a short turn, like a Hare before her Muse, and will immediately run hither to Covert?

Jud. Yes; but because your Chamber will be least suspicious, she appoints to meet you there; that, if her Husband shou'd come back, he may think her still abroad, and you may have time——

Wood. To take in the Horn-work. It happens as I wish; for Mistress *Tricksy*, and her Keeper, are gone out with Father *Aldo* to compleat her Settlement: my Landlady is safe at her Morning Exercise, with my Man *Gervase*, and her Daughter not stirring: the House is our own, and Iniquity may walk bare-fac'd.

Jud. And, to make all sure, I am order'd to be from home. When I come back again, I shall knock at your door, with speak Brother, speak; is the deed done? *[Singing.]*

Wood. Long ago, long ago; and then we come panting out together. Oh, I am ravish'd with the imagination on't!

Jud. Well, I must retire; Good-morrow to you, Sir. *[Exit.]*

Wood. Now do I humbly conceive, that this Mistress in Matrimony, will give me more pleasure than the former: for your coupled Spaniels, when they are once let loose, are afterwards the highest Rangers.

Enter Mrs. Brainsick running.

Mrs. *Brain.* Oh dear Mr. *Woodall*, what shall I do?

Wood. Recover breath, and I'll instruct you in the next Chamber.

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Mrs. *Brain*. But my Husband follows me at heels.

Wood. Has he seen you?

Mrs. *Bra*. I hope not: I thought I had left him sure enough, at the *Exchange*; but, looking behind me, as I entred into the house, I saw him walking a round rate this way.

Wood. Since he has not seen you, there's no danger; you need but step into my Chamber, and there we'll lock our selves up, and transform him in a twinkling.

Mrs. *Bra*. I had rather have got into my own; but *Judith* is gone out with the Key I doubt.

Wood. Yes, by your appointment. But so much the better; for when the Cuckold finds no company, he will certainly go a santring again.

Mrs. *Bra*. Make haste then.

Wood. Immediately.——

[*Goes to open the door hastily, and breaks his Key.*
What's the matter here? the Key turns round, and will not open! As I live, we are undone! with too much haste 'tis broken!

Mrs. *Bra*. Then I am lost; for I cannot enter into my own.

Wood. This next Room is *Limberham's*. See! the door's open; and he and his Mistress are both abroad.

Mrs. *Bra*. There's no remedy, I must venture in: for his knowing I am come back so soon, must be cause of jealousy enough, if the Fool shou'd find me.

Wood. [*Looking in.*] See there! Mrs. *Tricksy* has left her *Indian Gown* upon the Bed; clap it on, and turn your back: he will easily mistake you for her, if he shou'd look in upon you.

Mrs. *Bra*. I'll put on my Vizor-Mask however, for more security. Hark! I hear him.

[*Noise.*
[*Goes in.*

Enter Brainsick.

Brain. What, in a musty musing, Monsieur *Woodall*! Let me enter into the Affair.

Wood. You may guess it by the Post I have taken up.

Brain. O, at the door of the Damsel *Tricksy*! your business is known by your abode: as the posture of a Porter before a Gate, denotes to what Family he belongs. [*Looks in.*] 'Tis an Assignment I see: for yonder she stands, with her back toward me, drest up for the Duel, with all the Ornaments of the *East*. Now for the Judges of the Field, to divide the Sun and Wind betwixt the Combatants, and a tearing Trumpeter to sound the Charge.

Wood. 'Tis a private quarrel, to be decided without Seconds; and therefore you wou'd do me a favour to withdraw.

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Brain. Your *Limberham* is nearer than you imagine: I left him almost entering at the door.

Wood. Plague of all impertinent Cuckolds! they are ever troublesome to us honest Lovers: so intruding!

Brain. They are indeed, where their company is not desir'd.

Wood. Sure he has some Tutelar Devil to guard his Brows! just when she had bobb'd him, and made an Errand home, to come to me!

Brain. 'Tis unconscionably done of him. But you shall not adjourn your love for this; the *Brainsick* has an Ascendant over him: I am your *Garantee*; he's doom'd a Cuckold, in disdain of Destiny.

Wood. What mean you?

Brain. To stand before the door with my brandish'd Blade, and defend the Entrance: he dies upon the point, if he approaches.

Wood. If I durst trust it, 'tis Heroick.

Brain. 'Tis the Office of a Friend: I'll do't.

Wood. [*Aside.*] Shou'd he know hereafter his Wife were here, he wou'd think I had enjoy'd her, though I had not: 'tis best venturing for something. He takes pains enough o' conscience for his Cuckoldom; and, by my troth, has earn'd it fairly.—But, may a man venture upon your promise?

Brain. Bars of Brass, and Doors of Adamant, cou'd not more secure you.

Wood. I know it; but still gentle means are best: you may come to force at last. Perhaps, you may wheedle him away: 'tis but drawing a Trope or two upon him.

Brain. He shall have it; with all the Artillery of Eloquence.

Wood. I, I; your Figure breaks no bones. With your good leave.—

[*Goes in.*]

Brain. Thou hast it, Boy. Turn to him, Madam; to her *Woodall*: and S. George for merry *England*. *Tan ta ra ra ra, ra ra! Dub, a dub, dub; Tan ta ra ra ra.*

Enter Limberham.

Lim. How now, Bully *Brainsick*! What, upon the *Tan ta ra*, by your self?

Brain. Clangor, *Taratantara*, Murmur.

Lim. Commend me to honest *Lingua Franca*. Why, this is enough to stun a Christian, with your *Hebrew*, and your *Greek*, and such like *Latin*.

Brain. Out, Ignorance!

Lim. Then Ignorance, by your leave; for I must enter.

Brain. Why in such haste? the Fortune of *Greece* depends not on't.

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Lim. But *Pug's* Fortune does: that's dearer to me than *Greece*, and sweeter than *Ambergrise*.

Brain. You'll not find her here. Come, you are jealous: you're haunted with a raging Fiend, that robs you of your sweet repose.

Lim. Nay, and you are in your Perbole's again! Look you, 'tis *Pug* is jealous of her Jewels: she has left the Key of her Cabinet behind; and has desir'd me to bring it back to her.

Brain. Poor Fool! he little thinks she's here before him! Well, this pretence will never pass on me; for I dive deeper into your affairs: you are jealous. But, rather than my Soul shou'd be concern'd for a Sex so insignificant,——Ha! the Gods! if I thought my proper Wife were now within, and prostituting all her Treasures to the lawless love of an Adulterer, I wou'd stand as intrepid, as firm, and as unmov'd, as the Statue of a *Roman Gladiator*.

Lim. [*In the same tone.*] Of a *Roman Gladiator*!——Now are you as mad as a *March Hare*; but I am in haste to return to *Pug*: yet, by your favour, I will first secure the Cabinet.

Brain. No, you must not.

Lim. Must not? what, may not a man come by you, to look upon his own Goods and Chattels, in his own Chamber?

Brain. No: with this *Sabre* I defie the Destinies, and dam up the passage with my person; like a rugged Rock, oppos'd against the roaring of the boisterous Billows. Your jealousy shall have no course thro' me, though Potentates and Princes——

Lim. Prithee what have we to do with Potentates and Princes? Will you leave your Troping, and let me pass?

Brain. You have your utmost answer.

Lim. If this Maggot bite a little deeper, we shall have you a Citizen of *Bet'lem* yet e're Dog-days. Well, I say little; but I'll tell *Pug* on't.

Brain. She knows it already, by your favour.——[*Knocking.*] Sound a Retreat, you lusty Lovers, or the Enemy will Charge you in the Flank, with a fresh Reserve: March off, march off upon the Spur, e're he can reach you.

Enter Woodall.

Wood. How now, Baron *Tell-clock*, is the passage clear?

Brain. Clear as a Level, without Hills or Woods, and void of Ambuscade.

Wood. But *Limberham* will return immediately, when he finds not his Mistress where he thought he left her.

Brain. Friendship, which has done much, will yet do more.

[*Shows a Key.*]

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With this *Passe par tout*, I will instantly conduct her to my own Chamber, that she may out-face the Keeper she has been there; and, when my Wife returns, who is my Slave, I will lay my Conjugal Commands upon her, to affirm, they have been all this time together.

Wood. I shall never make you amends for this kindness, my dear *Padron*: but wou'd it not be better, if you wou'd take the pains to run after *Limberham*, and stop him in his way e're he reach the place where he thinks he left his Mistress; then hold him in discourse as long as possibly you can, till you guess your Wife may be return'd, that so they may appear together?

Brain. I warrant you: *laissez faire a Marc Antoine.* [Exit.]

Wood. Now, Madam, you may venture out in safety.

Mrs. Brain. [Entring.] Pray Heav'n I may. [Noise.]

Wood. Hark! I hear *Judith's* voice: it happens well that she's return'd: slip into your Chamber immediately, and send back the Gown.

Mrs. Brain. I will: but are not you a wicked man, to put me into all this danger? [Exit.]

Wood. Let what can happen, my comfort is, at least, I have enjoy'd: But this is no place for consideration. Be jogging, good Mr. *Woodall*, out of this Family, while you are well; and go Plant in some other Country, where your Virtues are not so famous. [Going.]

Enter Tricksy, with a Box of Writings.

Trick. What, wandring up and down, as if you wanted an owner? Do you know that I am Lady of the Mannour; and that all Wefts and Strays belong to me?

Wood. I have waited for you above an hour; but Fryer *Bacon's* Head has been lately speaking to me, that *Time is past*. In a word, your Keeper has been here, and will return immediately; we must defer our happiness till some more favourable time.

Trick. I fear him not; he has, this morning, arm'd me against himself, by this Settlement: the next time he rebels, he gives me a fair occasion of leaving him for ever.

Wood. But is this Conscience in you? not to let him have his Bargain, when he has paid so dear for't.

Trick. You do not know him: he must perpetually be us'd ill, or he insults. Besides, I have gain'd an absolute Dominion over him: he must not see, when I bid him wink. If you argue after this, either you love me not, or dare not.

Wood. Go in, Madam: I was never dar'd before. I'll but Scout a little, and follow you immediately.—[Trick. goes in.] I find a Mistress is only kept for other men: and the Keeper is but her Man in a

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green Livery, bound to serve a Warrant for the *Doe*, when e're she pleases, or is in season.

Enter Judith, with the Night-Gown.

Jud. Still you're a lucky man! Mr. *Brainsick* has been exceeding honourable: he ran, as if a Legion of Bayliffs had been at his heels, and overtook *Limberham* in the Street. Here, take the Gown; lay it where you found it, and the danger's over.

Wood. Speak softly: Mrs. *Tricksy* is return'd. [*Looks in.*] Oh, she's gone into her Closet, to lay up her Writings: I can throw it on the Bed, e're she perceive it has been wanting.— [*Throws it in.*]

Jud. Every Woman wou'd not have done this for you, which I have done.

Wood. I am sensible of it, little *Judith*: there's a time to come shall pay for all. I hear her a returning: not a word; away.

[*Exit Judith.*]

Re-enter Tricksy.

Trick. What, is a second Summons needful? my Favours have not been so cheap, that they shou'd stick upon my hands. It seems you slight your Bill of fare, because you know it: or fear to be invited to your loss.

Wood. I was willing to secure my happiness from interruption: A true Souldier never falls upon the Plunder, while the Enemy is in the Field.

Trick. He has been so often baffled, that he grows contemptible. Were he here, shou'd he see you enter into my Closet; yet——

Wood. You are like to be put upon the tryal; for I hear his voice.

Trick. 'Tis so: go in, and mark the event now: be but as unconcern'd, as you are safe, and trust him to my management.

Wood. I must venture it: because to be seen here, wou'd have the same effect, as to be taken within. Yet I doubt you are too confident.

[*He goes in.*]

Enter Limberham and Brainsick.

Lim. How now, *Pug*? return'd so soon!

Trick. When I saw you came not for me, I was loth to be long without you.

Lim. But which way came you, that I saw you not?

Trick. The back way; by the Garden-door.

Lim. How long have you been here?

Trick. Just come before you.

Lim. O, then all's well. For, to tell you true, *Pug*, I had a kind of

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villanous apprehension that you had been here longer: but what e'er thou say'st, is an Oracle, sweet *Pug*, and I am satisfi'd.

Brain. [*Aside.*] How infinitely she gulls him! and he so stupid not to find it! [*To her*] If he be still within, Madam, (you know my meaning?) here's *Bilbo* ready to forbid your Keeper entrance.

Trick. [*Aside.*] *Woodall* must have told him of our appointment. — What think you of walking down, Mr. *Limberham*?

Lim. I'll but visit the Chamber a little first.

Trick. What new Maggot's this? you dare not sure be jealous!

Lim. No, I protest, sweet *Pug*, I am not: only to satisfie my curiosity; that's but reasonable, you know.

Trick. Come, what foolish curiosity?

Lim. You must know, *Pug*, I was going but just now, in obedience to your Commands, to enquire of the health and safety of your Jewels, and my Brother *Brainsick* most barbarously forbade me entrance: (nay, I dare accuse you, when *Pug's* by to back me;) but now I am resolv'd I will go see 'em, or some-body shall smoak for't.

Brain. But I resolve you shall not. If she pleases to command my Person, I can comply with the obligation of a *Cavalier*.

Trick. But what reason had you to forbid him then, Sir?

Lim. I, what reason had you to forbid me then, Sir?

Brain. 'Twas only my *Caprichio*, Madam. (Now must I seem ignorant of what she knows full well.)

Trick. We'll enquire the cause at better leisure: Come down, Mr. *Limberham*.

Lim. Nay, if it were only his *Caprichio*, I am satisfi'd: though, I must tell you, I was in a kind of a huff, to hear him, *Tan tara, tan tara*, a quarter of an hour together; for *Tan ta ra* is but an odd kind of sound, you know, before a man's Chamber.

Enter Pleasance.

Pleas. [*Aside.*] *Judith* has assur'd me he must be there; and, I'm resolv'd, I'll satisfie my revenge at any rate upon my Rivals.

Trick. Mrs. *Pleasance* is come to call us: pray let us go.

Pleas. Oh dear, Mr. *Limberham*, I have had the dreadful'st Dream to night, and am come to tell it you; I dream'd you left your Mistress Jewels in your Chamber, and the Door open.

Lim. In good time be it spoken; and so I did, Mrs. *Pleasance*.

Pleas. And that a great swinging Thief came in, and whipt 'em out.

Lim. Marry, Heav'n forbid.

Trick. This is ridiculous: I'll speak to your Mother, Madam, not to suffer you to eat such heavy Suppers.

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Lim. Nay, that's very true; for you may remember, she fed very much upon Larks and Pigeons; and they are very heavy meat, as *Pug* says.

Trick. The Jewels are all safe; I look'd on 'em.

Brain. Will you never stand corrected, Mrs. *Pleasance*?

Pleas. Not by you: correct your Matrimony. And methought, of a sudden, this Thief was turn'd to Mr. *Woodall*, and that, hearing Mr. *Limberham* come, he slipt for fear into the Closet.

Trick. I look'd all over it; I'm sure he is not there. Come away, Dear.

Brain. What, I think you are in a Dream too, Brother *Limberham*.

Lim. If her Dream shou'd come out now! 'tis good to be sure however.

Trick. You are sure: have not I said it? You had best make Mr. *Woodall* a Thief, Madam.

Pleas. I make him nothing, Madam: but the Thief in my Dream was like Mr. *Woodall*; and that Thief may have made Mr. *Limberham* something.

Lim. Nay, Mr. *Woodall* is no Thief, that's certain: but if a Thief shou'd be turn'd to Mr. *Woodall*, that may be something.

Trick. Then I'll fetch out the Jewels: will that satisfie you?

Brain. That shall satisfie him.

Lim. Yes, that shall satisfie me.

Pleas. Then you are a Predestinated Fool, and somewhat worse, that shall be nameless: do you not see how grosly she abuses you? My life on't, there's some-body within, and she knows it; otherwise she wou'd suffer you to bring out the Jewels.

Lim. Nay, I am no Predestinated Fool; and therefore, *Pug*, give way.

Trick. I will not satisfie your humor.

Lim. Then I will satisfie it my self: for my generous blood is up, and I'll force my entrance.

Brain. Here's *Bilbo* then shall bar you: Atoms are not so small, as I will slice the Slave. Ha! Fate, and Furies!

Lim. I, for all your Fate and Furies, I charge you, in his Majesties Name, to keep the Peace: now, disobey Authority, if you dare.

Trick. Fear him not, sweet Mr. *Brainsick*.

Pleas. to *Brain*. But, if you shou'd hinder him, he may trouble you at Law, Sir, and say you robb'd him of his Jewels.

Lim. That's well thought on. I will accuse him hainously; there — and therefore fear and tremble.

Brain. My Allegiance Charms me: I acquiesce. — [*Aside.*] Th' occasion's plausible to let him pass. Now let the burnish'd Beams

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upon his Brow blaze broad, for the brand he cast upon the *Brainsick*.

Trick. Dear Mr. *Limberham*, come back, and hear me.

Lim. Yes, I will hear thee, *Pug*.

Pleas. Go on; my life for yours, he's there.

Lim. I am deaf, as an Adder; I will not hear thee, nor have no commiseration. [*Struggles from her, and rushes in.*]

Trick. Then I know the worst, and care not.

Limberham comes running out with the Jewels, follow'd by *Woodall*, with his Sword drawn.

Lim. O save me, *Pug*, save me! [*Gets behind her.*]

Wood. A Slave, to come and interrupt me at my Devotions! but I'll——

Lim. Hold, hold, since you are so devout, for Heav'n sake, hold.

Brain. Nay, Mounsieur *Woodall*!

Trick. For my sake, spare him.

Lim. Yes, for *Pug*'s sake, spare me.

Wood. I did his Chamber the honour, when my own was not open, to retire thither; and he to disturb me, like a profane Rascal as he was.

Lim. [*Aside.*] I believe he had the Devil for his Chaplain, and a man durst tell him so.

Wood. What's that you mutter?

Lim. Nay, nothing; but that I thought you had not been so well given. I was only afraid of *Pug*'s Jewels.

Wood. What, does he take me for a Thief? nay then——

Lim. O, mercy, mercy.

Pleas. Hold, Sir; 'twas a foolish Dream of mine that set him on. I dreamt, a Thief, who had been just repriev'd for a former Robbery, was vent'ring his Neck a minute after in Mr. *Limberham*'s Closet.

Wood. Are you thereabouts, i'faith! A Pox of *Artemidorus*!

Trick. I have had a Dream too, concerning Mrs. *Brainsick*, and perhaps——

Wood. Mrs. *Tricksy*, a word in private with you, by your Keepers leave.

Lim. Yes, Sir, you may speak your pleasure to her; and, if you have a mind to go to prayers together, the Closet is open.

Wood. to *Trick*. You but suspect it at most, and cannot prove it: if you value me, you will not ingage me in a quarrel with her Husband.

Trick. Well, in hope you'll love me, I'll obey.

Brain. Now, Damsel *Tricksy*, your dream, your Dream!

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Trick. 'Twas something of a *Flagelet* that a Shepherd play'd upon so sweetly, that three Women follow'd him for his Musick, and still one of 'em snatch'd it from the other.

Pleas. [*Aside.*] I understand her; but I find she's brib'd to secrecy.

Lim. That *Flagelet* was, by interpretation, but let that pass; and Mr. *Woodall* there, was the Shepherd that play'd the *Tan ta ra* upon't: but a generous heart, like mine, will endure the infamy no longer; therefore, *Pug*, I banish thee for ever.

Trick. Then farewell.

Lim. Is that all you make of me?

Trick. I hate to be tormented with your jealous humors, and am glad to be rid of 'em.

Lim. Bear witness, good People, of her ingratitude! Nothing vexes me, but that she calls me jealous; when I found him as close as a Butter-fly in her Closet.

Trick. No matter for that: I knew not he was there.

Lim. Wou'd I cou'd believe thee.

Wood. You have both our words for't.

Trick. Why shou'd you perswade him against his will?

Lim. Since you won't perswade me, I care not much: here are the Jewels in my possession; and I'll fetch out the Settlement immediately.

Wood. [*Showing the Box.*] Look you, Sir, I'll spare your pains: four hundred a year will serve to comfort a poor cast Mistress.

Lim. I thought what wou'd come of your Devils *Pater Nosters*!

Brain. Restore it to him for pity, *Woodall*.

Trick. I make him my Trustee; he shall not restore it.

Lim. Here are Jewels that cost me above two thousand pound, a Queen might wear 'em; behold this Orient Neck-lace, *Pug*! 'tis pity any Neck shou'd touch it after thine, that pretty Neck! but, oh, 'tis the falsest Neck that e're was hang'd in Pearl.

Wood. 'Twou'd become your bounty to give it her at parting.

Lim. Never the sooner for your asking. But, oh, that word *Parting*! can I bear it? if she cou'd find in her heart but so much grace, as to acknowledge what a Traytress she has been, I think in my Conscience I cou'd forgive her.

Trick. I'll not wrong my Innocence so much, nor this Gentlemen; but, since you have accus'd us falsly, four hundred a year, betwixt us two, will make us some part of reparation.

Wood. I answer you not, but with my Leg, Madam.

Pleas. [*Aside.*] This mads me; but I cannot help it.

Lim. What, wilt thou kill me, *Pug*, with thy unkindness, when,

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thou know'st I cannot live without thee? It goes to my heart, that this wicked Fellow——

Wood. How's that, Sir?

Lim. Under the Rose, good Mr. *Woodall*. But I speak it with all submission in the bitterness of my spirit, that you, or any man, shou'd have the disposing of my four hundred a year *gratis*: therefore, dear *Pug*, a word in private, with your permission, good Mr. *Woodall*.

Trick. Alas, I know, by experience, I may safely trust my Person with you. [*Ex.* *Lim.* *Tricksy.*

Enter Aldo.

Pleas. O, Father *Aldo*, we have wanted you! Here has been made the rarest discovery!

Brain. With the most Comical Catastrophe!

Wood. Happily arriv'd, i'faith, my old Sub-fornicator: I have been taken upon suspicion here with Mrs. *Tricksy*.

Aldo. To be taken, to be seen! Before *George*, that's a point next the worst, Son *Woodall*.

Wood. Truth is, I wanted thy assistance, old *Methusalem*: but, my comfort is, I fell greatly.

Aldo. Well, young *Phaeton*, that's somewhat yet, if you made a blaze at your departure.

Enter Giles, Mrs. Brainsick, and Judith.

Giles. By your leave, Gentlemen. I have follow'd an old Master of mine, these two long hours, and had a fair Course at him up the Street: here he enter'd I'm sure.

Aldo. Whoop Holiday! our trusty and well-beloved *Giles*, most welcome! Now, for some news of my ungracious Son.

Wood. [*Aside.*] *Giles* here! O Rogue, Rogue! Now, wou'd I were safe stow'd, over head and ears, in the Chest again.

Aldo. Look you now, Son *Woodall*, I told you I was not mistaken; my Rascal's in Town, with a vengeance to him.

Giles. Why, this is he, Sir; I thought you had known him.

Aldo. Known whom?

Giles. Your Son here, my young Master.

Aldo. Do I dote? or art thou drunk, *Giles*?

Giles. Nay, I am sober enough, I'm sure; I have been kept fasting almost these two days.

Aldo. Before *George*, 'tis so! I read it in that leering look: What a Tartar have I caught.

Brain. *Woodall* his Son!

Pleas. What, young Father *Aldo*!

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Aldo. [*Aside.*] Now cannot I for shame hold up my head, to think what this young Rogue is privy to!

Mrs. Brain. The most dumb interview I ever saw!

Brain. What, have you beheld the *Gorgon's* head on either side?

Aldo. Oh, my sins! my sins! and he keeps my Book of Conscience too! He can display 'em, with a witness! Oh, treacherous young Devil!

Wood. [*Aside.*] Well, the Squib's run to the end of the Line, and now for the Cracker: I must bear up.

Aldo. I must set a face of Authority on the matter, for my credit.

——— Pray, who am I? do you know me, Sir?

Wood. Yes, I think I shou'd partly know, Sir: you may remember some private passages betwixt us.

Aldo. [*Aside.*] I thought as much; he has me already!——— But pray, Sir, why this Ceremony amongst Friends? Put on, put on; and let us hear what news from *France*: have you heard lately from my Son? does he continue still the most hopeful and esteem'd young Gentleman in *Paris*? does he menage his allowance with the same discretion? and lastly, has he still the same respect and duty for his good old Father?

Wood. Faith, Sir, I have been too long from my Catechise, to answer so many questions; but, suppose there be no news of your *Quondam* Son, you may comfort up your heart for such a loss; Father *Aldo* has a numerous Progeny about the Town, Heav'n bless 'em.

Aldo. 'Tis very well, Sir; I find you have been searching for your Relations then, in *Whetstone's* Park!

Wood. No, Sir; I made some scruple of going to the foresaid place, for fear of meeting my own Father there.

Aldo. Before *George*, I cou'd find in my heart to disinherit thee.

Pleas. Sure you cannot be so unnatural.

Wood. I am sure I am no Bastard; witness one good quality I have: If any of your Children have a stronger Tang of the Father in 'em, I am content to be disown'd.

Aldo. Well, from this time forward, I pronounce thee———no Son of mine.

Wood. Then you desire I shou'd proceed, to justifie I am lawfully begotten? The Evidence is ready, Sir; and if you please, I shall relate before this Honourable Assembly, those excellent Lessons of Morality you gave me at our first Acquaintance. As, in the first place,———

Aldo. Hold, hold; I charge thee hold, on thy obedience. I forgive thee heartily; I have proof enough thou art my Son; but tame thee that can, thou art a mad one.

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Pleas. Why, this is as it shou'd be.

Aldo to Him.] Not a word of any passages betwixt us, 'tis enough we know each other; hereafter we'll banish all Pomp and Ceremony, and live familiarly together: I'll be *Pilades*, and thou mad *Orestes*, and we'll divide the Estate betwixt us, and have fresh Wenches, and *Ballum Rankum* every night.

Wood. A match, i'faith: and let the World pass.

Aldo. But hold a little; I had forgot one point: I hope you are not marri'd, nor ingag'd?

Wood. To nothing but my pleasures, I.

Aldo. A mingle of profit would do well though. Come, here's a Girl; look well upon her, 'tis a metled Toad, I can tell you that: she'll make notable work betwixt two Sheets, in a lawful way.

Wood. What, my old Enemy, Mrs. *Pleasance*!

Mrs. *Brain.* Marry Mrs. *Saintly's* Daughter!

Aldo. The truth is, she has past for her Daughter, by my appointment; but she has as good blood running in her veins, as the best of you: her Father, Mr. *Palms*, on his Death-bed, left her to my care and disposal; besides, a Fortune of twelve hundred a year; a pretty convenience, by my faith.

Wood. Beyond my hopes, if she consent.

Aldo. I have taken some care of her Education, and plac'd her here with Mrs. *Saintly*, as her Daughter, to avoid her being blown upon by Fops, and younger Brothers. So now, Son, I hope I have match'd your Concealment with my discovery! there's hit for hit, e're I cross the Cudgels.

Pleas. You will not take 'em up, Sir?

Wood. I dare not against you, Madam: I'm sure you'll worst me at all Weapons. All I can say is, I do not now begin to love you.

Aldo. Let me speak for thee: Thou shalt be us'd, little *Pleasance*, like a Sovereign Princess: thou shalt not touch a bit of Butchers meat in a twelvemonth; and thou shalt be treated——

Pleas. Not with *Ballum Rankum* every night, I hope!

Aldo. Well, thou art a Wag; no more of that. Thou shalt want neither Man's meat, nor Woman's meat, as far as his provision will hold out.

Pleas. But I fear he's so horribly given to go a House-warming abroad, that the least part of the Provision will come to my share at home.

Wood. You'll find me so much imployment in my own Family, that I shall have little need to look out for Journey-work.

Aldo. Before *George*, he shall do thee *Reason*, e're thou sleep'st.

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Pleas. No; he shall have an Honourable Truce for one day at least; for 'tis not fair, to put a fresh Enemy upon him.

Mrs. Bra. to *Pleas.* I beseech you, Madam, discover nothing betwixt him and me.

Pleas. to *her.* I am contented to cancel the old Score; but take heed of bringing me an after-reckoning.

Enter Gervase leading Saintly.

Ger. Save you, Gentlemen; and you, my *Quondam* Master: you are welcome all, as I may say.

Aldo. How now, Sirrah? what's the matter?

Ger. Give good words, while you live, Sir: your *Landlord*, and Mr. *Saintly*, if you please.

Wood. Oh, I understand the business; he's marri'd to the Widow.

Saint. Verily, the good work is accomplish'd.

Brain. But, why Mr. *Saintly*?

Ger. When a man is marri'd to his Betters, 'tis but decency to take her name. A pretty House, pretty Scituation, and prettily furnish'd! I have been unlawfully labouring at hard duty; but a Parson has soder'd up the matter: thank your Worship, Mr. *Woodall*.
——How? *Giles* here!

Wood. The business is out, and I am now *Aldo*: my Father has forgiven me, and we are friends.

Ger. When will *Giles*, with his honesty, come to this?

Wood. Nay, do not insult too much, good Mr. *Saintly*: thou wert but my Deputy; thou know'st the Widow intended it to me.

Ger. But I am satisfi'd she perform'd it with me, Sir. Well, there is much good will in these precise old Women; they are the most zealous Bed-fellows: Look and she does not blush now! you see there's Grace in her.

Wood. Mr. *Limberham*, where are you? Come, chear up man: how go matters on your side of the Country? Cry him, *Gervase*.

Ger. Mr. *Limberham*, Mr. *Limberham*, make your appearance in the Court, and save your Recognizance.

Enter Limberham and Tricksy.

Wood. Sir, I shou'd now make a Speech to you in my own defence; but the short of all is this: if you can forgive what's past, your hand, and I'll endeavour to make up the breach betwixt you and your Mistress: if not, I am ready to give you the satisfaction of a Gentleman.

Lim. Sir, I am a peaceable man, and a good Christian, though I say it, and desire no satisfaction from any man: *Pug* and I are partly

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agreed upon the point already; and therefore lay thy hand upon thy heart, *Pug*, and if thou canst from the bottom of thy Soul defie mankind, naming no body, I'll forgive thy past Enormities; and, to give good example to all Christian Keepers, will take thee to my wedded Wife: And thy four hundred a year shall be settled upon thee, for separate maintenance.

Trick. Why, now I can consent with Honour.

Aldo. This is the first business that was ever made up without me.

Wood. Give you Joy, Mr. *Bridegroom*.

Lim. You may spare your breath, Sir, if you please: I desire none from you. 'Tis true, I'm satisfi'd of her Vertue, in spite of Slander; but, to silence Calumny, I shall civilly desire you henceforth, not to make a Chappel of Ease of *Pug's* Closet.

Pleas. [*Aside.*] I'll take care of false Worship, I'll warrant him: he shall have no more to do with *Bell* and the *Dragon*.

Brain. Come hither, Wedlock, and let me Seal my lasting Love upon thy Lips: *Saintly* has been seduc'd, and so has *Tricksy*:—— but thou alone art kind and constant. Hitherto I have not valu'd modesty, according to its merit; but hereafter, *Memphis* shall not boast a Monument more firm, than my affection.

Wood. A most excellent Reformation, and at a most seasonable time! The Moral on't is pleasant, if well consider'd. Now, let's to Dinner: Mr. *Saintly*, lead the way, as becomes you, in your own House. [*The rest going off.*]

Pleas. Your hand, sweet moyety.

Wood. And heart too, my comfortable Importance.

Mistress, and Wife, by turns, I have possess'd:
He who enjoys 'em both, in one, is bless'd.

FINIS.

THE KIND KEEPER

EPILOGUE

Spoken by *LIMBERHAM*.

I Beg a Boon, that e're you all disband,
Some one would take my Bargain off my hand;
To keep a Punk is but a common evil,
To find her false, and Marry, that's the Devil.
Well, I ne're Acted Part in all my life,
But still I was fobb'd off with some such Wife:
I find the Trick; these Poets take no pity
Of one that is a Member of the City.
We Cheat you lawfully, and in our Trades,
You Cheat us basely with your Common Fades.
Now I am Married, I must sit down by it;
But let me keep my Dear-bought Spouse in quiet:
Let none of you Damn'd Woodalls of the Pit,
Put in for Shares to mend our breed, in Wit;
We know your Bastards from our Flesh and Blood,
Not one in ten of yours e're comes to good,
In all the Boys their Fathers Vertues shine,
But all the Female Fry turn Pugs like mine.
When these grow up, Lord with what Rampant Gadders
Our Counters will be throng'd, and Roads with Padders.
This Town two Bargains has, not worth one farthing,
A Smithfield Horse, and Wife of Covent-Garden.

FINIS.

OEDIPUS
A TRAGEDY

*Hi proprium decus & partum indignantur honorem
Ni teneant.* Virgil.

*Vos exemplaria Græca,
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.* Horat.

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SOURCE

DRYDEN himself tells us in the Preface to the printed play, 4to, 1679, "Sophocles indeed is admirable every where: And therefore we have follow'd him as close as possibly we cou'd." There are in truth several scenes where with extraordinary power Dryden has almost transcribed the Greek poet; such are the episode with the suppliants, Act I; the scene between Oedipus and Jocasta, Act III; and the meeting of Oedipus and Ægeon, Act IV. It is true that Dryden in *The Vindication of the Duke of Guise* declares that to him belong "only the *First Scene* of the Play; the whole *Fourth Act*, and the *first half*, or somewhat *more* of the *Fifth*," but we may well suppose that he revised Act III as it has many of his finest touches. ✓

✓Seneca supply'd us with no new hint, but only a Relation which he makes of his Tiresias raising the Ghost of Lajus: which is here perform'd in view of the Audience." For the Rites and Ceremonies the poets naturally consulted the nekylia of the *Odyssey*, Book XI; Lucan's *Pharsalia*, VI; the great authorities for ancient necromancy; and even did not neglect the short (if effective) episode at the conclusion of the Sixth Book of the *Aethiopica* of Heliodorus. ✓

✓The under-plot was suggested by Corneille's *Oedipe*. "All we cou'd gather out of Corneille, was, that an Episode must be, but not his way." ✓

✓In the Notes will be found ample references to all these authors and parallel passages are quoted at length.

✓Dryden and Lee's *Oedipus*, however, is no mere treading in the footsteps of other poets. The ancient history has been treated with new vigour and handled in no stereotyped and conventional manner. What has been borrowed, the poets have so admirably adapted as to make their own. A comparison with Sophocles need not be instituted. The divergence of approach, due to the circumstances of the Athenian and London stage, hardly allows any such inquiry. Seneca, however, the master Corneille, and Voltaire of a later day, have been far surpassed by our English dramatists in power, in pathos, and in poetry. ✕

✕Whilst Dryden was writing *Oedipus* it is clear that he was soaked in Shakespeare, and I have noted, as a matter of interest not of importance, some few turns of phrase which he may be said to have assimilated rather than imitated.

✕The character of Creon is closely modelled upon that of Shakespeare's *Richard III*. In *Covent Garden Drolery*, 1672, is given a "Prologue to *Richard the third*," so presumably this tragedy had recently been revived at the Theatre Royal, since it was one of the plays belonging to Killigrew's monopoly. In Henry Higden's *A Modern Essay On the Thirteenth Satyr of Juvenal*, 4to, 1686, we have:

Bath'd in cold Sweats he frighted Shreiks
At visions bloodier than King Dicks.

Upon this the author furnishes a note; "*Vision Dicks*. In the Tragedy of *Richard the 3rd*." In D'Urfey's *A Fool's Preferment*, produced at Dorset

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Garden in the spring of 1688, Act III, Scene 2, Lyonel, the distracted gentleman, cries out, "A Horse; a Horse; my Kingdom for a Horse." *Richard the Third* was, no doubt, enjoying some popularity in the theatre at that time, for Sandford, who created Creon, was a famous Richard, a rôle he could hardly have sustained before the Union of the Two Companies in 1682. Betterton acted Edward IV; Williams, Buckingham; Mrs. Betterton, the Duchess of York; Mrs. Barry, Queen Elizabeth; and Mrs. Bracegirdle, Lady Anne.

THEATRICAL HISTORY

✓ **O**EDIPUS was produced at Dorset Garden in December, 1678, or early in the following year, January, 1678-9. Downes writes: "*Oedipus King of Thebes*, Wrote by Mr. *Nat. Lee*, and Mr. *Dryden*: The last Writing the first two *Acts*, and the first the 3 last This Play was Admirably well *Acted*; especially the Parts of *Oedipus* and *Jocasta*: One by Mr. *Betterton*, the other by Mrs. *Betterton*; it took prodigious by being *Acted* 10 Days together." It must be remarked that in one point the old Prompter has sadly blundered, for Dryden definitely tells us: "I writ the First and Third Acts of *Oedipus*, and drew the *Scenery* of the whole *Play*." The rest belongs to Nat Lee. ~†

In Robert Gould's *A Satyr against the Play-House* "Writ in the Year 1685," we have the following allusion:

And we must do the *Laureat* Justice too:
For *Ædipus* (of which, *Lee*, half is thine,
And there thy *Genius* does with Lustre shine)
Does raise our *Fear* and *Pity* too as high
As, almost, can be done in *Tragedy*.

✓ Dr. Doran in *Their Majesties Servants*, "Annals of the English Stage" (revised by Lowe, 1888; vol. I, p. 349), chapter XVI, has a gossip anecdote which I give for what it is worth. "In 1692, indeed, Sandford nearly killed Powell, on the stage. On the 13th of October they were acting together in '*Ædipus, King of Thebes*,' when the former, to whom a real dagger had been delivered by the property-man, instead of a weapon, the blade of which runs up, when the point was pressed, into the handle, gave poor Powell a stab three inches deep; the wound was, at first, thought to be mortal, but Powell recovered." ~†

✓ *Oedipus* long remained a stock play, and upon the stage it must have been extraordinarily effective. In the Drury Lane season, 11 September, 1704, to 27 July, 1705, *Oedipus* was given four times. It does not appear who sustained *Oedipus* as Betterton was not performing at this theatre. When the passage of years and increasing infirmity obliged the veteran actor to lay aside so arduous a character as the hapless Theban king he handed this rôle to George Powell who undertook the part on 23 October, 1708, at Drury Lane. Barton Booth, who would always "dwell with Energy upon the Beauties" of an author was

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Adrastus; Mills, Creon, for which he was hardly suited; Colley Cibber, Tiresias (but three nights later he was Lord Foppington in *The Relapse*); Frances Maria Knight, Jocasta; and Mrs. Bradshaw, whose maxim was to make herself mistress of the words and leave the rest to nature, Eurydice.

On 5 January, 1713, Mrs. Norris played Eurydice at Drury Lane.

At Lincoln's Inn Fields *Oedipus*, given on 8 November, 1722, was said not to have been acted for six years. Anthony Boheme, "majestic and dignified," whom Macklin admired as one of the finest tragedians he had seen, was Oedipus, and the lovely Mrs. Seymour (presently to become Mrs. Boheme) Jocasta. Tom Walker, the original Macheath, was Adrastus; Quin proved very great in Creon; Lacy Ryan, "the genteel and well-made," Phorbias; Mrs. Bullock, the daughter of Wilks and Mrs. Rogers, Eurydice. Dryden's tragedy was acted eight times during the season and received with vast favour by the Town.

At the same house 28 September, 1723, the season opened with *Oedipus*, when Mrs. Knight was Jocasta; and Mrs. Wilson, "her first appearance on any stage," Eurydice. Again at Lincoln's Inn Fields, 23 September, 1724, Mrs. Parker was Jocasta, and Mrs. Bullock, Eurydice. It was on this evening that Charles Macklin in the rôle of Alcander made his first bow to a London audience. However, he failed to please Manager Rich, and so the new actor had perforce to return to the Bristol circuit.

In the winter season of 1734-5 at Covent Garden, Ryan appeared as Phorbias in *Oedipus*, and Aaron Hill, *The Prompter*, No CXVII, Tuesday, 23 December, 1735, says: "I was under a Concern, of this kind, very lately to observe a too remiss, unjudging Audience, (at Covent-Garden Theatre) un-rows'd by some masterly strokes in the play of *Oedipus* wherein Mr. Ryan out-went any thing I had seen done in it, before; and reach'd (to say all in a Word) the whole *Reality*, with which Nature Herself, cou'd have inspir'd such an aged, terrified, apprehensive, unwilling Discoverer of That Truth, which he knows must have *Consequences*, so *fatal*—I confess indeed they *applauded*: but the Applause was disproportion'd to the *Merit*."

On 16 December, 1735, at Goodman's Fields *Oedipus* was revived for the benefit of Delane, who appeared in the title-rôle, and acted four times successively. Gifford was the Adrastus; Hulett, Creon; and Mrs. Roberts, Jocasta. Aaron Hill, *The Prompter*, in the same place (No. CXVII, Tuesday, 23 December, 1735), thus notices the performance.

"Having fallen upon Mention of this Play, I embrace the *Occasion*, of recommending, to the Examination of proper Judges, Mr. DELANE's Performance in the Character of OEDIPUS.—I had seen him, so *different* an Actor, but a little *before*, and carried away with me such *inferior* Expectations, that, I am *sure*, He, who, in so short a Time, has been able to advance, such Lengths, in just Reflexion, *cannot* possibly meet with Encouragement, which he will not rise, to *reward*. From a former *Relaxedness*, in his *Air*, from an *Identity* in his *Countenance*, and an excess of *Vociferation* in his Utterance, He was, now, become as it were in a Moment, significantly *Nervous*, in his *Mien*, expressively *pointed* in his *Action*, attentively *interested* in his *Silence*; All His *Looks* were the Results of his *Passions*; and His *Voice*, was still musically *varied*, to the different

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Demands of his *Meanings*.—He was *warm'd*, to the Extent of his terrible PART, and, he *warm'd* Every Heart, in the Audience.

"I have nothing to recommend to his Care, but an Endeavour to sharpen, or attenuate (I don't know *which*, I shou'd call it) a Kind of *Fulness*: or *Broadness* in his Delivery; that, a little, *roughens*, and encumbers, his Harmony.—He will apprehend me more clearly, if I give him a little *Instance*, from his Manner of *engulphing*, in a *guttural* Pronunciation, the Syllable, HA! by too *Bass* an *Inhaling* of the Sound, upon A (as in HAW-THORN:) whereas It ought to be accented but in the *middle* Degree, like the a (as an *Englishman* sounds it) in HARDY,—not *Soft*, (as in *Hasty*.)

"To confess a clear Truth, The *whole Cast*, of OEDIPUS, at That Theatre, is so very well hit, that No *thinking* Mind cou'd have escaped Sense of Pain, at the too cold *Effect*, of so animated a Representation."

✕ On 25 March, 1738, at Covent Garden, *Oedipus* was revived but only given once that season: Denis Delane was Oedipus; Hale, much praised as Henry V, Iachimo, Bertram (*All's Well that Ends Well*), Leon (*Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*), and a good Valentine (*Love for Love*) acted Adrastus; Bridgewater, "a solemn and grave" performer, Creon; Ryan, Phorbas; Stephens, the Ghost of Laius; Adam Hallam, a great imitator or rather mimic of Wilks, Hæmon; Hippisley, Chapman, Mullart, Pinkethman, Neale, the Citizens; Mrs. Hallam (*née* Parker) "an actress of uncommon merit" who succeeded Mrs. Boheme in the leading tragic parts, Jocasta; Mrs. Ware, Eurydice.

✕ At Drury Lane, 19 November, 1740, *Oedipus* was revived as "Not acted 30 years" at that house. William Milward "to be placed in the foremost Rank of Perfection" was Oedipus; Quin, Creon; Mills, Adrastus; Wright, Phorbas; Edward Berry, who was termed by Colley Cibber "a second old Mills" and who excelled in choleric and irascible ancients, Tiresias; Chapman, First Citizen; Mrs. Roberts, who was much esteemed as Roxana, Andromache (*The Distress'd Mother*), the Queen (*The Spanish Fryar*) Alicia (*Jane Shore*), Queen Mary (*The Albion Queens*), Jocasta; and Kitty Clive "with the Hymn to Apollo," Manto. The play was repeated on the 21st and 22nd of the month.

✕ On 2 April, 1744, at Drury Lane, *Oedipus*, with Denis Delane in the title-rôle, was given under truly pathetic conditions "For the benefit of Dr. Clancy." Tiresias, by Dr. Clancy, who is blind; Yates, Neale, Taswell, Arthur, Morgan, and Collins played the Citizens; Mrs. Roberts, Jocasta; and Miss Budgell, Manto.

Michael Clancy, after a somewhat adventurous youth, had studied physic at Bordeaux and proceeded M.D. at Rheims. In 1737 whilst in Ireland he lost his sight owing to an accidental cold. Being incapable of following his profession he wrote a comedy *The Sharper* which was given five times at Smock Alley. This brought him to the notice of Dean Swift. Two tragedies and a Latin poem are also due to his pen. He was awarded a pension of £40 a year by the King, and is said afterwards to have settled at Kilkenny in a classical seminary.

✕ His appearance as Tiresias on 2 April, 1744, at Drury Lane is said to have been the first time upon which a blind man acted on the English stage. It appears that he procured no inconsiderable sum by this benefit. A newspaper quoted by Genest says: "Dr. Clancy being deprived of the advantages of following his

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profession, and as the writing he has produced for the stage could not be brought on this season, the Master of the playhouse has been so kind as to favour him with a benefit night; it is therefore hoped, that as this will be the first instance of any person labouring under so heavy a deprivation, performing on the stage, the *novelty*, as well as the *unhappiness* of his case, will engage the favour and protection of a *British audience*."

✕ At Covent Garden, 10 January, 1755, *Oedipus* was revived as "Not acted 12 years." The title-rôle was played by Thomas Sheridan:

Just his conceptions, natural and great:
His feelings strong, his words enforc'd with weight.

There was published a portrait of this famous actor in the part (*I. Roberts, del., Reading sc.*). He wears buskins with a pseudo-classical short-sleeved tunic and mantle both ornately guarded with ermine. A small crown surmounted with nodding French plumes is upon his hair, which hangs loose and somewhat dishevelled. A sword is girded at the side.

Creon, Luke Sparks; an actor of some merit, but extremely mechanical in method. The *Dramatic Censor* (1770) criticizes him in *Henry IV* as "stiffly mechanical" in his carriage, and "irksomely laborious" in delivery. William Smith, whose idol was Garrick and who was bantered by the wits for his "correct study of the method and the manner" of his master, acted Adrastus; Ryan, Phorbas. Peg Woffington, Jocasta; and George Ann Bellamy; Eurydice. In *A Apology for the Life of George Anne Bellamy*, "Written by Herself" (Fourth Edition; 1786; vol. III, p. 30), Miss Bellamy says: "'Oedipus' was soon after revived. And in order to shew the hero and *heroine* of the piece to the greatest advantage, Mrs. Woffington, upon account of her figure, was chosen to represent the latter, and I was to appear in the character of a young princess. I did so. But on the first night of its representation, overcome by the horror of the piece, and by my fright at seeing the ghost of *Laius*, notwithstanding I had been so long used to the stage, and all its feigned terrors, I fainted away, and was carried off in a state of insensibility. When I recovered my senses, I was informed that the audience, as much terrified as myself, had retired, and left Oedipus and Jocasta to croak at one another, in a dismal tête-à-tête." This is monstrous affected, and we may take leave to doubt whether the house emptied in the manner described. At any rate, for all her swooning, which recalls Partridge's fright at the appearance of the ghost of Hamlet's father, Miss Bellamy played Eurydice upon the 11th January. Upon the 15th this rôle was taken by Mrs. Vincent, a great favourite, the Boutell of her day, and much admired in Portia, Rosalind, Ophelia, Elvira (*The Spanish Fryar*), Almeria, Andromache.

✕ It does not appear that Dryden and Lee's *Oedipus* has been more recently seen in London. Nor does this tragedy seem to have been very frequently given during the eighteenth century in Dublin, since the Rev. S. C. Hughes in his *The Pre-Victorian Drama in Dublin* notices only six performances, although here the tale is incomplete.

✕ In the *Biographia Dramatica* (1812), vol. III, p. 93, a curious accident is recorded in the notice of *Oedipus*. "This tragedy was performed about fifty

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years since, and never failed to affect the audience very strongly. Nor can we in this place avoid relating an anecdote in regard to the power it has shown of this kind; which is, that some years ago, at a representation of it in Dublin, where Elrington acted the part of *Œdipus*, one of the instrumental performers, who was sitting in the orchestra to see the piece, was affected in so violent a manner with the feigned distraction of that monarch, that he was immediately seized with a real madness, which, if we are not mistaken, never left him but with life." Thomas Elrington died 22 July, 1732. He was "a true Copy of Mr. *Verbruggen*, a very great Actor in Tragedy, and polite Parts in Comedy."

Scott, commenting upon so striking an incident, remarks in his prefatory note to *Oedipus* (*Works of John Dryden*, Second Edition, vol. VI, 1821, p. 121): "though this may be exaggerated, it is certain, that, when the play was revived about thirty years ago, the audience were unable to support it to an end; the boxes being all emptied before the third act was concluded." It is probable that the reference is to the revival of 1755; or else to some provincial performance, since *Oedipus* may well have lingered in more distant theatrical centres after its final disappearance from the boards of Covent Garden or the Lane

OEDIPUS

PREFACE

THough it be dangerous to raise too great an expectation, especially in works of this Nature, where we are to please an unsatiable Audience, yet 'tis reasonable to prepossess them in favour of an Author; and therefore both the Prologue and Epilogue inform'd you, that Oedipus was the most celebrated piece of all Antiquity. That Sophocles, not only the greatest Wit, but one of the greatest Men in Athens, made it for the Stage at the Publick Cost, and that it had the reputation of being his Master-piece, not only amongst the Seven of his which are still remaining, but of the greater Number which are perish'd. Aristotle has more than once admir'd it in his Book of Poetry, Horace has mention'd it: Lucullus, Julius Cæsar, and other noble Romans, have written on the same Subject, tho' their Poems are wholly lost; but Seneca's is still preserv'd. In our own Age, Corneille has attempted it, and it appears by his Preface, with great success: But a judicious Reader will easily observe, how much the Copy is inferiour to the Original. He tells you himself, that he owes a great part of his success to the happy Episode of Theseus and Dirce; which is the same thing, as if we should acknowledge, that we are indebted for our good fortune, to the under-plot of Adrastus, Euridice, and Creon. The truth is, he miserably fail'd in the Character of his Hero: if he desir'd that Oedipus should be pitied, he shou'd have made him a better man. He forgot that Sophocles had taken care to shew him in his first entrance, a just, a merciful, a successful, a Religious Prince; and, in short, a Father of his Country: instead of these he has drawn him suspicious, designing, more anxious of keeping the Theban Crown, than solicitous for the safety of his People: Hector'd by Theseus, contemn'd by Dirce, and scarce maintaining a second part in his own Tragedie. This was an error in the first concoction; and therefore never to be mended in the second or the third: He introduc'd a greater Heroe than Oedipus himself: for when Theseus was once there, that Companion of Hercules must yield to none: The Poet was oblig'd to furnish him with business, to make him an Equipage suitable to his dignity, and by following him too close, to lose his other King of Branford in the Crowd. Seneca on the other side, as if there were no such thing as Nature to be minded in a Play, is always running after pompous expression, pointed sentences, and Philosophical notions, more proper for the Study than the Stage: The French-man follow'd a wrong scent; and the Roman was absolutely at cold Hunting. All we cou'd gather out of Corneille, was, that an Episode must be, but not his way: and Seneca supply'd us with no new hint, but only a Relation which he makes of his Tiresias raising the Ghost of Lajus: which is

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here perform'd in view of the Audience, the Rites and Ceremonies so far his, as he agreed with Antiquity, and the Religion of the Greeks: but he himself was beholden to Homer's Tiresias in the Odysseys for some of them: and the rest have been collected from Heliodore's Æthiopiques, and Lucan's Erietho. Sophocles indeed is admirable every where: And therefore we have follow'd him as close as possibly we cou'd: But the Athenian Theater (whether more perfect than ours is not now disputed) had a perfection differing from ours. You see there in every Act a single Scene, (or two at most) which manage the business of the Play, and after that succeeds the Chorus, which commonly takes up more time in Singing, than there has been employ'd in speaking. The Principal person appears almost constantly through the Play; but the inferiour parts seldome above once in the whole Tragedie. The conduct of our Stage is much more difficult, where we are oblig'd never to lose any considerable character which we have once presented. Custom likewise has obtain'd, that we must form an under-plot of second Persons, which must be depending on the first, and their by-walks must be like those in a Labyrinth, which all of 'em lead into the great Parterre: or like so many several lodging Chambers, which have their out-lets into the same Gallery. Perhaps after all, if we cou'd think so, the ancient method, as 'tis the easiest, is also the most Natural, and the best. For variety, as 'tis manag'd, is too often subject to breed distraction: and while we wou'd please too many ways, for want of art in the conduct, we please in none. But we have given you more already than was necessary for a Preface, and for ought we know, may gain no more by our instructions, than that Politick Nation is like to do, who have taught their Enemies to fight so long, that at last they are in a condition to invade them.

PROLOGUE

WHen Athens all the Græcian State did guide,
And Greece gave Laws to all the World beside,
Then Sophocles with Socrates did sit,
Supreme in Wisdom one, and one in Wit:
And Wit from Wisdom differ'd not in those,
But as 'twas Sung in Verse, or said in Prose.
Then Oedipus, on Crowded Theaters,
Drew all admiring Eyes and listning Ears;
The pleas'd Spectator shouted every Line,
The noblest, manliest, and the best Design!
And every Critick of each learned Age
By this just Model has reform'd the Stage.

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*Now, should it fail, (as Heav'n avert our fear!)
Damn it in silence, lest the World should hear.
For were it known this Poem did not please
You might set up for perfect Salvages:
Your Neighbours would not look on you as men:
But think the Nation all turn'd Piets agen.
'Faith, as you manage matters, 'tis not fit
You should suspect your selves of too much Wit.
Drive not the jeast too far, but spare this piece:
And, for this once, be not more Wise than Greece.
See twice! Do not pell-mell to Damning fall,
Like true born Brittaines, who ne're think at all:
Pray be advis'd; and though at Mons you won,
On pointed Cannon do not always run.
With some respect to antient Wit proceed;
You take the four first Councils for your Creed.
But, when you lay Tradition wholly by,
And on the private Spirit alone relye,
You turn Fanaticks in your Poetry. }
If, notwithstanding all that we can say, }
You needs will have your pen'worths of the Play:
And come resolv'd to Damn, because you pay, }
Record it, in memorial of the Fact,
The first Play bury'd since the Wollen Act.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Oedipus	Mr. <i>Betterton.</i>
Adrastus	Mr. <i>Smith.</i>
Creon	Mr. <i>Samford.</i>
Tiresias	Mr. <i>Harris.</i>
Hæmon	Mr. <i>Crosby.</i>
Alcander	Mr. <i>Williams.</i>
Diocles	Mr. <i>Norris.</i>
Pyracmon	Mr. <i>Boman.</i>
Phorbas	Mr. <i>Gillo.</i>
Dymas	
Ægeon	
<i>Ghost of Lajus.</i>	Mr. <i>Williams.</i>

WOMEN.

Jocasta	Mrs. <i>Betterton.</i>
Eurydice	Mrs. <i>Lee.</i>
Manto	Mrs. <i>Evans.</i>

Priests, Citizens, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, *THEBES.*

OEDIPUS

ACT I. SCENE *Thebes.*

The Curtain rises to a plaintive Tune, representing the present condition of Thebes; Dead Bodies appear at a distance in the Streets; Some faintly go over the Stage, others drop.

Enter Alcander, Diocles, Pyracmon.

Alcander. **M**Ethinks we stand on Ruines; Nature shakes
About us; and the Universal Frame
So loose, that it but wants another push
To leap from off its Hindges.

Dioc. No Sun to chear us; but a bloody Globe
That rowls above; a bald and Beamless Fire;
His Face o're-grown with Scurf; the Sun's sick too;
Shortly he'll be an Earth.

Pyr. Therefore the Seasons
Lie all confus'd; and by the Heaven's neglected,
Forget themselves: Blind Winter meets the Summer
In his Mid-way, and, seeing not his Livery,
Has driv'n him headlong back: And the raw damps,
With flaggy Wings fly heavily about,
Scattering their Pestilential Colds and Rheumes
Through all the lazy Air.

Alc. Hence Murrains follow,
On bleating Flocks, and on the lowing Herds:
At last, the Malady
Grew more domestick, and the faithful Dog
Dy'd at his Masters Feet.

Dioc. And next his Master:
For all those Plagues which Earth and Air had brooded,
First on inferiour Creatures try'd their force;
And last they seiz'd on man.

Pyr. And then a thousand deaths at once advanc'd,
And every Dart took place; all was so sudden,
That scarce a first man fell; one but began
To wonder, and straight fell a wonder too;

OEDIPUS

A third, who stoop'd to raise his dying Friend,
Dropt in the pious Act. Heard you that groan? [*Groan within.*]

Dioc. A Troop of Ghosts took flight together there:
Now Death's grown riotous, and will play no more
For single Stakes, but Families and Tribes:
How are we sure we breath not now our last,
And that next minute,
Our Bodies cast into some common Pit,
Shall not be built upon, and overlaid
By half a people?

Alc. There's a Chain of Causes
Link'd to Effects; invincible Necessity
That what e're is, could not but so have been;
That's my security.

To them, Enter Creon.

Creon. So had it need, when all our Streets lye cover'd
With dead and dying men,
And Earth exposes Bodies on the Pavements
More than she hides in Graves!
Betwixt the Bride and Bridegroom have I seen
The Nuptial Torch do common offices
Of Marriage and of Death.

Dioc. Now, *Oedipus*,
(If he return from War, our other plague)
Will scarce find half he left, to grace his Triumphs.

Pyr. A feeble Pæan will be sung before him.

Alc. He would do well to bring the Wives and Children
Of conquer'd *Argians*, to renew his *Thebes*.

Creon. May Funerals meet him at the City Gates
With their detested Omen.

Dioc. Of his Children.

Creon. Nay, though she be my Sister, of his Wife.

Alc. O that our *Thebes* might once again behold
A Monarch *Theban* born!

Dioc. We might have had one.

Pyr. Yes, had the people pleas'd.

Creon. Come, y'are my Friends:
The Queen my Sister, after *Lajus's* death,
Fear'd to lye single; and supply'd his place
With a young Successour.

Dioc. He much resembles
Her former Husband too;

OEDIPUS

Alc. I always thought so.

Pyr. When twenty Winters more have grizzl'd his black Locks
He will be very *Lajus*.

Creon. So he will:

Mean time she stands provided of a *Lajus*,
More young and vigorous too, by twenty Springs.
These Women are such cunning Purveyors!
Mark where their Appetites have once been pleas'd,
The same resemblance in a younger Lover
Lyes brooding in their Fancies the same Pleasures,
And urges their remembrance to desire.

Dioc. Had merit, not her dotage, been consider'd,
Then *Creon* had been King; but *Oedipus*,
A stranger!

Creon. That word stranger, I confess
Sounds harshly in my Ears.

Dioc. We are your Creatures.
The people prone, as in all general ills,
To sudden change; the King in Wars abroad,
The Queen a Woman weak and unregarded;
Eurydice the Daughter of dead *Lajus*,
A Princess young and beautiful, and unmarried.
Methinks from these disjointed propositions
Something might be produc'd.

Creon. The Gods have done
Their part, by sending this commodious plague,
But oh the Princess! her hard heart is shut,
By Adamantine Locks, against my Love.

Alc. Your claim to her is strong: you are betroth'd.

Pyr. True; in her Nonage.

Alc. But that let's remov'd.

Dioc. I heard the Prince of *Argos*, young *Adrastus*,
When he was hostage here——

Creon. Oh name him not! the bane of all my hopes;
That hot-brain'd, head-long Warriour, has the Charms
Of youth, and somewhat of a lucky rashness,
To please a Woman yet more Fool than he.
That thoughtless Sex is caught by outward form
And empty noise, and loves it self in man.

Alc. But since the War broke out about our Frontiers
He's now a Foe to *Thebes*!

Creon. But is not so to her; see, she appears;
Once more I'll prove my Fortune: you insinuate

OEDIPUS

Kind thoughts of me into the multitude;
Lay load upon the Court; gull 'em with freedom;
And you shall see 'em toss their Tails, and gad,
As if the Breeze had stung 'em.

Dioc. We'll about it. [*Exeunt* Alcander, Diocles, Pyracmon.]

Enter Eurydice.

Creon. Hail, Royal Maid; thou bright *Eurydice!*
A lavish Planet reign'd when thou wert born;
And made thee of such kindred mold to Heaven,
Thou seem'st more Heaven's than ours.

Eur. Cast round your Eyes;
Where late the Streets were so thick sown with men,
Like *Cadmus* Brood they justled for the passage:
Now look for those erected heads, and see 'em
Like Pebbles paving all our publick ways:
When you have thought on this, then answer me,
If these be hours of Courtship?

Creon. Yes, they are;
For when the Gods destroy so fast, 'tis time
We should renew the Race.

Eur. What, in the midst of horror!

Creon. Why not then?
There's the more need of comfort.

Euryd. Impious *Creon!*

Creon. Unjust *Eurydice!* can you accuse me
Of love, which is Heaven's precept, and not fear
That Vengeance, which you say pursues our Crimes,
Should reach your Perjuries?

Euryd. Still th' old Argument.
I bad you cast your eyes on other men,
Now cast 'em on your self: think what you are.

Creon. A Man.

Euryd. A Man!

Creon. Why doubt you? I'm a man,

Euryd. 'Tis well you tell me so, I should mistake you
For any other part o'th' whole Creation,
Rather than think you man: hence from my sight,
Thou poyson to my eyes.

Creon. 'Twas you first poison'd mine; and yet methinks,
My face and person shou'd not make you sport.

Euryd. You force me, by your importunities,
To shew you what you are.

OEDIPUS

Creon. A Prince, who loves you:
And since your pride provokes me, worth your love,
Ev'n at his highest value.

Euryd. Love from thee!
Why love renounc'd thee e're thou saw'st the light:
Nature her self start back when thou wert born;
And cry'd the work's not mine: —
The Midwife stood aghast; and when she saw
Thy Mountain back and thy distorted legs,
Thy face it self,
Half minted with the Royal stamp of man;
And half o'recome with beast, stood doubting long,
Whose right in thee were more:
And knew not, if to burn thee in the flames,
Were not the holier work.

Creon. Am I to blame, if Nature threw my body
In so perverse a mould? yet when she cast
Her envious hand upon my supple joints,
Unable to resist, and rump'd 'em
On heaps in their dark lodging, to revenge
Her bungled work she stamp'd my mind more fair:
And as from Chaos, huddled and deform'd,
The Gods strook fire, and lighted up the Lamps
That beautify the sky, so he inform'd
This ill-shap'd body with a daring soul:
And making less than man, he made me more.

Euryd. No; thou art all one errour; soul and body.
The first young tryal of some unskill'd Pow'r;
Rude in the making Art, and Ape of Jove.
Thy crooked mind within hunch'd out thy back;
And wander'd in thy limbs: to thy own kind
Make love, if thou canst find it in the world:
And seek not from our Sex to raise an off-spring, ~
Which, mingled with the rest, would tempt the Gods
To cut off humane Kind.

Creon. No; let 'em leave
The *Argian* Prince for you: that Enemy
Of *Thebes* has made you false, and break the Vows
You made to me.

Euryd. They were my Mothers Vows,
Made when I was at Nurse.

Creon. But hear me, Maid;
This blot of Nature, this deform'd, loath'd *Creon*,

OEDIPUS

Is Master of a Sword, to reach the blood
Of your young *Minion*, spoil the Gods fine work,
And stab you in his heart.

Euryd. This when thou doest,
Then may'st thou still be curst with loving me:
And, as thou art, be still unpitied, loath'd;
And let his Ghost——No let his Ghost have rest;
But let the greatest, fiercest, foulest Fury,
Let *Creon* haunt himself. [Exit Eurydice.]

Creon. 'Tis true, I am
What she has told me, an offence to sight:
My body opens inward to my soul,
And lets in day to make my Vices seen
By all discerning eyes, but the blind vulgar.
I must make haste er'e *Oedipus* return,
To snatch the Crown and her; for I still love;
But love with malice; as an angry Cur
Snarls while he feeds, so will I seize and stanch
The hunger of my love on this proud beauty,
And leave the scraps for Slaves.

*Enter Tiresias, leaning on a staff, and led by his
Daughter Manto.*

What makes this blind prophetick Fool abroad?
Wou'd his *Appollo* had him, he's too holy
For Earth and me; I'll shun his walk; and seek
My popular friends. [Exit Creon.]

Tiresias. A little farther; yet a little farther,
Thou wretched Daughter of a dark old man,
Conduct my weary steps: and thou who see'st
For me and for thy self, beware thou tread not
With impious steps upon dead corps;——Now stay:
Methinks I draw more open, vital air,
Where are we?

Manto. Under Covert of a wall:
The most frequented once, and noisy part
Of *Thebes*, now midnight silence reigns even here;
And grass untrodden springs beneath our feet.

Tir. If there be nigh this place a Sunny banck,
There let me rest a while: a Sunny banck!
Alas! how can it be, where no Sun shines!
But a dim winking Taper in the Skyes,
That nods, and scarce holds up his drowzy head

OEDIPUS

To glimmer through the damps.

[*A Noise within, follow, follow, follow, A Creon, A Creon, A Creon.*

Hark! a tumultuous noise, and *Creon's* name

Thrice eccho'd.

Man. Fly, the tempest drives this way.

Tir. Whither can Age and blindness take their flight?

If I could fly, what cou'd I suffer worse,

Secure of greater Ills! [*Noise again, Creon, Creon, Creon.*

*Enter Creon, Diocles, Alcander, Pyracmon; follow'd
by the Crowd.*

Creon. I thank ye, Countrymen; but must refuse

The honours you intend me, they're too great;

And I am too unworthy; think agen,

And make a better choice.

1. *Cit.* Think twice! I ne're thought twice in all my life:
That's double work.

2. *Cit.* My first word is always my second; and therefore I'll have
No second word; and therefore once again I say, *A Creon.*

All. *A Creon, a Creon, a Creon.*

Creon. Yet hear me, Fellow Citizens.

Dioc. Fellow Citizens! there was a word of kindness.

Alc. When did *Oedipus* salute you by that familiar name?

1. *Cit.* Never, never; he was too proud.

Creon. Indeed he could not, for he was a stranger:
But under him our *Thebes* is half destroyed.
Forbid it Heav'n the residue should perish
Under a *Theban* born.

'Tis true, the Gods might send this plague among you,
Because a stranger rul'd: but what of that,
Can I redress it now?

3. *Cit.* Yes, you or none.

'Tis certain that the Gods are angry with us
Because he reigns.

Creon. *Oedipus* may return: you may be ruin'd.

1. *Cit.* Nay, if that be the matter, we are ruin'd already.

2. *Cit.* Half of us that are here present, were living men but
Yesterday, and we that are absent do but drop and drop,
And no man knows whether he be dead or living. And
Therefore, while we are sound and well, let us satisfie our
Consciences, and make a new King.

3. *Cit.* Ha, if we were but worthy to see another Coronation,
And then if we must dye, we'll go merrily together.

OEDIPUS

All. To the question, to the question.

Dioc. Are you content, *Creon* should be your King?

All. A *Creon*, a *Creon*, a *Creon*.

Tir. Hear me, ye *Thebans*, and thou *Creon*, hear me.

1. *Cit.* Who's that would be heard; we'll hear no man:
We can scarce hear one another.

Tir. I charge you by the Gods to hear me.

2. *Cit.* Oh, 'tis *Apollo's* Priest; we must hear him; 'tis the old blind Prophet, that sees all things.

3. *Cit.* He comes from the Gods too, and they are our betters:
And therefore in good manners we must hear him: Speak, Prophet.

2. *Cit.* For coming from the Gods that's no great matter,
They can all say that; but he's a great Scholar, he can make
Almanacks, and he were put to't, and therefore I say hear him.

Tir. When angry Heav'n scatters its plagues among you,
Is it for nought, ye *Thebans*! are the Gods
Unjust in punishing? are there no Crimes
Which pull this Vengeance down?

1. *Cit.* Yes, yes, no doubt, there are some Sins stirring
That are the cause of all.

3. *Cit.* Yes there are Sins; or we should have no Taxes.

2. *Cit.* For my part, I can speak it with a safe Conscience,
I ne're sinn'd in all my life.

1. *Cit.* Nor I.

3. *Cit.* Nor I.

2. *Cit.* Then we are all justified, the sin lyes not at our doors.

Tir. All justified alike, and yet all guilty;
Were every man's false dealing brought to light,
His Envy, Malice, Lying, Perjuries,
His Weights and Measures, th'other mans Extortions,
With what Face could you tell offended Heav'n
You had not sinn'd?

2. *Cit.* Nay, if these be sins, the case is alter'd; for my part I never
Thought any thing but Murder had been a sin.

Tir. And yet, as if all these were less than nothing,
You add Rebellion to 'em; impious *Thebans*!
Have you not sworn before the Gods to serve
And to obey this *Oedipus*, your King,
By publick voice elected; answer me,
If this be true!

2. *Cit.* This is true; but it's a hard World Neighbours,
If a mans Oath must be his master.

Creon. Speak *Diocles*; all goes wrong.

OEDIPUS

Dioc. How are you Traytors Countrymen of *Thebes*?
This holy Sir, who presses you with Oaths,
Forgets your first; were you not sworn before
To *Lajus*, and his Blood?

All. We were, we were.

Dioc. While *Lajus* has a lawful Successor,
Your first Oath still must bind: *Eurydice*
Is Heir to *Lajus*; let her marry *Creon*:
Offended Heav'n will never be appeas'd
While *Oedipus* pollutes the Throne of *Lajus*,
A stranger to his Blood.

All. We'll no *Oedipus*, no *Oedipus*.

1. *Cir.* He puts the Prophet in a Mouse-hole.

2. *Cir.* I knew it would be so; the last man ever speaks the best reason.

Tir. Can benefits thus dye, ungrateful *Thebans*!
Remember yet, when, after *Lajus*'s death,
The Monster *Sphinx* laid your rich Country waste,
Your Vineyards spoil'd, your labouring Oxen slew;
Your selves for fear mew'd up within your Walls.
She, taller than your Gates, o're-look'd your Town,
But when she rais'd her Bulk to sail above you,
She drove the Air arround her like a Whirlwind,
And shaded all beneath; till stooping down,
She clap'd her leathern wing against your Tow'rs,
And thrust out her long neck, ev'n to your doors.

Dioc. Alc. Pyr. We'll hear no more.

Tir. You durst not meet in Temples
T'invoke the Gods for aid, the proudest he
Who leads you now, then cowl'd, like a dar'd Lark:
This *Creon* shook for fear,
The Blood of *Lajus*, cruddled in his Veins:
Till *Oedipus* arriv'd,
Call'd by his own high courage and the Gods,
Himself to you a God: ye offer'd him
Your Queen, and Crown; (but what was then your Crown!)
And Heav'n authoriz'd it by his success:
Speak then, who is your lawful King?

All. 'Tis *Oedipus*.

Tir. 'Tis *Oedipus* indeed: your King more lawful
Than yet you dream: for something still there lyes
In Heaven's dark Volume, which I read through mists:
'Tis great, prodigious; 'tis a dreadful birth,

OEDIPUS

Of wondrous Fate; and now, just now disclosing.
I see, I see! how terrible it dawns.
And my Soul sickens with it:

1. *Cit.* How the God shakes him!

Tir. He comes! he comes! Victory! Conquest! Triumph!
But oh! Guiltless and Guilty: Murder! Parricide!
Incest; Discovery! Punishment——'tis ended,
And all your sufferings o're.

A Trumpet within; Enter Hæmon.

Hæm. Rouze up ye *Thebans*; tune your *Jo Pæans*!
Your King returns; the *Argians* are o'ercome;
Their Warlike Prince in single Combat taken,
And led in Bands by God-like *Oedipus*.

All. *Oedipus, Oedipus, Oedipus.*

Creon. Furies confound his Fortune!——
Haste, all haste; [*aside.*
To them.

And meet with Blessings our Victorious King;
Decree Processions; bid new Holy-days;
Crown all the Statues of our Gods with Garlands;
And raise a brazen Collumn, thus inscrib'd,
To *Oedipus*, now twice a Conquerour; Deliverer of his *Thebes*.
Trust me, I weep for joy to see this day.

Tir. Yes, Heav'n knows how thou weep'st:——go, Countrymen,
And as you use to supplicate your Gods——
So meet your King, with Bayes, and Olive-branches:
Bow down, and touch his Knees, and beg from him
An end of all your Woes; for only he
Can give it you. [*Ex. Tiresias, the People following.*

Enter Oedipus in triumph; Adrastus Prisoner; Dymas, Train.

Creon. All hail, great *Oedipus*;
Thou mighty Conquerour, hail; welcome to *Thebes*:
To thy own *Thebes*; to all that's left of *Thebes*:
For half thy Citizens are swept away,
And wanting to thy Triumphs:
And we, the happy remnant, only live
To welcome thee, and dye.

Oedipus. Thus pleasure never comes sincere to man;
But lent by Heav'n upon hard Usury:
And, while *Jove* holds us out the Bowl of Joy,

OEDIPUS

E're it can reach our Lips it's dasht with Gall
By some left-handed God. O mournful Triumph!
O Conquest gain'd abroad and lost at home!
O *Argos*! now rejoyce, for *Thebes* lyes low;
Thy slaughter'd Sons now smile and think they won,
When they can count more *Theban* Ghosts than theirs.

Adrast. No; *Argos* mourns with *Thebes*; you temper'd so
Your Courage while you fought, that Mercy seem'd
The manlier Virtue, and much more prevail'd:
While *Argos* is a People, think your *Thebes*
Can never want for Subjects: Every Nation
Will crowd to serve where *Oedipus* commands.

Creon to Ham.] How mean it shews to fawn upon the Victor!

Ham. Had you beheld him fight, you had said otherwise:
Come, 'tis brave bearing in him, not to envy
Superiour Vertue.

Oed. This indeed is Conquest,
To gain a Friend like you: Why were we Foes?

Adrast. 'Cause we were Kings, and each disdain'd an equal.
I fought to have it in my pow'r to do
What thou hast done; and so to use my Conquest;
To shew thee, Honour was my only motive,
Know this, that were my Army at thy Gates,
And *Thebes* thus waste, I would not take the Gift,
Which, like a Toy, dropt from the hands of Fortune,
Lay for the next chance-comer.

Oed. embracing. No more Captive,
But Brother of the War: 'Tis much more pleasant,
And safer, trust me, thus to meet thy love,
Than when hard Gantlets clench'd our Warlike Hands,
And kept 'em from soft use.

Adrast. My Conquerour.

Oed. My Friend! that other name keeps Enmity alive.
But longer to detain thee were a Crime;
To love, and to *Eurydice*, go free:
Such welcome as a ruin'd Town can give
Expect from me; the rest let her supply.

Adrast. I go without a blush, though conquer'd twice,
By you and by my Princess.

[*Ex. Adrastus.*]

Creon aside. Then I am conquer'd thrice; by *Oedipus*,
And her, and even by him, the slave of both:
Gods, I'm beholding to you for making me your Image,
Would I could make you mine.

[*Ex. Creon.*]

OEDIPUS

Enter the People with branches in their hands, holding them up, and kneeling: Two Priests before them.

Oed. Alas, my People!
What means this speechless sorrow, down cast eyes,
And lifted hands! if there be one among you
Whom grief has left a tongue, speak for the rest.

1. *Pr.* O Father of thy Country!
To thee these knees are bent, these eyes are lifted,
As to a visible Divinity.
A Prince on whom Heav'n safely might repose
The business of Mankind: for Providence
Might on thy careful bosom sleep secure,
And leave her task to thee.
But where's the Glory of thy former acts?
Ev'n that's destroy'd when none shall live to speak it.
Millions of Subjects shalt thou have; but mute.
A people of the dead; a crowded desert.
A Midnight silence at the noon of day.

Oed. O were our Gods as ready with their pity,
As I with mine, this Presence shou'd be throng'd
With all I left alive; and my sad eyes
Not search in vain for friends, whose promis'd sighs
Flatter'd my toils of war.

1. *Pr.* Twice our deliverer.

Oed. Nor are now your vows
Address'd to one who sleeps:
When this unwelcome news first reach'd my ears,
Dymas was sent to *Delphos* to enquire
The cause and cure of this contagious ill:
And is this day return'd: but since his message
Concerns the publick, I refus'd to hear it
But in this general Presence: Let him speak.

Dymas. A dreadful answer from the hallow'd Urn,
And sacred *trypous* did the Priestess give,
In these Mysterious words,

The Oracle. *Shed in a cursed hour, by cursed hand,
Blood-Royal unreveng'd, has curs'd the Land.
When Lajus death is expiated well,
Your Plague shall cease: the rest let Lajus tell.*

Oed. Dreadful indeed! blood, and a Kings blood too:
And such a Kings, and by his Subjects shed!

OEDIPUS

(Else, why this curse on *Thebes*?) no wonder then
If Monsters, Wars, and plagues revenge such Crimes!
If Heav'n be just, it's whole Artillery,
All must be empty'd on us: Not one bolt
Shall erre from *Thebes*; but more, be call'd for more:
New moulded thunder of a larger size,
Driv'n by whole *Jove*. What, touch annointed Pow'r!
Then Gods beware; *Jove* would himself be next;
Cou'd you but reach him too.

2. *Pr.* We mourn the sad remembrance.

Oed. Well you may:

Worse than a plague infects you: y' are devoted
To Mother Earth, and to th' infernal Pow'rs:
Hell has a right in you: I thank you Gods,
That I'm no *Theban* born: how my blood cruddles!
As if this curse touch'd me! and touch'd me nearer
Than all this presence!——Yes, 'tis a Kings blood,
And I, a King, am ty'd in deeper bonds
To expiate this blood: but where, from whom,
Or how must I attone it? tell me, *Thebans*,
How *Lajus* fell? for a confus'd report
Pass'd through my ears, when first I took the Crown:
But, full of hurry, like a morning dream,
It vanish'd in the business of the day.

1. *Pr.* He went in private forth; but thinly follow'd;
And ne're return'd to *Thebes*.

Oed. Nor any from him? came there no attendant?
None to bring news?

2. *Pr.* But one; and he so wounded,
He scarce drew breath to speak some few faint words.

Oed. What were they? something may be learn'd from thence.

1. *Pr.* He said a band of Robbers watch'd their passage;
Who took advantage of a narrow way,
To murder *Lajus* and the rest: himself
Left too for dead.

Oed. Made you no more enquiry,
But took this bare relation?

2. *Pr.* 'Twas neglected:
For then the Monster *Sphynx* began to rage;
And present cares soon buried the remote;
So was it hush'd, and never since reviv'd.

Oed. Mark, *Thebans*, mark!
Just then, the *Sphynx* began to rage among you;

OEDIPUS

The Gods took hold ev'n of th' offending minute,
And dated thence your woes: thence will I trace 'em.

1. *Pr.* 'Tis Just thou should'st.

Oed. Hear then this dread imprecation; hear it:
'Tis lay'd on all; not any one exempt:
Bear witness Heav'n, avenge it on the perjurd.
If any *Theban* born, if any stranger
Reveal this murder, or produce its Author;
Ten attique Talents be his just reward:
But, if for fear, for favour, or for hire,
The murder'r he conceal, the curse of *Thebes*
Fall heavy on his head: Unite our plagues
Ye Gods, and place 'em there: from Fire and Water
Converse, and all things common be he banish'd.
But for the murderer's self, unfound by man,
Find him ye pow'rs Cœlestial and Infernal;
And the same Fate or worse, than *Lajus* met,
Let be his lot: his children be accurst;
His Wife and kindred, all of his be curs'd.

Both Pr. Confirm it Heav'n!

Enter Jocasta; Attended by Women.

Joc. At your Devotions! Heav'n succeed your wishes;
And bring th' effect of these your pious pray'rs
On you, and me, and all.

Pr. Avert this Omen, Heav'n!

Oed. O fatal sound, Unfortunate *Jocasta*!
What hast thou said! an ill hour hast thou chosen
For these fore-boding words! why, we were cursing.

Joc. Then may that curse fall only where you laid it.

Oed. Speak no more!

For all thou say'st is ominous: we were cursing;
And that dire imprecation hast thou fastn'd
On *Thebes*, and thee, and me, and all of us.

Joc. Are then my blessings turn'd into a curse?
O Unkind *Oedipus*. My former Lord
Thought me his blessing: be thou like my *Lajus*.

Oed. What yet again! the third time hast thou curs'd me?
This imprecation was for *Lajus* death,
And thou hast wish'd me like him.

Joc. Horror seizes me!

Oed. Why dost thou gaze upon me? prithee love,
Take off thy eye; it burdens me too much.

OEDIPUS

Joc. The more I look, the more I find of *Lajus*:
His speech, his garb, his action; nay his frown;
(For I have seen it;) but ne're bent on me.

Oed. Are we so like?

Joc. In all things but his love.

Oed. I love thee more: so well I love, words cannot speak how well.

No pious Son e're lov'd his Mother more
Than I my dear *Jocasta*.

Joc. I love you too
The self same way: and when you chid, me thought
A Mother's love start up in your defence,
And bad me not be angry: be not you:
For I love *Lajus* still as wives should love:
But you more tenderly; as part of me:
And when I have you in my arms, methinks
I lull my child asleep.

Oed. Then we are blest:
And all these curses sweep along the skyes,
Like empty clouds; but drop not on our heads.

Joc. I have not joy'd an hour since you departed,
For publick Miseries, and for private fears;
But this blest meeting has o're-pay'd 'em all.
Good fortune that comes seldom comes more welcome.
All I can wish for now, is your consent
To make my Brother happy.

Oed. How, *Jocasta*?

Joc. By Marriage with his Neece, *Eurydice*!

Oed. Uncle and Neece! they are too near, my Love;
'Tis too like Incest: 'tis offence to Kind:
Had I not promis'd, were there no *Adraſtus*,
No choice but *Creon* left her of Mankind,
They shou'd not marry; speak no more of it;
The thought disturbs me.

Joc. Heav'n can never bless
A Vow so broken, which I made to *Creon*;
Remember he's my Brother.

Oed. That's the Bar:
And she thy Daughter: Nature wou'd abhor
To be forc'd back again upon her self,
And, like a whirl-pool swallow her own streams.

Joc. Be not displeas'd; I'll move the Suit no more.

OEDIPUS

Oed. No, do not; for, I know not why, it shakes me
When I but think on Incest; move we forward
To thank the Gods for my success, and pray
To wash the guilt of Royal Blood away.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

*An open Gallery. A Royal Bed-Chamber being suppos'd behind.
The Time, Night. Thunder, &c.*

Enter Hæmon, Alcander, Pyracmon.

Hæm. **S**ure 'tis the end of all things! Fate has torn
The Lock of Time off, and his head is now
The gastly Ball of round Eternity!
Call you these Peals of Thunder, but the yawn
Of bellowing Clouds? By *Jove*, they seem to me
The World's last groans; and those vast sheets of Flame
Are its last Blaze! The Tapers of the Gods,
The Sun and Moon, run down like waxen-Globes;
The shooting Stars end all in purple Gellies,
And Chaos is at hand.

Pyr. 'Tis Midnight, yet there's not a *Theban* sleeps,
But such as ne're must wake. All crow'd about
The Palace, and implore, as from a God,
Help of the King; who, from the Battlement,
By the red Lightning's glare, descry'd afar,
Atones the angry Powers.

Thunder, &c.

Hæm. Ha! *Pyracmon* look;
Behold, *Alcander*, from yon' West of Heav'n,
The perfect Figures of a Man and Woman:
A Scepter bright with Gems in each right hand,
Their flowing Robes of dazzling Purple made,
Distinctly yonder in that point they stand,
Just West; a bloody red stains all the place:
And see, their Faces are quite hid in Clouds.

Pyr. Clusters of Golden Stars hang o're their heads,
And seem so crouded, that they burst upon 'em:
All dart at once their baleful influence,
In leaking Fire.

Alc. Long-bearded Comets stick,

OEDIPUS

Like flaming Porcupines, to their left sides,
As they would shoot their Quills into their hearts.

Ham. But see! the King, and Queen, and all the Court!
Did ever Day or Night shew ought like this? [*Thunders again.*
The Scene draws and discovers the Prodigies.

*Enter Oedipus, Jocasta, Eurydice, Adrastus, all coming forward
with amazement.*

Oed. Answer, you Pow'rs Divine; spare all this noise,
This rack of Heav'n, and speak your fatal pleasure,
Why breaks yon dark and dusky Orb away?
Why from the bleeding Womb of monstrous Night,
Burst forth such Miriads of abortive Stars?
Ha! my *Jocasta*, look! the Silver Moon!
A settling Crimson stains her beauteous Face!
She's all o're Blood! and look, behold again,
What mean the mistick Heav'ns, she journeys on?
A vast Eclipse darkens the labouring Planet:
Sound there, sound all our Instruments of War;
Clarions and Trumpets, Silver, Brass, and Iron,
And beat a thousand Drums to help her Labour.

Adr. 'Tis vain; you see the Prodigies continue;
Let's gaze no more, the Gods are humorous.

Oed. Forbear, rash man——Once more I ask your pleasure!
If that the glow-worm-light of Humane Reason
Might dare to offer at Immortal knowledge,
And cope with Gods, why all this storm of Nature?
Why do the Rocks split, and why rous the Sea?
Why these Portents in Heav'n, and Plagues on Earth?
Why yon' Gygantick Forms, Ethereal Monsters?
Alas! is all this but to fright the Dwarfs
Which your own hands have made? Then be it so.
Or if the Fates resolve some Expiation
For murder'd *Lajus*; Hear me, hear me, Gods!
Hear me thus prostrate: Spare this groaning Land,
Save innocent *Thebes*, stop the Tyrant Death;
Do this, and lo I stand up an Oblation
To meet your swiftest and severest anger,
Shoot all at once, and strike me to the Center.

*The Cloud draws that veil'd the heads of the Figures in the Skie, and
shews 'em Crown'd, with the names of Oedipus and Jocasta
written above in great Characters of Gold.*

Adr. Either I dream, and all my cooler senses

OEDIPUS

Are vanish'd with that Cloud that fleets away;
Or just above those two Majestick heads,
I see, I read distinctly in large gold,
Oedipus and *Jocasta*.

Alc. I read the same.

Adr. 'Tis wonderful; yet ought not man to wade
Too far in the vast deep of Destiny.

[*Thunder; and the Prodigies vanish.*]

Joc. My Lord, my *Oedipus*, why gaze you now,
When the whole Heav'n is clear, as if the Gods
Had some new Monsters made? will you not turn,
And bless your People; who devour each word
You breathe?

Oed. It shall be so.
Yes, I will dye, O *Thebes*, to save thee!
Draw from my heart my blood, with more content
Than e're I wore thy Crown. Yet, O, *Jocasta*!
By all the indearments of miraculous love,
By all our languishings, our fears in pleasure,
Which oft have made us wonder; here I swear
On thy fair hand, upon thy breast I swear,
I cannot call to mind, from budding Childhood
To blooming youth, a Crime by me committed,
For which the awful Gods should doom my death.

Joc. 'Tis not you, my Lord,
But he who murder'd *Lajus*, frees the Land:
Were you, which is impossible, the man,
Perhaps my Ponyard first should drink your blood;
But you are innocent as your *Jocasta*,
From Crimes like those. This made me violent
To save your life, which you unjust would lose:
Nor can you comprehend, with deepest thought,
The horrid Agony you cast me in,
When you resolv'd to dye.

Oed. Is't possible?

Joc. Alas! why start you so? Her stiff'ning grief,
Who saw her Children slaughter'd all at once,
Was dull to mine: Methinks I should have made
My bosom bare against the armed God,
To save my *Oedipus*!

Oed. I pray, no more.

Joc. Yo've silenc'd me, my Lord.

Oed. Pardon me, dear *Jocasta*;

OEDIPUS

Pardon a heart that sinks with sufferings,
And can but vent it self in sobs and murmurs:
Yet to restore my peace, I'll find him out.
Yes, yes, you Gods! you shall have ample vengeance
On *Lajus* murderer. O, the Traytor's name!
I'll know't, I will; Art shall be Conjur'd for it,
And Nature all unravel'd.

Joc. Sacred Sir——

Oed. Rage will have way, and 'tis but just; I'll fetch him,
Tho' lodg'd in Air, upon a Dragon's wing,
Tho' Rocks should hide him: nay, he should be dragg'd
From Hell, if Charms can hurry him along:
His Ghost shall be by sage *Tiresias* pow'r,
(*Tiresias*, that rules all beneath the Moon)
Confin'd to flesh, to suffer death once more;
And then be plung'd in his first fires again.

Enter Creon.

Cre. My Lord,
Tiresias attends your pleasure.

Oed. Haste, and bring him in.
O, my *Jocasta*, *Eurydice*, *Adrastus*,
Creon, and all ye *Thebans*, now the end
Of Plagues, of Madness, Murders, Prodigies,
Draws on: This Battel of the Heav'ns and Earth
Shall by his wisdom be reduc'd to peace.

*Enter Tiresias, leaning on a staff, led by his Daughter Manto,
follow'd by other Thebans.*

O thou, whose most aspiring mind
Know'st all the business of the Courts above,
Open'st the Closets of the Gods, and dares
To mix with *Jove* himself and Fate at Council;
O Prophet, answer me, declare aloud
The Traytor who conspir'd the death of *Lajus*:
Or be they more, who from malignant Stars
Have drawn this Plague that blasts unhappy *Thebes*.

Tir. We must no more than Fate commissions us
To tell; yet something, and of moment, I'll unfold,
If that the God would wake; I feel him now,
Like a strong spirit Charm'd into a Tree,
That leaps and moves the Wood without a Wind:
The rous'd God, as all this while he lay

OEDIPUS

Intomb'd alive, starts and dilates himself:
He struggles, and he tears my aged Trunk
With holy Fury, my old Arteries burst,
My rivell'd skin,
Like Parchment, crackles at the hallow'd fire;
I shall be young again: *Manto*, my Daughter,
Thou hast a voice that might have sav'd the Bard
Of *Thrace*, and forc'd the raging Bacchanals,
With lifted Prongs, to listen to thy airs:
O Charm this God, this Fury in my bosom,
Lull him with tuneful notes, and artful strings,
With pow'rful strains; *Manto*, my lovely Child,
Sooth the unruly God-head to be mild.

SONG to APOLLO.

PHœbus, *God belov'd by men;*
At thy dawn, every Beast is rous'd in his Den;
At thy setting, all the Birds of thy absence complain,
And we dye, all dye till the morning comes again,
Phœbus, *God belov'd by men!*
Idol of the Eastern Kings,
Awful as the God who flings
His Thunder round, and the Lightning wings;
God of Songs, and Orphean strings,
Who to this mortal bosom brings,
All harmonious heav'nly things!
Thy drouzie Prophet to revive,
Ten thousand thousand forms before him drive;
With Chariots and Horses all o' fire awake him,
Convulsions, and Furies, and Prophecies shake him:
Let him tell it in Groans, tho' he bend with the load,
Tho' he burst with the weight of the terrible God.

Tir. The wretch, who shed the blood of old *Labdacides*,
Lives, and is great;
But cruel greatness ne're was long:
The first of *Lajus* blood his life did seize,
And urg'd his Fate,
Which else had lasting been and strong.
The wretch who *Lajus* kill'd, must bleed or fly;
Or *Thebes*, consum'd with Plagues, in ruins lye.

Oed. The first of *Lajus* blood! pronounce the person;

OEDIPUS

May the God roar from thy prophetick mouth,
That even the dead may start up, to behold:
Name him, I say, that most accursed wretch,
For by the Stars he dies:
Speak, I command thee;
By *Phæbus*, speak; for sudden death's his doom:
Here shall he fall, bleed on this very spot:
His name, I charge thee once more, speak.

Tir. 'Tis lost,
Like what we think can never shun remembrance;
Yet of a sudden's gone beyond the Clouds.

Oed. Fetch it from thence; I'll have't, where e're it be.

Creon. Let me intreat you, sacred Sir, be calm,
And *Creon* shall point out the great Offendor.
'Tis true, respect of Nature might injoin
My silence, at another time; but, oh,
Much more the pow'r of my eternal Love!
That, that should strike me dumb: yet *Thebes*, my Country——
I'll break through all, to succour thee, poor City!
O, I must speak.

Oed. Speak then, if ought thou know'st:
As much thou seem'st to know, delay no longer.

Cre. O Beauty! O illustrious Royal Maid!
To whom my Vows were ever paid till now,
And with such modest, chaste, and pure affection,
The coldest Nymph might read 'em without blushing;
Art thou the Murdress then of wretched *Lajus*?
And I, must I accuse thee, O my tears!
Why will you fall in so abhor'd a Cause?
But that thy beauteous, barbarous, hand destroy'd
Thy Father (O monstrous act!) both Gods
And men at once take notice.

Oed. *Eurydice*!

Euryd. Traytor, go on; I scorn thy little malice,
And knowing more my perfect innocence
Than Gods and men, then how much more than thee,
Who art their opposite, and form'd a Liar,
I thus disdain thee! Thou once didst talk of Love;
Because I hate thy love,
Thou dost accuse me.

Adr. Villain, inglorious Villain
And Traytor, double damn'd, who dur'st blaspheme
The spotless virtue of the brightest beauty;

OEDIPUS

Thou dy'st: nor shall the sacred Majesty, [*Draws and wounds him.*
That guards this place, preserve thee from my rage,

Oed. Disarm 'em both: Prince, I shall make you know
That I can tame you twice. Guards, seize him.

Adr. Sir,

I must acknowledge in another Cause
Repentance might abash me; but I glory
In this, and smile to see the Traytor's blood.

Oed. *Creon*, you shall be satisfy'd at full.

Cre. My hurt is nothing, Sir; but I appeal
To wise *Teresias*, if my accusation
Be not most true. The first of *Lajus* blood
Gave him his death. Is there a Prince before her?
Then she is faultless, and I ask her pardon.
And may this blood ne're cease to drop, O *Thebes*,
If pity of thy sufferings did not move me
To shew the Cure which Heav'n it self prescrib'd.

Eur. Yes, *Thebans*, I will dye to save your lives,
More willingly than you can wish my fate;
But let this good, this wise, this holy man
Pronounce my Sentence: for to fall by him,
By the vile breath of that prodigious Villain,
Would sink my Soul, tho' I should dye a Martyr.

Adr. Unhand me, slaves. O mightiest of Kings,
See at your feet a Prince not us'd to kneel;
Touch not *Eurydice*, by all the Gods,
As you would save your *Thebes*, but take my life:
For, should she perish, Heav'n would heap plagues on plagues,
Rain Sulphur down, hurl kindled bolts
Upon your guilty heads.

Cre. You turn to gallantry, what is but justice:
Proof will be easie made. *Adraſtus* was
The Robber who bereft th' unhappy King
Of life; because he flatly had deny'd
To make so poor a Prince his Son-in-Law:
Therefore 'twere fit that both should perish.

1 *Theb.* Both, let both dye.

All Theb. Both, both; let 'em dye.

Oed. Hence, you wild Herd! For your Ring-leader here,
He shall be made Example. *Hæmon*, take him.

1 *Theb.* Mercy, O mercy.

Oed. Mutiny in my presence!
Hence, let me see that busie face no more.

OEDIPUS

Tir. *Thebans*, what madness makes you drunk with rage?
Enough of guilty death's already acted:

Fierce *Creon* has accus'd *Eurydice*,
With Prince *Adraſtus*; which the God reproves
By inward checks, and leaves their Fate in doubt.

Oed. Therefore instruct us what remains to do,
Or suffer; for I feel a sleep like death
Upon me, and I sigh to be at rest.

Tir. Since that the pow'rs divine refuse to clear
The mystick deed, I'll to the Grove of Furies;
There I can force th' Infernal Gods to shew
Their horrid Forms;
Each trembling Ghost shall rise,
And leave their grizly King without a waiter.
For Prince *Adraſtus* and *Eurydice*
My life's engag'd, I'll guard 'em in the Fane,
Till the dark mysteries of Hell are done.
Follow me, Princes: *Thebans*, all to rest.
O, *Oedipus*, to morrow——but no more.
If that thy wakeful Genius will permit,
Indulge thy brain this night with softer slumbers:
To morrow, O to morrow!——sleep, my Son;
And in prophetick dreams thy Fate be shown.

[*Ex.* *Tires.* *Adraſt.*

Eurid. *Manto*, *Thebans*.

Manent *Oed.* *Jocast.* *Creon*, *Pyrac.* *Hæm.* *Alcan.*

Oed. To bed, my Fair, my Dear, my best *Jocasta*.
After the toils of war, 'tis wondrous strange
Our loves should thus be dash'd. One moment's thought,
And I'll approach the arms of my belov'd.

Joc. Consume whole years in care, so now and then
I may have leave to feed my famish'd eyes
With one short passing glance, and sigh my vows:
This, and no more, my Lord, is all the passion
Of languishing *Jocasta*.

[*Exit.*

Oed. Thou softest, sweetest of the World! good night.
Nay, she is beauteous too; yet, mighty Love!
I never offer'd to obey thy Laws,
But an unusual chillness came upon me;
An unknown hand still check'd my forward joy,
Dash'd me with blushes, tho' no light was near:
That ev'n the Act became a violation.

Pyr. He's strangely thoughtful.

OEDIPUS

Oed. Hark! who was that? Ha! *Creon*, didst thou call me?

Creon. Not I, my gracious Lord, nor any here.

Oed. That's strange! methought I heard a doleful voice
Cry'd *Oedipus*.——The Prophet bad me sleep;
He talk'd of Dreams, and Visions, and to morrow!
I'll muse no more on't, come what will or can,
My thoughts are clearer than unclouded Stars;
And with those thoughts I'll rest: *Creon*, good night.

[*Ex. with Hæmon.*

Creon. Sleep seal your eyes, Sir, Eternal sleep.
But if he must sleep and wake again, O all
Tormenting Dreams, wild horrors of the night,
And Hags of Fancy wing him through the air:
From precipices hurl him headlong down;
Charybdis roar, and death be set before him.

Alc. Your Curses have already ta'ne effect;
For he looks very sad.

Creon. May, he be rooted, where he stands, for ever:
His eye-balls never move, brows be unbent,
His blood, his Entrails, Liver, heart and bowels,
Be blacker than the place I wish him, Hell.

Pyr. No more: you tear your self, but vex not him.
Methinks 'twere brave this night to force the Temple,
While blind *Tiresias* conjures up the Fiends,
And pass the time with nice *Eurydice*.

Alc. Try promises, and threats, and if all fail,
Since Hell's broke loose, why should not you be mad?
Ravish, and leave her dead, with her *Adrastus*.

Creon. Were the Globe mine, I'd give a Province hourly
For such another thought. Lust, and revenge!
To stab at once the only man I hate,
And to enjoy the woman whom I love!
I ask no more of my auspicious Stars,
The rest as Fortune please; so but this night
She play me fair, why, let her turn for ever.

Enter Hæmon.

Hæm. My Lord, the troubled King is gone to rest;
Yet, e're he slept, commanded me to clear
The Antichambers: none must dare be near him.

Creon. *Hæmon*, you do your duty;——
And we obey.——The night grows yet more dreadful!
'Tis just that all retire to their devotions;

[*Thunder.*

OEDIPUS

The Gods are angry: but to morrow's dawn,
If Prophets do not lye, will make all clear. [As they go off.

Oedipus Enters, walking asleep in his shirt, with a Dagger in his right hand, and a Taper in his left.

Oed. O, my *Jocasta*! 'tis for this the wet
Starv'd Soldier lies all night on the cold ground;
For this he bears the storms
Of Winter Camps, and freezes in his Arms:
To be thus circled, to be thus embrac'd;
That I could hold thee ever!——Ha! where art thou?
What means this melancholly light, that seems
The gloom of glowing embers?
The Curtain's drawn; and see, she's here again!
Jocasta? Ha! what, fall'n asleep so soon?
How fares my love? this Taper will inform me.
Ha! Lightning blast me, Thunder
Rivet me ever to *Prometheus* Rock,
And Vultures gnaw out my Incestuous heart,
By all the Gods! my Mother *Merope*!
My Sword, a Dagger; Ha! who waits there? slaves,
My Sword: what, *Hæmon*, dar'st thou, Villain, stop me?
With thy own Ponyard perish. Ha! who's this?
Or is't a change of Death? By all my Honors,
New murder; thou hast slain old *Polybus*:
Incest and parricide, thy Father's murder'd!
Out thou infernal flame: now all is dark,
All blind and dismal, most triumphant mischief!
And now while thus I stalk about the room,
I challenge Fate to find another wretch
Like *Oedipus*. [Thunder, &c.

Enter Jocasta attended, with Lights, in a Night-gown.

Oed. Night, Horrour, Death, Confusion, Hell, and Furies!
Where am I? O, *Jocasta*, let me hold thee,
Thus to my bosom, ages; let me grasp thee:
All that the hardest temper'd weather'd flesh,
With fiercest humane Spirit inspir'd, can dare
Or do, I dare; but, oh you Pow'rs, this was
By infinite degrees too much for man.
Methinks my deafn'd ears
Are burst; my eyes, as if they had been knock'd
By some tempestuous hand, shoot flashing fire:
That sleep should do this!

OEDIPUS

Joc. Then my fears were true.
Methought I heard your voice, and yet I doubted,
Now roaring like the Ocean, when the winds
Fight with the waves; now, in a still small tone
Your dying accents fell, as racking ships,
After the dreadful yell, sink murmuring down,
And bubble up a noise.

Oed. Trust me, thou Fairest, best of all thy Kind,
None e're in Dreams was tortur'd so before,
Yet what most shocks the niceness of my temper,
Ev'n far beyond the killing of my Father,
And my own death, is, that this horrid sleep
Dash'd my sick fancy with an act of Incest:
I dreamt, *Jocasta*, that thou wert my Mother;
Which tho' impossible, so damps my Spirits,
That I cou'd do a mischief on my self,
Lest I should sleep, and Dream the like again.

Joc. O, *Oedipus*, too well I understand you!
I know the wrath of Heav'n, the care of *Thebes*,
The cries of its Inhabitants, war's toils,
And thousand other labours of the State,
Are all referr'd to you, and ought to take you
For ever from *Jocasta*.

Oed. Life of my life, and treasure of my Soul!
Heav'n knows I love thee.

Joc. O, you think me vile,
And of an inclination so ignoble,
That I must hide me from your eyes for ever.
Be witness, Gods, and strike *Jocasta* dead,
If an immodest thought, or low desire
Inflam'd my breast, since first our Loves were lighted.

Oed. Oh, rise; and add not, by thy cruel kindness,
A grief more sensible than all my torments.
Thou think'st my dreams are forg'd; but by thy self,
The greatest Oath, I swear, they are most true:
But be they what they will, I here dismiss 'em;
Begon, *Chimeras*, to your Mother Clouds,
Is there a fault in us? Have we not search'd
The womb of Heav'n, examin'd all the Entrails
Of Birds and Beasts, and tir'd the Prophets Art.
Yet what avails? he, and the Gods together,
Seem like Physicians at a loss to help us:
Therefore, like wretches that have linger'd long,
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OEDIPUS

Wee'll snatch the strongest Cordial of our love;
To bed, my Fair.

Ghost within. *Oedipus!*

Oed. Ha! who calls?

Didst thou not hear a voice?

Joc. Alas! I did.

Ghost. *Jocasta!*

Joc. O my love, my Lord, support me!

Oed. Call louder, till you burst your airy Forms:
Rest on my hand. Thus, arm'd with innocence,
I'll face these babbling *Dæmons* of the air.

In spite of Ghosts, I'll on,
Tho' round my Bed the Furies plant their Charms;
I'll break 'em, with *Jocasta* in my arms:
Clasp'd in the folds of love, I'll wait my doom;
And act my Joys, tho' Thunder shake the room.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A dark Grove.

Enter Creon, [Diocles].

Cre. 'TIS better not to be, than to be unhappy.
Dio. What mean you by these words?

Cre. 'Tis better not to be, than to be *Creon*.
A thinking soul is punishment enough:
But when 'tis great, like mine, and wretched too,
Then every thought draws blood.

Dio. You are not wretched.

Creon. I am: my soul's ill married to my body.
I wou'd be young, be handsom, be belov'd:
Cou'd I but breath my self into *Adraſtus*——

Dio. You rave; call home your thoughts.

Creon. I prithee, let my soul take air a while:
Were she in *Oedipus*, I were a King;
Then I had kill'd a Monster, gain'd a Battel;
And had my Rival pris'ner; brave, brave actions:
Why have not I done these?

Dio. Your fortune hinder'd.

Creon. There's it: I have a soul to do 'em all:

OEDIPUS

But fortune will have nothing done that's great,
But by young handsome fools: } Body and brawn
Do all her work: *Hercules* was a fool,
And straight grew famous: a mad boistrous fool;
Nay worse, a Womans Fool.
Fool is the stuff, of which Heav'n makes a Hero.

Dio. A Serpent ne're becomes a flying Dragon,
Till he has eat a Serpent.

Creon. Goes it there!
I understand thee; I must kill *Adrastus*.

Dio. Or not enjoy your Mistress:
Eurydice and he are pris'ners here,
But will not long be so: this tell-tale Ghost,
Perhaps will clear 'em both.

Creon. Well: 'tis resolv'd.

Dio. The Princess walks this way;
You must not meet her,
Till this be done.

Creon. I must.

Dio. She hates your sight:
And more since you accus'd her.

Cre. Urge it not.
I cannot stay to tell thee my design;
For she's too near.

Enter Eurydice.

How, Madam, were your thoughts employ'd!

Eur. On death, and thee.

Cre. Then were they not well sorted: life and me
Had been the better match.

Eur. No, I was thinking
On two the most detested things in Nature:
And they are death and thee.

Cre. The thought of death to one near death is dreadful:
O 'tis a fearful thing to be no more.
Or if to be, to wander after death;
To walk, as spirits do, in Brakes all day;
And when the darkness comes, to glide in paths
That lead to Graves: and in the silent Vault,
Where lies your own pale shrowd, to hover o're it,
Striving to enter your forbidden Corps;
And often, often, vainly breathe your Ghost
Into your lifeless lips:

OEDIPUS

Then, like a lone benighted Travellour,
Shut out from lodging, shall your groans be answer'd
By whistling winds, whose every blast will shake
Your tender Form to Atoms.

Eur. Must I be this thin Being? and thus wander!
No quiet after death!

Cre. None: you must leave
This beauteous body; all this youth and freshness
Must be no more the object of desire,
But a cold lump of Clay;
Which then your discontented Ghost will leave,
And loath it's former lodging.
This is the best of what comes after death,
Ev'n to the best.

Eur. What then shall be thy lot!
Eternal torments, baths of boiling sulphur:
Vicissitudes of fires, and then of frosts;
And an old Guardian Fiend, ugly as thou art,
To hollow in thy ears at every lash.
This for *Eurydice*; these for her *Adrastus*.

Cre. For her *Adrastus*!

Eur. Yes: for her *Adrastus*:
For death shall ne'er divide us: death! what's death!

Dio. You seem'd to fear it.

Eur. But I more fear *Creon*:
To take that hunch-back'd Monster in my arms.
Th' excrescence of a man.

Dio. to Cre. See what you've gain'd.

✓ *Eur.* Death only can be dreadful to the bad:
To innocence, 'tis like a bug-bear dress'd
To fright'n Children; pull but off his Masque
And he'll appear a friend.

Cre. You talk too slightly
Of death and hell. Let me inform you better.

Eur. You best can tell the news of your own Country.

Dio. Nay now you are too sharp.

Eur. Can I be so to one who has accus'd me
Of murder and of parricide?

Cre. You provok'd me:
And yet I only did thus far accuse you,
As next of blood to *Lajus*: be advis'd,
And you may live.

Eur. The means.

OEDIPUS

Cre. 'Tis offer'd you.
The Fool *Adraſtus* has acus'd himself.
Eur. He has indeed, to take the guilt from me.
Cre. He says he loves you; if he does, 'tis well:
He ne're cou'd prove it in a better time.
Eur. Then death must be his recompence for love!
Cre. 'Tis a Fools just reward:
The wise can make a better use of life;
But 'tis the young mans pleasure; his ambition:
I grudge him not that favour.
Eur. When he's dead,
Where shall I find his equal!
Cre. Every-where.
Fine empty things, like him,
The Court swarms with 'em.
Fine fighting things; in Camps they are so common,
Crows feed on nothing else: plenty of Fools;
A glut of 'em in *Thebes*.
And fortune still takes care they shou'd be seen:
She places 'em aloft, o' th' topmost Spoke
Of all her Wheel. Fools are the daily work
Of Nature; her vocation: if she form
A man, she loses by't, 'tis too expensive;
'Twou'd make ten Fools: A man's a Prodigy.
Eur. That is a *Creon*: O thou black detractor,
Who spitt'st thy venom against Gods and man!
Thou enemy of eyes:
Thou who lov'st nothing but what nothing loves,
And that's thy self: who hast conspired against
My life and fame, to make me loath'd by all;
And only fit for thee.
But for *Adraſtus* death, good Gods, his death!
What Curse shall I invent?
Dio. No more: he's here.
Eur. He shall be ever here.
He wou'd give his life; give up his fame.——

Enter Adraſtus.

If all the Excellence of woman-kind
Were mine; —— No, 'tis too little all for him:
Were I made up of endless, endless joyes.——

Adr. And so thou art:
The man who loves like me,

OEDIPUS

Wou'd think ev'n Infamy, the worst of ills,
Were cheaply purchast, were thy love the price:
Uncrown'd, a Captive, nothing left, but Honour;
'Tis the last thing a Prince shou'd throw away;
But when the storm grows loud, and threatens love,
Throw ev'n that over-board, for Love's the Jewel;
And last it must be kept. x

Cre. to Dio. Work him be sure
To rage, he's passionate;
Make him th' Agressor.

Dio. O false love; false honour.

Cre. Dissembled both, and false!

Adr. Dar'st thou say thus to me?

Cre. To you; why, what are you, that I should fear you?
I am not *Lajus*: Hear me, Prince of *Argos*;
You give what's nothing, when you give your honour;
'Tis gone; 'tis lost in battel. For your love,
Vows made in wine are not so false as that:
You kill'd her Father; you confess'd you did:
A mighty argument to prove your passion to the Daughter!

Adr. aside. Gods, must I bear this brand, and not retort
The lye to his foul throat?

Dio. Basely you kill'd him.

Adr. aside. O, I burn inward: my blood's all o' fire.

Alcides, when the poison'd shirt sate closest,
Had but an Ague fit to this my Feaver.
Yet, for *Eurydice*, ev'n this I'll suffer,
To free my love.——Well then, I kill'd him basely.

Cre. Fairly, I'm sure, you cou'd not.

Dio. Nor alone.

Cre. You had your fellow-Thieves about you, Prince;
They conquer'd, and you kill'd.

Adr. aside. Down swelling heart!

'Tis for thy Princess all——O my *Eurydice*!—— [To her.

Euryd. to him. Reproach not thus the weakness of my Sex,
As if I cou'd not bear a shameful death,
Rather than see you burden'd with a Crime
Of which I know you free.

Cre. You do ill, Madam,
To let your head-long Love triumph o're Nature:
Dare you defend your Fathers Murderer?

Eur. You know he kill'd him not.

Cre. Let him say so.

OEDIPUS

Dio. See he stands mute.

Cre. O pow'r of Conscience, ev'n in wicked men!
It works, it stings, it will not let him utter
One syllable, one, not to clear himself
From the most base, detested, horrid act
That e're cou'd stain a Villain, not a Prince.

Adr. Ha! Villain!

Dio. Eccho to him Groves: cry Villain.

Adr. Let me consider! did I murder *Lajus*,
Thus like a Villain?

Cre. Best revoke your words;
And say you kill'd him not.

Adr. Not like a Villain; prithee change me that
For any other Lye.

Dio. No, Villain, Villain.

Cre. You kill'd him not! proclaim your innocence,
Accuse the Princess: So I knew 'twould be.

Adr. I thank thee, thou instruct'st me:
No matter how I kill'd him.

Cre. aside. Cool'd again.

Eur. Thou, who usurp'st the sacred name of Conscience,
D d not thy own declare him innocent;
To me declare him so? The King shall know it.

Cre. You will not be believ'd, for I'll forswear it.

Eur. What's now thy Conscience?

Cre. 'Tis my Slave, my Drudge, my supple Glove,
My upper Garment, to put on, throw off,
As I think best: 'Tis my obedient conscience.,

Adr. Infamous wretch!

Cre. My Conscience shall not do me the ill office
To save a Rivals life; when thou art dead,
(As dead thou shalt be, or be yet more base
Than thou think'st me,
By forfeiting her life, to save thy own.——)

Know this, and let it grate thy very Soul,
She shall be mine: (she is, if Vows were binding;)
Mark me, the fruit of all thy faith and passion,
Ev'n of thy foolish death, shall all be mine.

Adrast. Thine, say'st thou, Monster;
Shall my love be thine?

Oh, I can bear no more!

Thy cunning Engines, have with labour rais'd
My heavy anger, like a mighty weight,

OEDIPUS

To fall and pash thee dead.

See here thy Nuptials; see, thou rash *Ixion*,

[*Draws.*

Thy promis'd *Juno* vanish'd in a Cloud;

And in her room avenging Thunder rowls,

To blast thee thus——Come both.——

Cre. 'Tis what I wish'd!

[*Both Draw.*

Now see whose Arm can lanch the surer bolt,

And who's the better *Jove*.——

Eur. Help; Murther, help!

[*Fight.*

Enter Hæmon and Guards, run betwixt them and beat down their Swords.

Hæm. Hold; hold your impious hands: I think the Furies,
To whom this Grove is hallow'd, have inspir'd you:

Now, by my Soul, the holiest earth of *Thebes*

You have profan'd with war. Nor Tree, nor Plant

Grows here, but what is fed with Magick Juice,

All full of humane Souls; that cleave their barks,

To dance at Midnight by the Moons pale beams:

At least two hundred years these reverend Shades

Have known no blood, but of black Sheep and Oxen,

Shed by the Priests own hand to *Proserpine*.

Adr. Forgive a Stranger's ignorance: I knew not
The honours of the place.

Hæm. Thou, *Creon*, didst.

Not *Oedipus*, were all his Foes here lodg'd,

Durst violate the Religion of these Groves,

To touch one single hair: but must, unarm'd,

Parle as in Truce, or surlily avoid

What most he long'd to kill.

Cre. I drew not first;

But in my own defence.

Adr. I was provok'd,
Beyond Man's patience: all reproach cou'd urge
Was us'd to kindle one not apt to bear.

Hæm. 'Tis *Oedipus*, not I, must judge this Act:
Lord *Creon*, you and *Diocles* retire:

Tiresias, and the Brother-hood of Priests,

Approach the place: None at these Rites assist,

But you th' accus'd, who by the mouth of *Lajus*

Must be absolv'd, or doom'd.

Adr. I bear my fortune.

Eur. And I provoke my tryal.

OEDIPUS

Hæm. 'Tis at hand.

For see the Prophet comes with Vervin crown'd,
The Priests with Yeugh, a venerable band;
We leave you to the Gods. [*Ex. Hæmon with Creon and Diocles.*]

*Enter Tiresias, led by Manto: The Priests follow; all cloathed
in long black Habits.*

Tir. Approach, ye Lovers;
Ill-fated Pair! whom, seeing not, I know:
This day your kindly Stars in Heav'n were join'd:
When lo, an envious Planet interpos'd,
And threaten'd both with death: I fear, I fear.

Eur. Is there no God so much a friend to love,
Who can controle the malice of our fate?
Are they all deaf? Or have the Gyants Heav'n?

Tir. The Gods are just.——
But how can Finite measure Infinite?
Reason! alas, it does not know it self!
Yet Man, vain Man, wou'd with this short-lin'd Plummet,
Fathom the vast Abyesse of Heav'nly justice.
What ever is, is in it's causes just;
Since all things are by Fate. But pur-blind Man
Sees but a part o' th' Chain; the nearest links;
His eyes not carrying to that equal Beam
That poizes all above.

Eur. Then we must dye!

Tir. The danger's imminent this day.

Adr. Why then there's one day less for humane ills:
And who wou'd moan himself, for suffering that,
Which in a day must pass? something, or nothing——
I shall be what I was again, before
I was *Adraſtus*.——

Penurious Heav'n canst thou not add a night
To our one day; give me a night with her,
And I'll give all the rest.

Tir. She broke her vow
First made to *Creon*: but the time calls on:
And *Lajus* death must now be made more plain.
How loth am I to have recourse to Rites
So full of horror, that I once rejoice
I want the use of Sight.——

Pr. The Ceremonies stay.

Tir. Chuse the darkeſt part o'th' Grove;

OEDIPUS

Such as Ghosts at noon-day love.
Dig a Trench, and dig it nigh
Where the bones of *Lajus* lye.
Altars rais'd of Turf or Stone,
Will th' Infernal Pow'rs have none.
Answer me, if this be done?

All Pr. 'Tis done.

Tir. Is the Sacrifice made fit?
Draw her backward to the pit:
Draw the barren Heyfer back;
Barren let her be and black.
Cut the curled hair that grows
Full betwixt her horns and brows:
And turn your faces from the Sun.
Answer me, if this be done?

All Pr. 'Tis done.

Tir. Pour in blood, and blood like wine,
To Mother Earth and *Proserpine*:
Mingle Milk into the stream;
Feast the Ghosts that love the steam;
Snatch a brand from funeral pile;
Toss it in to make 'em boil;
And turn your faces from the Sun;
Answer me, if all be done?

All Pr. All is done.

[*Peal of Thunder; and flashes of Lightning; then groaning below the Stage.*

Manto. O, what Laments are those?

Tir. The groans of Ghosts, that cleave the Earth with pain:
And heave it up: they pant and stick half way.

[*The Stage wholly darkn'd.*

Man. And now a sudden darkness covers all,
True genuine Night: Night added to the Groves;
The Fogs are blown full in the face of Heav'n.

Tir. Am I but half obey'd: Infernal Gods,
Must you have Musick too? then tune your voices,
And let 'em have such sounds as Hell ne're heard
Since *Orpheus* brib'd the Shades.

Musick first. *Then Sing.*

[*This to be set through.*

1. *Hear, ye sullen Pow'rs below:
Hear, ye taskers of the dead.*

OEDIPUS

2. *You that boiling Cauldrons blow,
 You that scum the molten Lead.*
3. *You that pinch with Red-hot Tongs;*
1. *You that drive the trembling Hosts
 Of poor, poor Ghosts,
 With your Sharpen'd Prongs;*
2. *You that thrust 'em off the Brim;*
3. *You that plunge 'em when they Swim:*
1. *Till they drown;
 Till they go
 On a row,
 Down, down, down,
Ten thousand, thousand, thousand fadoms low.*

Chorus. *Till they drown, &c.*

1. *Musick for a while
 Shall your cares beguile:
 Wondring how your pains were eas'd.*
2. *And disdaining to be pleas'd;*
3. *Till Alecto free the dead
 From their eternal bands;
 Till the snakes drop from her head,
 And whip from out her hands.*
1. *Come away,
 Do not stay,
 But obey
 While we play,
For Hell's broke up, and Ghosts have holy-day.*

Chorus, *Come away, &c.*

[A flash of Lightning: the Stage is made bright; and the Ghosts are seen passing betwixt the Trees.]

1. *Lajus!* 2. *Lajus!* 3. *Lajus!*
1. *Hear!* 2. *Hear!* 3. *Hear!*
- Tir. *Hear and appear:
 By the Fates that spun thy thread;*
- Cho. *Which are three,*
- Tir. *By the Furies fierce, and dread!*
- Cho. *Which are three,*
- Tir. *By the Judges of the dead!*
- Cho. *Which are three,
 Three times three.*
- Tir. *By Hell's blew flame:
 By the Stygian Lake:*

OEDIPUS

*And by Demogorgon's name,
At which Ghosts quake,
Hear and appear.*

*[The Ghost of Lajus rises arm'd in his Chariot, as he was slain.
And behind his Chariot, sit the three who were Murder'd with him.]*

Ghost of Lajus. Why hast thou drawn me from my pains below,
To suffer worse above: to see the day,
And *Thebes* more hated? Hell is Heav'n to *Thebes*.
For pity send me back, where I may hide,
In willing night, this ignominious head:
In Hell I shun the publick scorn; and then
They hunt me for their sport, and hoot me as I fly:
Behold ev'n now they grin at my gor'd side,
And chatter at my wounds.

Tir. I pity thee:
Tell but why *Thebes* is for thy death accurst,
And I'll unbind the Charm.

Ghost. O spare my shame.

Tir. Are these two innocent?

Ghost. Of my death they are.

But he who holds my Crown, Oh, must I speak!
Was doom'd to do what Nature most abhors.
The Gods foresaw it; and forbad his being,
Before he yet was born. I broke their laws,
And cloath'd with flesh his pre-existing soul,
Some kinder pow'r, too weak for destiny,
Took pity, and indu'd his new form'd Mass
With Temperance, Justice, Prudence, Fortitude,
And every Kingly vertue: but in vain.
For Fate, that sent him hood-winckt to the world,
Perform'd its work by his mistaking hands.
Asks thou who murder'd me? 'twas *Oedipus*:
Who stains my Bed with Incest? *Oedipus*:
For whom then are you curst, but *Oedipus*!
He comes; the Parricide: I cannot bear him:
My wounds ake at him: Oh his murd'rous breath
Venoms my aiery substance! hence with him,
Banish him; sweep him out; the Plague he bears
Will blast your fields, and mark his way with ruine.
From *Thebes*, my Throne, my Bed, let him be driv'n;
Do you forbid him Earth, and I'll forbid him Heavn.

[Ghost descends.]

OEDIPUS

Enter Oedipus, Creon, Hæmon, &c.

Oed. What's this! methought some pestilential blast
Strook me just entring; and some unseen hand
Struggled to push me backward! tell me why
My hair stands bristling up, why my flesh trembles!
You stare at me! then Hell has been among ye,
And some lag Fiend yet lingers in the Grove.

Tir. What Omen saw'st thou entring?

Oed. A young Stork,
That bore his aged Parent on his back;
Till weary with the weight, he shook him off,
And peck'd out both his eyes.

Adr. Oh, *Oedipus*!

Eur. Oh, wretched *Oedipus*!

Tir. O! Fatal King!

Oed. What mean these Exclamations on my name?
I thank the Gods, no secret thoughts reproach me:
No: I dare challenge Heav'n to turn me outward,
And shake my Soul quite empty in your sight.
Then wonder not that I can bear unmov'd
These fix'd regards, and silent threats of eyes:
A generous fierceness dwells with innocence;
And conscious vertue is allow'd some pride.

Tir. Thou know'st not what thou say'st.

Oed. What mutters hel tell me, *Eurydice*:
Thou shak'st: thy souls a Woman. Speak, *Adrastus*;
And boldly, as thou met'st my Arms in fight;
Dar'st thou not speak, why then 'tis bad indeed:
Tiresias, thee I summon by thy Priesthood,
Tell me what news from Hell: where *Lajus* points,
And who's the guilty head?

Tir. Let me not answer.

Oed. Be dumb then, and betray thy native soil
To farther Plagues.

Tir. I dare not name him to thee.

Oed. Dar'st thou converse with Hell, and canst thou fear
An humane name?

Tir. Urge me no more to tell a thing, which known
Wou'd make thee more unhappy: 'twill be found
Tho' I am silent.

Oed. Old and obstinate! Then thou thy self
Art Author or Accomplice of this murder,

OEDIPUS

And shun'st the Justice, which by publick ban
Thou hast incurr'd.

Tir. O, if the guilt were mine
It were not half so great: know wretched man,
Thou onely, thou art guilty; thy own Curse
Falls heavy on thy self.

Oed. Speak this again:
But speak it to the Winds when they are loudest:
Or to the raging Seas, they'll hear as soon,
And sooner will believe.

Tir. Then hear me Heav'n,
For blushing thou hast seen it: hear me Earth,
Whose hollow womb could not contain this murder,
But sent it back to light: and thou Hell, hear me,
Whose own black Seal has 'firm'd this horrid truth,
Oedipus murther'd *Lajus*.

Oed. Rot the tongue,
And blasted be the mouth that spoke that lye.
Thou blind of sight, but thou more blind of soul.

Tir. Thy Parents thought not so.

Oed. Who were my Parents?

Tir. Thou shalt know too soon.

Oed. Why seek I truth from thee?
The smiles of Courtiers, and the Harlots tears,
The Tradesmans oaths, and mourning of an Heir,
Are truths to what Priests tell.
O why has Priest-hood priviledge to lye,
And yet to be believ'd!——thy age protects thee.——

Tir. Thou canst not kill me; 'tis not in thy Fate,
As 'twas to kill thy Father; wed thy Mother;
And beget Sons, thy Brothers,

Oed. Riddles, Riddles!

Tir. Thou art thy self a Riddle; a perplext
Obscure *Ænigma*, which when thou unty'st,
Thou shalt be found and lost.

Oed. Impossible!

Adrastus, speak, and as thou art a King,
Whose Royal word is sacred, clear my fame.

Adr. Wou'd I cou'd!

Oed. Ha, wilt thou not: can that Plebeian vice
Of lying mount to Kings! can they be tainted!
Then truth is lost on earth.

Creon. The Cheats too gross:

OEDIPUS

Adrastus is his Oracle, and he,

The pious Juggler, but *Adrastus* Organ.

Oed. 'Tis plain the Priest's suborn'd to free the Pris'ner.

Creon. And turn the guilt on you.

Oed. O, honest *Creon*, how hast thou been bely'd?

Eur. Hear me.

Creon. She's brib'd to save her Lover's life.

Adr. If *Oedipus* thou think'st——

Creon Hear him not speak.

Adr. Then hear these holy men.

Creon. Priests, Priests all brib'd, all Priests.

Oed. *Adrastus* I have found thee:

The malice of a vanquish'd man has seiz'd thee.

Adr. If Envy and not Truth——

Oed. I'll hear no more: away with him.

[*Hæmon takes him off by force: Creon and Eurydice follow.*

To Tir. Why stand'st thou here, Impostor!

So old, and yet so wicked.——lye for gain;

And gain so short as age can promise thee!

Tir. So short a time as I have yet to live

Exceeds thy pointed hour; Remember *Lajus*:

No more; if e're we meet again, 'twill be

In Mutual darkness; we shall feel before us

To reach each others hand; Remember *Lajus*.

[*Ex. Tiresias: Priests follow.*

Oedipus Solus.

Remember *Lajus*! that's the burden still:

Murder, and Incest! but to hear 'em nam'd

My Soul starts in me: the good Sentinel

Stands to her Weapons; takes the first Alarm

To guard me from such Crimes.——Did I kill *Lajus*?

Then I walk'd sleeping, in some frightful dream,

My Soul then stole my Body out by night;

And brought me back to Bed e're Morning-wake.

It cannot be ev'n this remotest way,

But some dark hint would juggle forward now;

And goad my memory.——Oh my *Jocasta*!

Enter Jocasta.

Joc. Why are you thus disturb'd?

Oed. Why, would'st thou think it?

No less than Murder?

OEDIPUS

Joc. Murder? what of Murder?

Oed. Is Murder then no more? add Parricide,
And Incest; bear not these a frightful sound?

Joc. Alas!

Oed. How poor a pity is Alas
For two such Crimes!—was *Lajus* us'd to lye?

Joc. Oh no: the most sincere, plain, honest man,
One who abhorr'd a lye.

Oed. Then he has got that Quality in Hell.
He charges me——but why accuse I him?
I did not hear him speak it: they accuse me;
The Priest, *Adraſtus*, and *Eurydice*,
Of murdering *Lajus*——Tell me, while I think on't,
Has old *Tiresias* practis'd long this Trade?

Joc. What Trade?

Oed. Why, this foretelling Trade.

Joc. For many years.

Oed. Has he before this day accus'd me?

Joc. Never.

Oed. Have you e're this inquir'd, who did this Murder?

Joc. Often; but still in vain.

Oed. I am satisfy'd.

Then 'tis an infant lye; but one day old.
The Oracle takes place before the Priest;
The blood of *Lajus* was to Murder *Lajus*:
I'm not of *Lajus*'s blood.

Joc. Ev'n Oracles

Are always doubtful, and are often forg'd:
Lajus had one, which never was fulfill'd,
Nor ever can be now!

Oed. And what foretold it?

Joc. That he shou'd have a Son by me, fore-doom'd
The Murderer of his Father: true indeed,
A Son was born; but to prevent that Crime,
The wretched Infant of a guilty Fate,
Bor'd through his untry'd feet, and bound with cords,
On a bleak Mountain, naked was expos'd:
The King himself liv'd many, many years,
And found a different Fate; by Robbers Murder'd,
Where three ways meet: yet these are Oracles;
And this the Faith we owe 'em.

Oed. Say'st thou, Woman?

OEDIPUS

By Heav'n thou hast awakn'd somewhat in me,
That shakes my very Soul!

Joc. What, new disturbance!

Oed. Methought thou said'st,——(or do I dream thou said'st it!)
This Murder was on *Lajus* person done,
Where three ways meet?

Joc. So common Fame reports.

Oed. Wou'd it had ly'd.

Joc. Why, good my Lord?

Oed. No questions:

'Tis busie time with me; dispatch mine first;
Say where, where was it done!

Joc. Mean you the Murder?

Oed. Cou'd'st thou not answer without naming Murder?

Joc. They say in *Phocide*; on the Verge that parts it
From *Daulia*, and from *Delphos*.

Oed. So!——How long! when happen'd this!

Joc. Some little time before you came to *Thebes*.

Oed. What will the Gods do with me!

Joc. What means that thought?

Oed. Something: but 'tis not your turn to ask:
How old was *Lajus*, what his shape, his stature,
His action, and his meen? quick, quick, your answer——

Joc. Big made he was, and tall: his port was fierce,
Erect his countenance: Manly Majesty
Sate in his front, and darted from his eyes,
Commanding all he viewed: his hair just grizzled,
As in a green old age: bate but his years,
You are his picture.

Oed. aside. Pray Heav'n he drew me not? am I his picture?

Joc. So I have often told you.

Oed. True, you have;

Add that to the rest: how was the King
Attended when he travell'd?

Joc. By four Servants:

He went out privately.

Oed. Well counted still:

One 'scap'd I hear; what since became of him?

Joc. When he beheld you first, as King in *Thebes*,
He kneel'd, and trembling beg'd I wou'd dismiss him:
He had my leave; and now he lives retir'd.

Oed. This Man must be produc'd; he must, *Jocasta*.

Joc. He shall——yet have I leave to ask you why?

OEDIPUS

Oed. Yes, you shall know: for where should I repose
The anguish of my Soul, but in your breast!
I need not tell you *Corinth* claims my birth;
My Parents *Polybus* and *Merope*,
Two Royal Names; their only Child am I.
It happen'd once; 'twas at a Bridal Feast,
One warm with Wine, told me I was a Foundling,
Not the Kings Son; I stung with this reproach,
Strook him: my Father, heard of it: the Man
Was made ask pardon; and the business hush'd.

Joc. 'Twas somewhat odd,

Oed. And strangely it perplexed me.
I stole away to *Delphos*, and implor'd
The God, to tell my certain Parentage.
He bade me seek no farther:—'twas my Fate
To kill my Father, and pollute his Bed,
By marrying her who bore me.

Joc. Vain, vain Oracles!

Oed. But yet they frightened me;
I lookt on *Corinth* as a place accurst,
Resolv'd my destiny should wait in vain;
And never catch me there.

Joc. Too nice a fear.

Oed. Suspend your thoughts; and flatter not too soon.
Just in the place you nam'd, where three ways meet,
And near that time, five persons I encounter'd;
One was too like, (Heav'n grant it prove not him)
Whom you describe for *Lajus*: insolent
And fierce they were, as Men who liv'd on spoil.
I judg'd 'em Robbers, and by force repell'd
The force they us'd: In short, four men I slew:
The fifth upon his knees demanding Life,
My mercy gave it.—bring me comfort now,
If I slew *Lajus*, what can be more wretched!
From *Thebes* and you my Curse has banish'd me:
From *Corinth* Fate.

Joc. Perplex not thus your mind;
My Husband fell by Multitudes oppress'd,
So *Phorbas* said: this Band you chanc'd to meet;
And murder'd not my *Lajus*, but reveng'd him.

Oed. There's all my hope: Let *Phorbas* tell me this,
And I shall live again!——
To you, good Gods, I make my last appeal;

OEDIPUS

Or clear my Vertues or my Crime reveal:
If wandering in the maze of Fate I run,
And backward trod the paths I sought to shun,
Impute my Errours to your own Decree;
My hands are guilty, but my heart is free.

[*Ex. Ambo.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Pyracmon, Creon.

Pyr. **S**ome business of import that Triumph wears,
You seem to go with; nor is it hard to guess
When you are pleas'd, by a malicious joy:
Whose Red and Fiery Beams cast through your Visage
A glowing pleasure. Sure you smile revenge,
And I cou'd gladly hear.

Cre. Would'st thou believe
This giddy hair-braind King, whom old *Tiresias*
Has Thunder-strook, with heavy accusation,
Tho' conscious of no inward guilt, yet fears;
He fears *Jocasta*, fears himself, his shadow;
He fears the multitude; and, which is worth
An Age of laughter, out of all mankind,
He chuses me to be his Orator:
Swears that *Adrastus* and the lean-look'd Prophet,
Are joint-conspirators; and wisht me to
Appease the raving *Thebans*; which I swore
To do.

Pyr. A dangerous undertaking;
Directly opposite to your own interest.

Creon. No, dull *Pyracmon*; when I left his presence,
With all the Wings with which revenge could imp
My flight, I gain'd the midst o'th' City;
There, standing on a Pile of dead and dying,
I to the mad and sickly multitude,
With interrupting sobs, cry'd out, O *Thebes*,
O wretched *Thebes*, thy King, thy *Oedipus*,
This barbarous stranger, this Usurper, Monster,
Is by the Oracle, the wise *Tiresias*,
Proclaim'd the murderer of the Royal *Lajus*:
Jocasta too, no longer now my Sister,

OEDIPUS

Is found complotter in the horrid deed.
Here I renounce all tye of Blood and Nature,
For thee, O *Thebes*, dear *Thebes*, poor bleeding *Thebes*.
And there I wept, and then the Rabble howl'd,
And roar'd, and with a thousand Antick mouths
Gabbled revenge, Revenge was all the cry.

Pyr. This cannot fail: I see you on the Throne;
And *Oedipus* cast out.

Creon. Then strait came on
Alcander, with a wild and bellowing Croud,
Whom when he had wrought; I whisper'd him to join,
And head the Forces while the heat was in 'em:
So to the Palace I return'd, to meet
The King, and greet him with another story.
But see, he Enters.

Enter Oedipus, Jocasta, attended.

Oed. Said you that *Phorbas* is return'd, and yet
Intreats he may return, without being ask'd
Of ought concern'd what we have discover'd?

Joc. He started when I told him your intent,
Replying, what he knew of that affair
Would give no satisfaction to the King;
Then, falling on his knees, begg'd, as for life,
To be dismiss'd from Court: He trembled too,
As if Convulsive death had seiz'd upon him,
And stammer'd in his abrupt Pray'r so wildly,
That, had he been the murderer of *Lajus*,
Guilt and distraction could not have shook him more.

Oed. By your description, sure as plagues and death
Lay waste our *Thebes*, some deed that shuns the light
Begot those fears: If thou respect'st my peace,
Secure him, dear *Jocasta*; for my Genius
Shrinks at his name.

Joc. Rather let him go:
So my poor boding heart would have it be,
Without a reason.

Oed. Hark, the *Thebans* come!
Therefore retire: and, once more, if thou lov'st me,
Let *Phorbas* be retain'd.

Joc. You shall, while I
Have life, be still obey'd:
In vain you sooth me with your soft indearments,

OEDIPUS

And set the fairest Countenance to view,
Your gloomy eyes, my Lord, betray a deadness
And inward languishing: that Oracle
Eats like a subtil Worm it's venom'd way,
Preys on your heart, and rots the noble Core,
How-e're the beauteous out-side shews so lovely.

Oed. O, thou wilt kill me with thy Love's excess!
All, all is well; retire, the *Thebans* come. [Ex. *Jocasta*.

Ghost. *Oedipus*!

Oed. Hal again that scream of woe!
Thrice have I heard, thrice since the morning dawn'd
It hollow'd loud, as if my Guardian Spirit
Call'd from some vaulted Mansion, *Oedipus*!
Or is it but the work of melancholly?
When the Sun sets, shadows, that shew'd at Noon
But small, appear most long and terrible;
So when we think Fate hovers o're our heads,
Our apprehensions shoot beyond all bounds,
Owls, Ravens, Crickets seem the watch of death,
Nature's worst Vermine scare her God-like Sons.
Ecchoes, the very leavings of a Voice,
Grow babbling Ghosts, and call us to our Graves:
Each Mole-hill thought swells to a huge *Olympus*,
While we fantastick dreamers heave and puff,
And sweat with an Immagination's weight;
As if, like *Atlas*, with these mortal Shoulders
We could sustain the burden of the World. [Creon comes forward.

Cre. O, Sacred Sir, my Royal Lord——

Oed. What now?
Thou seem'st affrighted at some dreadful action,
Thy breath comes short, thy darted eyes are fixt
On me for aid, as if thou wert pursu'd:
I sent thee to the *Thebans*, speak thy wonder;
Fear not, this Palace is a Sanctuary,
The King himself's thy Guard.

Cre. For me, alas,
My life's not worth a thought, when weigh'd with yours!
But fly, my Lord, fly as your life is sacred,
Your Fate is precious to your faithful *Creon*,
Who therefore, on his knees, thus prostrate begs
You would remove from *Thebes* that Vows your ruine.
When I but offer'd at your innocence,
They gather'd Stones, and menac'd me with Death,

OEDIPUS

And drove me through the Streets, with imprecations
Against your sacred Person, and those Traytors
Which justify'd your Guilt: which curs'd *Tiresias*
Told, as from Heav'n, was cause of their destruction.

Oed. Rise, worthy *Creon*, haste and take our Guard,
Rank 'em in equal part upon the Square,
Then open every Gate of this our Palace,
And let the Torrent in. Hark, it comes,
I hear 'em roar: begun, and break down all
The dams that would oppose their furious passage.

[*Shout.*

[*Ex. Creon with Guards.*

Enter Adrastus, his Sword drawn.

Adr. Your City
Is all in Arms, all bent to your destruction:
I heard but now, where I was close confin'd,
A Thundring shout, which made my Jaylors vanish,
Cry, Fire the Palace; where's the cruel King?
Yet, by th' Infernal Gods, those awful Pow'rs
That have accus'd you, which these ears have heard,
And these Eyes seen, I must believe you guiltless;
For, since I knew the Royal *Oedipus*,
I have observ'd in all his acts such truth
And God-like clearness; that to the last gush
Of blood and Spirits, I'll defend his life,
And here have Sworn to perish by his side.

Oed. Be witness, Gods, how near this touches me,

[*Embracing him.*

O what, what recompence can glory make?

Adr. Defend your innocence, speak like your self,
And awe the Rebels with your dauntless virtue.
But hark! the Storm comes nearer.

Oed. Let it come.

The force of Majesty is never known
But in a general wrack: Then, then is seen
The difference 'twixt a Threshold and a Throne.

Enter Creon, Pyracmon, Alcander, Tiresias, Thebans.

Alc. Where, where's this cruel King? *Thebans*, behold
There stands your Plague, the ruine, desolation
Of this unhappy——speak; shall I kill him?
Or shall he be cast out to Banishment?

OEDIPUS

All Theb. To Banishment, away with him.

Oed. Hence, you Barbarians, to your slavish distance;
Fix to the Earth your sordid looks; for he
Who stirs, dares more than mad-men, Fiends, or Furies:
Who dares to face me, by the Gods, as well
May brave the Majesty of Thundring *Jove*.
Did I for this relieve you when besieg'd
By this fierce Prince, when coop'd within your Walls,
And to the very brink of Fate reduc'd;
When lean-jaw'd famine made more havock of you
Than does the Plague? But I rejoyce I know you,
Know the base stuff that temper'd your vile Souls:
The Gods be prais'd, I needed not your Empire,
Born to a greater, nobler, of my own;
Nor shall the Scepter of the Earth now win me
To rule such Brutes, so barbarous a People.

Adr. Methinks, my Lord, I see a sad repentance,
A general consternation spread among 'em.

Oed. My Reign is at an end; yet e're I finish——
I'll do a justice that becomes a Monarch,
A Monarch, who, i'th' midst of Swords and Javelins,
Dares act as on his own Throne encompass'd round
With Nation's for his Guard. *Alcander*, you
Are nobly born, therefore shall lose your head:
Here, *Hæmon*, take him: but for this, and this,
Let Cords dispatch 'em. Hence, away with 'em.

[*Seizes him.*]

Tir. O sacred Prince, pardon distracted *Thebes*,
Pardon her, if she acts by Heav'n's award;
If that the Infernal Spirits have declar'd
The depth of Fate, and if our Oracles
May speak, O do not too severely deal,
But let thy wretched *Thebes* at least complain:
If thou art guilty, Heav'n will make it known;
If innocent, then let *Tiresias* dye.

Oed. I take thee at thy word. Run, haste, and save *Alcander*.
I swear the Prophet, or the King shall dye.
Be witness, all you *Thebans*, of my Oath.
And *Phorbas* be the Umpire.

Tir. I submit.

[*Trumpets sound.*]

Oed. What mean those Trumpets?

Hæm. From your Native Country.

OEDIPUS

Enter Hæmon with Alcander, &c.

Great Sir, the fam'd *Ægeon* is arriv'd,
That renown'd Favourite of the King your Father:
He comes as an Ambassador from *Corinth*,
And sues for Audience.

Oed. Haste, *Hæmon*, fly, and tell him that I burn
T'embrace him.

Hæm. The Queen, my Lord, at present holds him
In private Conference; but behold her here.

Enter Jocasta, Euridice, &c.

Joc. Hail, happy *Oedipus*, happiest of Kings?
Henceforth be blest, blest as thou canst desire,
Sleep without fears the blackest nights away;
Let Furies haunt thy Palace, thou shalt sleep
Secure, thy slumbers shall be soft and gentle
As Infants dreams.

Oed. What does the Soul of all my joys intend?
And whither would this rapture?

Joc. O, I could rave,
Pull down those lying Fanes, and burn that Vault,
From whence resounded those false Oracles,
That robb'd my Love of rest: if we must pray,
Rear in the streets bright Altars to the Gods,
Let Virgins hands adorn the Sacrifice;
And not a gray-beard forging Priest come near,
To pry into the bowels of the Victim,
And with his dotage mad the gaping World.
But see, the Oracle that I will trust,
True as the Gods, and affable as Men.

Enter Ægeon, Kneels.

Oed. O, to my arms, welcome, my dear *Ægeon*;
Ten thousand welcomes. O, my Foster-Father,
Welcome as mercy to a Man condemn'd!
Welcome to me,
As, to a sinking Marriner,

The lucky plank that bears him to the shore!
But speak, O tell me what so mighty joy
Is this thou bring'st, which so transports *Jocasta*?

Joc. Peace, peace *Ægeon*; let *Jocasta* tell him!
O that I could for ever Charm, as now,

OEDIPUS

My dearest *Oedipus*: Thy Royal Father,
Polybus, King of *Corinth*, is no more.

Oed. Hal can it be? *Ægeon* answer me,
And speak in short, what my *Jocasta*'s transport
May overdo.

Æge. Since in few words, my Royal Lord, you ask
To know the truth; King *Polybus* is dead.

Oed. O all you Pow'rs, is't possible? what, dead!
But that the Tempest of my joy may rise
By just degrees, and hit at last the Stars:
Say, how, how dy'd he? Hal by Sword, by Fire,
Or Water? by Assassins, or Poyson? speak:
Or did he languish under some disease?

Æge. Of no distemper, of no blast he dy'd,
But fell like Autumn-Fruit that mellow'd long:
Ev'n wonder'd at, because he dropt no sooner.
Fate seem'd to wind him up for fourscore years;
Yet freshly ran he on
Ten Winters more:

Till, like a Clock worn out with eating time,
The Wheels of weary life at last stood still. ✓

Oed. O, let me press thee in my youthful arms,
And smother thy old age in my embraces.
Yes *Thebans*, yes *Jocasta*, yes *Adrastus*,
Old *Polybus*, the King my Father's dead.
Fires shall be kindled in the mid'st of *Thebes*;
I'th mid'st of Tumults, Wars, and Pestilence,
I will rejoice for *Polybus* his death.

Know, be it known to the limits of the World;
Yet farther, let it pass yon dazling roof,
The mansion of the Gods, and strike 'em deaf,
With everlasting peals of Thundring joy.

Tir. Fate! Nature! Fortune! what is all this world?

Oed. Now, Dotard; now, thou blind old wizard Prophet,
Where are your boding Ghosts, your Altars now;
Your Birds of knowledge, that, in dusky Air,
Chatter Futurity; and where are now
Your Oracles, that call'd me Parricide,
Is he not dead? deep laid in's Monument?
And was not I in *Thebes* when Fate attack'd him?
Avant, begon, you Vizors of the Gods!
Were I as other Sons, now I should weep;
But as I am, I've reason to rejoice:

OEDIPUS

And will, tho' his cold shade should rise and blast me.
O, for this death, let Waters break their bounds,
Rocks, Valleys, Hills, with splitting *Io's* ring:
Io, Jocasta, Io *pæan* sing.

Tir. Who would not now conclude a happy end?
But all Fate's turns are swift and unexpected.

Æge. Your Royal Mother *Merope*, as if
She had no Soul since you forsook the Land,
Waves all the neighb'ring Princes that adore her.

Oed. Waves all the Princes! poor heart! for what? O speak.

Æge. She, tho' in full-blown flow'r of glorious beauty,
Grows cold, ev'n in the Summer of her Age:
And for your sake, has sworn to dye unmarry'd.

Oed. How! for my sake, dye, and not marry! O,
My fit returns.

Æge. This Diamond, with a thousand kisses blest,
With thousand sighs and wishes for your safety,
She charg'd me give you, with the general Homage
Of our *Corinthian* Lords.

Oed. There's Magick in it, take it from my sight;
There's not a beam it darts, but carries Hell,
Hot flashing lust, and Necromantick Incest:
Take it from these sick eyes, Oh hide it from me.
No, my *Jocasta*, tho' *Thebes* cast me out,
While *Merope's* alive, I'll ne're return!
O, rather let me walk round the wide World
A beggar, than accept a Diadem
On such abhorr'd conditions.

Joc. You make, my Lord, your own unhappiness,
By these extravagant and needless fears.

Oed. Needless! O, all you Gods! By Heav'n I'd rather
Embrue my Arms up to my very shoulders
In the dear entrails of the best of Fathers,
Than offer at the execrable Act
Of damned Incest: therefore no more of her.

Æge. And why, O sacred Sir, if Subjects may
Presume to look into their Monarch's breast,
Why should the chaste and spotless *Merope*
Infuse such thoughts as I must blush to name?

Oed. Because the God of *Delphos* did forewarn me,
With Thundring Oracles.

Æge. May I entreat to know 'em?

Oed. Yes, my *Ægeon*; but the sad remembrance

OEDIPUS

Quite blasts my Soul: see then the swelling Priest!

Methinks I have his Image now in view;

He mounts the *Tripod* in a minutes space,

His clouded head knocks at the Temple roof,

While from his mouth

These dismal words are heard:

"Fly, wretch, whom Fate has doom'd thy Fathers Blood to spill,

"And with prepostrous Births, thy Mothers womb to fill.

Æge. Is this the Cause

Why you refuse the Diadem of *Corinth*.

Oed. The Cause! why, is it not a monstrous one?

Æge. Great Sir, you may return; and tho' you should

Enjoy the Queen (which all the Gods forbid)

The Act would prove no incest.

Oed. How, *Ægeon*?

Tho' I enjoy'd my Mother, not incestuous!

Thou rav'st, and so do I; and these all catch

My madness; look, they're dead with deep distraction:

Not Incest! what, not Incest with my Mother?

Æge. My Lord, Queen *Merope* is not your Mother.

Oed. Ha! did I hear thee right? not *Merope*

My Mother!

Æge. Nor was *Polybus* your Father.

Oed. Then all my days and nights must now be spent

In curious search, to find out those dark Parents

Who gave me to the World; speak then *Ægeon*,

By all the God's Celestial and Infernal,

By all the ties of Nature, blood, and friendship,

Conceal not from this rack'd despairing King

A point or smallest grain of what thou know'st:

Speak then, O answer to my doubts directly.

If Royal *Polybus* was not my Father,

Why was I call'd his Son?

Æge. He, from my Arms,

Receiv'd you as the fairest Gift of Nature.

Not but you were adorn'd with all the Riches

That Empire could bestow in costly Mantles

Upon it's Infant Heir.

Oed. But was I made the Heir of *Corinth's* Crown,

Because *Ægeon's* hands presented me?

Æge. By my advice,

Being past all hope of Children,

He took, embrac'd, and own'd you for his Son.

OEDIPUS

Oed. Perhaps I then am yours; instruct me, Sir:
If it be so, I'll kneel and weep before you,
With all th' obedience of a penitent Child,
Imploring pardon.
Kill me if you please,
I will not writhe my Body at the wound:
But sink upon your feet with a last sigh,
And ask forgiveness with my dying hands.✕

Æge. O rise, and call not to this aged Cheek
The little blood which should keep warm my heart;
You are not mine, nor ought I to be blest
With such a God-like off-spring. Sir, I found you
Upon the Mount *Cithæron*.

Oed. O speak, go on, the Air grows sensible
Of the great things you utter, and is calm:
The hurry'd Orbs, with Storms so Rack'd of late,
Seem to stand still, as if that *Jove* were talking.
Cithæron! speak, the Valley of *Cithæron!*

Æge. Oft-times before I thither did resort,
Charm'd with the conversation of a man
Who led a Rural life, and had command
O're all the Shepherds who about those Vales
Tended their numerous Flocks: in this man's Arms
I saw you smiling at a fatal Dagger
Whose point he often offer'd at your throat;
But then you smil'd, and then you drew it back;
Then lifted it again, you smil'd again:
Till he at last in fury threw it from him,
And cry'd aloud, the Gods forbid thy death.
Then I rush'd in, and, after some discourse,
To me he did bequeath your innocent life;
And I, the welcome care to *Polybus*.

Oed. To whom belongs the Master of the Shepherds?

Æge. His name I knew not, or I have forgot,
That he was of the Family of *Lajus*,
I will remember.

Oed. And is your Friend alive? for if he be
I'll buy his Presence, tho' it cost my Crown.

Æge. Your menial Attendants best can tell
Whether he lives, or not; and who has now
His place.

Joc. Winds, bear me to some barren Island,
Where print of humane Feet was never seen,

OEDIPUS

O're-grown with Weeds of such a monstrous height,
Their baleful tops are wash'd with bellying Clouds:
Beneath whose venomous shade I may have vent
For horrors that would blast the Barbarous World.

Oed. If there be any here that knows the person
Whom he describ'd, I charge him on his life
To speak; concealment shall be sudden death:
✧ But he who brings him forth, shall have reward
Beyond Ambitions lust.

Tir. His Name is *Phorbas*:

Jocasta knows him well; but if I may
Advise, Rest where you are, and seek no farther.

Oed. Then all goes well, Since *Phorbas* is secur'd
By my *Jocasta*. Haste, and bring him forth:
My Love, my Queen, give Orders. Hal! what means
These Tears and Groans, and Struglings? speak, my Fair,
What are thy troubles?

Joc. Yours; and yours are mine:
Let me Conjure you, take the Prophets Counsel,
And let this *Phorbas* go.

Oed. Not for the World.
By all the Gods, I'll know my birth, tho' death
Attends the search: I have already past
The middle of the Stream; and to return
Seems greater labour than to venture o're. ✧
Therefore produce him.

Joc. Once more, by the Gods,
I beg, my *Oedipus*, my Lord, my Life,
My love, my all, my only utmost hope,
I beg you banish *Phorbas*: O, the Gods,
I kneel, that you may grant this first request.
Deny me all things else; but, for my sake,
And as you prize your own eternal quiet,
Never let *Phorbas* come into your presence.

Oed. You must be rais'd, and *Phorbas* shall appear,
Tho' his dread eyes were *Basilisks*. Guards, haste,
Search the Queens Lodgings; find, and force him hither.

[*Exeunt Guards.*]

Joc. O, *Oedipus*, yet send,
And stop their entrance, e're it be too late:
Unless you wish to see *Jocasta* rent
With Furies, slain out-right with meer distraction,
Keep from your eyes and mine the dreadful *Phorbas*.

OEDIPUS

Forbear this search, I'll think you more than mortal:
Will you yet hear me?

Oed. Tempests will be heard,
And Waves will dash, tho Rocks their basis keep,——
But see, they Enter. If thou truly lov'st me,
Either forbear this Subject, or retire.

Enter Hæmon, Guards, with Phorbas.

Joc. Prepare then, wretched Prince, prepare to hear
A story, that shall turn thee into Stone,
Could there be hew'n a monstrous Gap in Nature,
A flaw made through the Center, by some God,
Through which the groans of Ghosts might strike thy ears,
They would not wound thee, as this Story will.

Hark, hark! a hollow Voice calls out aloud,

Jocasta: yes, I'll to the Royal Bed,
Where first the Mysteries of our loves were acted,
And double dye it with imperial Crimson;
Tear off this curling hair,

Be gorg'd with Fire, stab every vital part,
And when at last I'm slain, to Crown the horror,
My poor tormented Ghost shall cleave the ground,
To try if Hell can yet more deeply wound.

[*Ex.*

Oed. She's gon; and as she went, methought her eyes
Grew larger, while a thousand frantick Spirits
Seething, like rising bubbles, on the brim,
Peep'd from the Watry brink, and glow'd upon me.
I'll seek no more; but hush my Genius up

That throws me on my Fate.——Impossible!
O wretched Man, whose too too busie Thoughts
Ride swifter than the galloping Heav'ns round,
With an eternal hurry of the Soul:

Nay, there's a time when ev'n the rowling year
Seems to stand still, dead calms are in the Ocean,
When not a breath disturbs the drowzy Waves:
But Man, the very Monster of the World,
Is ne're at rest, the Soul for ever wakes.

Come then, since Destiny thus drives us on,
Let's know the bottom. *Hæmon*, you I sent:
Where is that *Phorbas*.

Hæm. Here, my Royal Lord.

Oed. Speak first, *Ægeon*, say, is this the Man?

Æge. My Lord, it is: Tho' time has plough'd that face

OEDIPUS

With many furrows since I saw it first;
Yet I'm too well acquainted with the ground, quite to forget it.

Oed. Peace; stand back a while.

Come hither Friend; I hear thy name is *Phorbas*.

Why dost thou turn thy face? I charge thee answer

To what I shall enquire: Wert thou not once

The Servant of King *Lajus* here in *Thebes*?

Phorb. I was, great Sir, his true and faithful Servant;
Born and bred up in Court, no forreign Slave.

Oed. What Office hadst thou? what was thy Employment?

Phor. He made me Lord of all his Rural Pleasures;
For much he lov'd 'em: oft I entertain'd
With sporting *Swains*, o're whom I had command.

Oed. Where was thy Residence? to what part o'th' Country
Did'st thou most frequently resort?

Phor. To Mount *Cithæron* and the pleasant Vallies,
Which all about lye shadowing it's large feet.

Oed. Come forth *Ægeon*. Ha! why starts thou, *Phorbas*?
Forward, I say, and Face to Face confront him;
Look wistly on him, through him if thou canst,
And tell me, on thy life, say, dost thou know him?
Did'st thou e're see him? converse with him;
Near Mount *Cithæron*?

Phor. Who, my Lord, this man?

Oed. This Man, this old, this venerable Man:
Speak, didst thou ever meet him there?

Phor. Where, sacred Sir.

Oed. Near Mount *Cithæron*; answer to the purpose:
'Tis a King speaks; and Royal minutes are
Of much more worth than thousand Vulgar years: ^λ
Did'st thou e're see this Man near Mount *Cithæron*.

Phor. Most sure, my Lord, I have seen lines like those
His Visage bears; but know not where nor when.

Æge. Is't possible you should forget your ancient Friend?
There are perhaps
Particulars which may excite your dead remembrance.

Have you forgot I took an Infant from you,
Doom'd to be murder'd in that gloomy Vale?
The Swadling-bands were purple, wrought with Gold,
Have you forgot too how you wept and begg'd
That I should breed him up, and ask no more.

Phor. What e're I begg'd; thou, like a Dotard, speak'st
More than is requisite: and what of this?

OEDIPUS

Why is it mention'd now? and why, O why
Dost thou betray the secrets of thy Friend?

Æge. Be not too rash. That Infant grew at last
A King: and here the happy Monarch stands.

Phor. Ha! whither would'st thou? O what hast thou utter'd!
For what thou hast said, Death strike thee dumb for ever.

Oed. Forbear to Curse the innocent; and be
Accurst thy self, thou shifting Traytor, Villain,
Damn'd Hypocrite, equivocating Slave.

Phor. O Heavens! wherein, my Lord, have I offended?

Oed. Why speak you not according to my charge?
Bring forth the Rack: since mildness cannot win you,
Torments shall force.

Phor. Hold, hold, O dreadful Sir;
You will not Rack an innocent old man.

Oed. Speak then.

Phor. Alas, what would you have me say?

Oed. Did this old man take from your Arms an Infant?

Phor. He did: And, Oh! I wish to all the Gods,
Phorbas had perish'd in that very moment.

Oed. Moment! Thou shalt be hours, days, years a dying.
Here, bind his hands; he dallies with my fury:
But I shall find a way——

Phor. My Lord, I said
I gave the Infant to him.

Oed. Was he thy own, or given thee by another?

Phor. He was not mine; but given me by another.

Oed. Whence! and from whom? what City? of what House?

Phor. O, Royal Sir, I bow me to the ground,
Would I could sink beneath it: by the Gods,
I do Conjure you to inquire no more.

Oed. Furies and Hell! *Hæmon*, bring forth the Rack;
Fetch hither Cords, and Knives, and Sulphurous flames:
He shall be bound, and gash'd, his skin flead off,
And burnt alive.

Phor. O spare my age.

Oed. Rise then, and speak.

Phor. Dread Sir, I will.

Oed. Who gave that Infant to thee?

Phor. One of King *Lajus* Family.

Oed. O, you immortal Gods! But say, who was't?
Which of the Family of *Lajus* gave it?
A Servant; or one of the Royal-blood?

OEDIPUS

Phor. O wretched State! I dye, unless I speak;
And, if I speak, most certain death attends me!

Oed. Thou shalt not dye. Speak then, who was it? speak,
While I have sense to understand the horror;
For I grow cold.

Phor. The Queen *Jocasta* told me
It was her Son by *Lajus*.

Oed. O you Gods!—But did she give it thee?

Phor. My Lord, she did.

Oed. Wherefore, for what?—O break not yet, my heart;
Tho' my eyes burst, no matter: wilt thou tell me,
Or must I ask for ever? for what end?
Why gave she thee her Child?

Phor. To murder it.

Oed. O more than savage! murder her own bowels!
Without a Cause!

Phor. There was a dreadful one,
Which had foretold, that most unhappy Son
Should kill his Father, and enjoy his Mother.

Oed. But, one thing more,
Jocasta told me thou wert by the Chariot
When the old King was slain: Speak, I conjure thee,
For I shall never ask thee ought again,
What was the number of th' Assassimates?

Phor. The dreadful deed was acted but by one;
And sure that one had much of your resemblance.

Oed. 'Tis well! I thank you Gods! 'tis wondrous well!
Daggers, and Poyson; O there is no need
For my dispatch: and you, you merciless Pow'rs,
Hoord up your Thunder-Stones; keep, keep your Bolts
For Crimes of little note.

[*Falls.*

Adr. Help, *Hæmon*, help, and bow him gently forward;
Chafe, chafe his Temples: how the mighty Spirits,
Half strangl'd with the damp his sorrows rais'd,
Struggle for vent: but see, he breathes again,
And vigorous Nature breaks through all opposition.
How fares my Royal Friend?

Oed. The worse for you.

O barbarous men, and oh the hated light,
Why did you force me back to curse the day;
To curse my friends; to blast with this dark breath
The yet untainted Earth and circling Air?
To raise new Plagues, and call new Vengeance down,

OEDIPUS

Why did you tempt the Gods, and dare to touch me?
Methinks there's not a hand that grasps this Hell
But should run up like Flax all blazing fire.
Stand from this spot, I wish you as my friends,
And come not near me, lest the gaping Earth
Swallow you too——Lo, I am gone already.

[Draws, and claps his Sword to his breast, which Adraſtus ſtrikes away with his foot.]

Adr. You shall no more be trusted with your life:
Creon, Alcander, Hæmon, help to hold him.

Oed. Cruel *Adraſtus*! wilt thou, *Hæmon*, too?
Are these the Obligations of my Friends,
O worse than worst of my most barbarous Foes!
Dear, dear *Adraſtus*, look with half an Eye
On my unheard-of Woes, and judge thy self,
If it be fit that such a Wretch should live!
O, by these melting Eyes, unus'd to weep,
With all the low submissions of a Slave,
I do conjure thee give my horrors way;
Talk not of life, for that will make me rave:
As well thou may'st advise a tortur'd wretch,
All mangled o're from head to foot with wounds,
And his bones broke, to wait a better day.

Adr. My Lord, you ask me things impossible;
And I with Justice should be thought your Foe,
To leave you in this Tempest of your Soul.

Tir. Tho' banish'd *Thebes*, in *Corinth* you may Reign;
Th' Infernal Pow'rs themselves exact no more:
Calm then your rage, and once more seek the Gods.

Oed. I'll have no more to do with Gods, nor Men:
Hence from my Arms, avant. Enjoy thy Mother!
What, violate, with Bestial appetite,
The sacred Veils that wrapt thee yet unborn,
This is not to be born! Hence; off, I say;
For they who lett my Vengeance make themselves
Accomplices in my most horrid guilt.

Adr. Let it be so; we'll fence Heav'ns fury from you,
And suffer altogether: This perhaps,
When ruine comes, may help to break your fall.

Oed. O that, as oft I have at *Athens* seen
The Stage arise, and the big Clouds descend;
So now in very deed I might behold
The pond'rous Earth, and all yon marble Roof

OEDIPUS

Meet, like the hands of *Jove*, and crush Mankind:
For all the Elements, and all the Pow'rs
Celestial, nay, Terrestrial and Infernal,
Conspire the rack of out-cast *Oedipus*,
Fall darkness then, and everlasting night
Shadow the Globe; may the Sun never dawn,
The Silver Moon be blotted from her Orb;
And for an Universal rout of Nature
Through all the inmost Chambers of the Sky,
May there not be a glimpse, one Starry spark,
But Gods meet Gods, and jostle in the dark.
That jars may rise, and wrath Divine be hurl'd,
Which may to Atoms shake the solid World.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Creon, Alcander, Pyracmon.

Cre. **T**HEBES is at length my own; and all my wishes,
Which sure were great as Royalty e're form'd,
Fortune and my auspicious Stars have Crown'd.

O Diadem, thou Center of ambition,
Where all it's different Lines are reconcil'd,
As if thou wert the burning-glass of Glory!

Pyr. Might I be Counsellor, I wou'd intreat you
To cool a little, Sir:

Find out *Eurydice*;

And, with the resolution of a man

Mark'd out for Greatness, give the fatal Choice
Of death or marriage.

Alc. Survey curs'd *Oedipus*,
As one who, tho' unfortunate, 's belov'd,
Thought innocent, and therefore much lamented
By all the *Thebans*; you must mark him dead:
Since nothing but his death, not banishment,
Can give assurance to your doubtful Reign.

Cre. Well have you done, to snatch me from the Storm
Of racking Transport, where the little Streams
Of Love, Revenge, and all the under passions,
As waters are by sucking Whirl-pools drawn,
Were quite devour'd in the vast Gulph of Empire:

OEDIPUS

Therefore *Pyracmon*, as you boldly urg'd,
Eurydice shall dye, or be my Bride.

Alcander, Summon to their Master's aid
My Menial Servants, and all those whom change
Of State, and hope of the new Monarch's Favour,
Can win to take our part: Away. What now? [Ex. *Alcander*.

Enter Hæmon.

When *Hæmon* weeps, without the help of Ghosts,
I may foretel there is a fatal Cause.

Hæm. Is't possible you should be ignorant
Of what has happen'd to the desperate King:

Cre. I know no more, but that he was conducted
Into his Closet, where I saw him fling
His trembling Body on the Royal Bed;
All left him there, at his desire, alone:
But sure no ill, unless he dy'd with grief,
Could happen, for you bore his Sword away.

Hæm. I did; and, having lock'd the door, I stood;
And through a chink I found, not only heard,
But saw him, when he thought no eye beheld him:
At first, deep sighs heav'd from his woful heart,
Murmurs and groans, that shook the outward Rooms,
And art thou still alive, O wretch! he cry'd?
Then groan'd again, as if his sorrowful Soul
Had crack'd the strings of Life, and burst away. >

Cre. I weep, to hear; how then should I have griev'd
Had I beheld this wondrous heap of Sorrow!
But, to the fatal period.

Hæm. Thrice he struck,
With all his force, his hollow groaning breast,
And thus, with out-cries, to himself complain'd.
But thou canst weep then, and thou think'st 'tis well,
These bubbles of the shallowest emptiest sorrow,
Which Children vent for toys, and Women rain
For any Trifle their fond hearts are set on;
Yet these thou think'st are ample satisfaction
For bloodiest Murder, and for burning Lust:
No, Parricide; if thou must weep, weep blood;
Weep Eyes, instead of Tears: O, by the Gods,
'Tis greatly thought, he cry'd, and fits my woes.
Which said, he smil'd revengefully, and leapt
Upon the floor; thence gazing at the Skies,

OEDIPUS

His Eye-balls fiery Red, and glowing vengeance;
Gods, I accuse you not, tho' I no more
Will view your Heav'n, till with more durable glasses,
The mighty Souls immortal Perspectives,
I find your dazzling Beings: Take, he cry'd,
Take, Eyes, your last, your fatal farewell-view.
When with a groan, that seem'd the call of Death,
With horrid force lifting his impious hands,
He snatch'd, he tore, from forth their bloody Orbs,
The Balls of sight, and dash'd 'em on the ground.

Cre. A Master-piece of horror; new and dreadful!

Hæm. I ran to succour him; but, oh! too late;
For he had pluck'd the remnant strings away.
What then remains, but that I find *Tiresias*,
Who, with his Wisdom, may allay those Furies
That haunt his gloomy Soul?

[*Ex.*

Cre. Heav'n will reward
Thy care; most honest, faithful, foolish *Hæmon*!
But see, *Alcander* enters, well attended.

Enter Alcander, attended.

I see thou hast been diligent.

Alc. Nothing these
For Number, to the Crowds that soon will follow;
Be resolute,
And call your utmost Fury to revenge.

Cre. Ha! thou hast given
Th' Alarm to Cruelty; and never may
These eyes be clos'd, till they behold *Adraſtus*
Stretch'd at the feet of false *Eurydice*.
But see, they're here! retire a while, and mark.

Enter Adraſtus, Eurydice, attended.

Adr. Alas, *Eurydice*, what fond rash man,
What inconsiderate and ambitious Fool,
That shall hereafter read the Fate of *Oedipus*.
Will dare, with his frail hand, to grasp a Scepter?

Eur. 'Tis true, a Crown seems dreadful, and I wish
That you and I, more lowly plac'd, might pass
Our softer hours in humble Cells away:
Not but that I love you to that Infinite height,
I could (O wondrous proof of fiercest Love!)
Be greatly wretched in a Court with you.

OEDIPUS

Adr. Take then this most lov'd innocence away;
Fly from Tumultuous *Thebes*,
From blood and Murder,
Fly from the Author of all Villanies,
Rapes, Death, and Treason, from that Fury *Creon*:
Vouchsafe that I, o're-joy'd, may bear you hence,
And at your Feet present the Crown of *Argos*.

[*Creon and Attendants come up to him.*]

Cre. I have o're-heard thy black design, *Adrastus*.
And therefore, as a Traytor to this State,
Death ought to be thy Lot: let it suffice
That *Thebes* surveys thee as a Prince; abuse not
Her proffer'd mercy, but retire betimes,
Lest she repent and hasten on thy Doom.

Adr. Think not, most abject,
Most abhorr'd of Men,
Adrastus will vouchsafe to answer thee;
Thebans, to you I justify my Love:
I have address'd my Prayers to this fair Princess;
But, if I ever meant a violence,
Or thought to Ravish, as that Traytor did,
What humblest Adorations could not win;
Brand me, you Gods, blot me with foul dishonour,
And let men Curse me by the name of *Creon*.

Eur. Hear me, O *Thebans*, if you dread the Wrath
Of her whom Fate ordain'd to be your Queen,
Hear me, and dare not, as you prize your lives,
To take the part of that Rebellious Traytor.
By the Decree of Royal *Oedipus*,
By Queen *Jocasta*'s order, by what's more,
My own dear Vows of everlasting Love,
I here resign to Prince *Adrastus* Arms
All that the World can make me Mistress of.

Cre. O perjur'd Woman!
Draw all; and when I give the word, fall on.
Traytor, resign the Princess, or this moment
Expect, with all those most unfortunate wretches,
Upon this spot straight to be hewn in pieces.

Adr. No, Villain, no;
With twice those odds of men,
I doubt not in this Cause
To vanquish thee.
Captain, remember to your care I give

OEDIPUS

My Love; ten thousand thousand times more dear
Than Life, or Liberty.

Cre. Fall on, *Alcander*.

Pyracmon, you and I must wheel about
For nobler Game, the Princess.

Adr. Ah, Traytor, dost thou shun me?
Follow, follow,

My brave Companions; see, the Cowards fly,
[*Exit fighting: Creon's Party beaten off by Adrastus.*]

Enter Oedipus.

Oed. O, 'tis too little this, thy loss of Sight,
What has it done? I shall be gaz'd at now
The more; be pointed at, There goes the Monster!
Nor have I hid my horrors from my self;
For tho' corporeal light be lost for ever,
The bright reflecting Soul, through glaring Opticks,
Presents in larger size her black Idea's,
Doubling the bloody prospect of my Crimes:
Holds Fancy down, and makes her act again,
With Wife, and Mother, Tortures, Hell, and Furies.
Ha! now the baleful off-spring's brought to light!
In horrid form they ranck themselves before me;
What shall I call this Medley of Creation?
Here one, with all th' obedience of a Son,
Borrowing *Jocasta's* look, kneels at my Feet,
And calls me Father; there a sturdy Boy,
Resembling *Lajus* just as when I kill'd him,
Bears up, and with his cold hand grasping mine,
Cries out, How fares my Brother *Oedipus*?
What, Sons and Brothers! Sisters and Daughters too!
Fly all, begon, fly from my whirling brain;
Hence, Incest, Murder; hence, you ghastly figures!
O Gods! Gods, answer; is there any mean?
Let me go mad, or dye.

Enter Jocasta.

Joc. Where, where is this most wretched of mankind,
This stately Image of Imperial Sorrow,
Whose story told, whose very name but mention'd,
Would cool the rage of Feavers, and unlock
The hand of Lust from the pale Virgin's hair,
And throw the Ravisher before her feet?

OEDIPUS

Oed. By all my fears, I think *Jocasta's* Voice!
Hence; fly, begon: O thou far worse than worst
Of damning Charmers! O abhorr'd loath'd Creature!
Fly, by the Gods, or by the Fiends, I charge thee,
Far as the East, West, North, or South of Heav'n;
But think not thou shalt ever enter there:
The golden Gates are barr'd with Adamant,
'Gainst thee, and me; and the Celestial Guards,
Still as we rise, will dash our Spirits down.

Joc. O wretched Pair! O greatly wretched we!
Two Worlds of woe!

Oed. Art thou not gone then? ha!
How dar'st thou stand the Fury of the Gods?
Or com'st thou in the Grave to reap new pleasures?

Joc. Talk on; till thou mak'st mad my rowling brain;
Groan still more Death; and may those dismal sources
Still bubble on, and pour forth blood and tears.
Methinks at such a meeting, Heav'n stands still;
The Sea nor Ebbs, nor Flows: this Mole-hill Earth
Is heav'd no more: the busie Emmets cease;
Yet hear me on——

Oed. Speak then, and blast my Soul.

Joc. O, my lov'd Lord, tho' I resolve a Ruine
To match my Crimes; by all my miseries,
'Tis horror, worse than thousand thousand deaths,
To send me hence without a kind Farewel.

Oed. Gods, how she shakes me! Stay thee, O *Jocasta*,
Speak something e're thou goest for ever from me.

Joc. 'Tis Woman's weakness, that I would be pity'd;
Pardon me then, O greatest, tho' most wretched,
Of all thy Kind: my Soul is on the brink,
And sees the boiling Furnace just beneath:
Do not thou push me off, and I will go
With such a willingness, as if that Heav'n
With all its glories glow'd for my reception.

Oed. O, in my heart, I feel the pangs of Nature;
It works with kindness o're: Give, give me way;
I feel a melting here, a tenderness,
Too mighty for the anger of the Gods!
Direct me to thy knees, yet oh forbear:
Lest the dead Embers should revive,
Stand off——and at just distance
Let me groan my horrors——here

OEDIPUS

On the Earth, here blow my utmost Gale;
Here sob my Sorrows, till I burst with sighing:
Here gasp and Languish out my wounded Soul.

Joc. In spite of all those Crimes the cruel Gods
Can charge me with, I know my Innocence;
Know yours: 'tis Fate alone that makes us wretched,
For you are still my Husband.

Oed. Swear I am,
And I'll believe thee; steal into thy Arms,
Renew endearments, think 'em no pollutions,
But chaste as Spirits joys: gently I'll come,
Thus weeping blind, like dewy Night, upon thee,
And fold thee softly in my Arms to slumber.

[The Ghost of Lajus ascends by degrees, pointing at Jocasta.]

Joc. Begon, my Lord! alas, what are we doing?
Fly from my Arms! Whirl-winds, Seas, Continents,
And Worlds, divide us! O thrice happy thou,
Who hast no use of eyes! for here's a sight
Would turn the melting face of Mercy's self
To a wild Fury.

Oed. Ha! what see'st thou there?

Joc. The Spirit of my Husband! O the Gods!
How wan he looks!

Oed. Thou rav'st; thy Husband's here.

Joc. There, there he Mounts,
In circling fire, amongst the blushing Clouds!
And see, he waves *Jocasta* from the World!

Ghost. *Jocasta! Oedipus!* *[Vanish with Thunder.]*

Oed. What would'st thou have?
Thou know'st I cannot come to thee, detain'd
In darkness here, and kept from means of death.
I've heard a Spirit's force is wonderful;
At whose approach, when starting from his Dungeon,
The Earth does shake, and the old Ocean groans,
Rocks are remov'd, and Towers are Thundred down:
And walls of Brass, and Gates of Adamant,
Are passable as Air, and fleet like Winds.

Joc. Was that a Raven's Croak; or my Sons Voice?
No matter which; I'll to the Grave, and hide me:
Earth open, or I'll tear thy bowels up.
Hark! he goes on, and blabs the deed of Incest.

Oed. Strike then, Imperial Ghost; dash all at once
This House of Clay into a thousand pieces:

OEDIPUS

That my poor lingring Soul may take her flight
To your immortal Dwellings.

Joc. Haste thee then,
Or I shall be before thee: See, thou canst not see;
Then I will tell thee that my wings are on:
I'll mount, I'll fly, and with a port Divine
Glide all along the gaudy Milky soil,
To find my *Lajus* out; ask every God
In his bright Palace, if he knows my *Lajus*,
My murder'd *Lajus*!

Oed. Ha! how's this, *Jocasta*?
Nay, if thy brain be sick, then thou art happy.

Joc. Ha! will you not? shall I not find him out?
Will you not show him? are my tears despis'd?
Why, then I'll Thunder, yes, I will be mad,
And fright you with my cries: yes, cruel Gods,
Tho' Vultures, Eagles, Dragons tear my heart,
I'll snatch Celestial flames, fire all your dwellings,
Melt down your golden Roofs, and make your doors
Of Chrystal flye from off their Diamond Hinges;
Drive you all out from your Ambrosial Hives,
To swarm like Bees about the field of Heav'n:
This will I do unless you shew me *Lajus*,
My dear, my murder'd Lord. O *Lajus*! *Lajus*! *Lajus*! [*Ex. Jocasta.*]

Oed. Excellent grief! why, this is as it should be!
No Mourning can be suitable to Crimes
Like ours, but what Death makes, or Madness forms.
I cou'd have wish'd methought for sight again,
To mark the gallantry of her distraction:
Her blazing Eyes darting the wandring Stars,
T'have seen her mouth the Heav'ns, and mate the Gods,
While with her Thundring Voice she menac'd high,
And every Accent twang'd with smarting sorrow;
But what's all this to thee? thou, Coward, yet
Art living, canst not, wilt not find the Road
To the great Palace of magnificent Death;
Tho' thousand ways lead to his thousand doors,
Which day and night are still unbarr'd for all.

[*Clashing of Swords: Drums and Trumpets without.*]
Hark! 'tis the noise of clashing Swords! the sound
Comes near: O, that a Battel would come o're me!
If I but grasp a Sword, or wrest a Dagger,
I'll make a ruine with the first that falls.

OEDIPUS

Enter Hæmon, with Guards. [Tiresias, led by his Daughter Manto.]

Hæm. Seize him, and bear him to the Western-Tow'r.
Pardon me, sacred Sir; I am inform'd
That *Creon* has designs upon your life:
Forgive me then, if, to preserve you from him,
I order your Confinement.

Oed. Slaves, unhand me.
I think thou hast a Sword: 'twas the wrong side.
Yet, cruel *Hæmon*, think not I will live;
He that could tear his eyes out, sure can find
Some desperate way to stifle this curst breath:
Or if I starve! but that's a lingring Fate;
Or if I leave my brains upon the wall!
The Aiery Soul can easily o're-shoot
Those bounds with which thou strive'st to pale her in:
Yes, I will perish in despite of thee;
And, by the rage that stirs me, if I meet thee
In the other World, I'll curse thee for this usage.

[Exit.]

Hæm. *Tiresias*, after him; and, with your Counsel
Advise him humbly; Charm, if possible,
These feuds within: while I without extinguish,
Or perish in th' Attempt, the furious *Creon*;
That Brand which sets our City in a Flame.

Tir. Heav'n prosper your intent, and give a period
To all your Plagues: what old *Tiresias* can
Shall straight be done. Lead, *Manto* to the Tow'r. *[Ex. Tir. Manto.]*

Hæm. Follow me all, and help to part this Fray,
[Trumpets again.]
Or fall together in the bloody broil. *[Ex.]*

Enter Creon with Eurydice, Pyracmon and his party giving ground to Adrastus.

Cre. Hold, hold your Arms, *Adrastus* Prince of *Argos*,
Hear, and behold; *Eurydice* is my Prisoner.

Adr. What would'st thou, Hell-hound?

Cre. See this brandish'd Dagger:
Forgo th' advantage which thy Arms have won,
Or, by the blood which trembles through the heart
Of her whom more than life I know thou lov'st,
I'll bury to the haft, in her fair breast,
This Instrument of my Revenge.

OEDIPUS

Adr. Stay thee, damn'd wretch; hold, stop thy bloody hand.

Cre. Give order then, that on this instant, now,
This moment, all thy Souldiers straight disband.

Adr. Away, my Friends, since Fate has so allotted;
Begon, and leave me to the Villain's mercy.

Eur. Ah, my *Adraſtus*! call 'em, call 'em back!
Stand there; come back! O, cruel barbarous Men!
Could you then leave your Lord, your Prince, your King,
After so bravely having fought his Cause,
To perish by the hand of this base Villain?
Why rather rush you not at once together
All to his ruine? drag him through the Streets
Hang his contagious Quarters on the Gates;
Nor let my death affright you.

Cre. Dye first thy self then.

Adr. O, I charge thee hold.
Hence, from my presence all: he's not my Friend
That disobeys: See, art thou now appeas'd? [*Ex. Attendants.*]
Or is there ought else yet remains to do
That can atone thee? slake thy thirst of blood
With mine: but save, O save that innocent wretch.

Cre. Forego thy Sword, and yield thy self my Prisoner.

Eur. Yet while there's any dawn of hope to save
Thy precious life, my dear *Adraſtus*,
Whate're thou doſt, deliver not thy Sword;
With that thou may'st get off, tho' odds oppose thee:
For me, O, fear not; no, he dares not touch me;
His horrid love will spare me. Keep thy Sword;
Leſt I be ravish'd after thou art slain.

Adr. Inſtruct me, Gods, what ſhall *Adraſtus* do?

Cre. Do what thou wilt, when ſhe is dead: My Souldiers
With numbers will o're-pow'r thee. I'ſt thy wiſh
Eurydice ſhould fall before thee?

Adr. Traytor, no:
Better that thou and I, and all mankind
Should be no more.

Cre. Then caſt thy Sword away,
And yield thee to my mercy, or I ſtrike.

Adr. Hold thy rais'd Arm; give me a moment's pauſe.
My Father, when he bleſt me, gave me this;
My Son, ſaid he, let this be thy laſt refuge;
If thou forego'ſt it, miſery attends thee:
Yet Love now charms it from me; which in all

OEDIPUS

The hazards of my life I never lost.

'Tis thine, my faithful Sword, my only trust;
Tho' my heart tells me that the gift is Fatal.

Cre. Fatal! yes, foolish Love-sick Prince, it shall:
Thy arrogance, thy scorn,
My wounds remembrance,
Turn all at once the Fatal point upon thee.

Pyracmon, to the Palace, dispatch
The King: hang *Hæmon* up, for he is Loyal,
And will oppose me: Come, Sir, are you ready?

Adr. Yes, Villain, for what-ever thou canst dare.

Eur. Hold *Creon*, or through me, through me you wound.

Adr. Off, Madam, or we perish both; behold
I'm not unarm'd, my ponyard's in my hand:
Therefore away.

Eur. I'll guard your life with mine.

Cre. Dye both then; there is now no time for dallying
[*Kills Eurydice.*

Eur. Ah, Prince, farewell; farewell, my dear *Adraſtus*. [Dyes.

Adr. Unheard of Monster! eldest-born of Hell!
Down, to thy Primitive Flames. [Stabs *Creon*.

Cre. Help, Souldiers, help:
Revenge me.

Adr. More; yet more: a thousand wounds!
I'll stamp thee still, thus, to the gaping Furies.

[*Adraſtus falls, kill'd by the Souldiers.*

Enter Hæmon, Guards, with Alcander and Pyracmon bound:
the Assassins are driven off.

O *Hæmon*, I am slain; nor need I name
The inhumane Author of all Villanies;
There he lyes gasping.

Cre. If I must plunge in Flames,
Burn first my Arm; base instrument, unfit
To act the dictates of my daring mind:
Burn, burn for ever, O weak Substitute
Of that the God, Ambition.

[Dyes.

Adr. She's gone; O deadly Marks-man, in the heart!
Yet in the pangs of death she grasps my hand:
Her lips too tremble, as if she would speak
Her last farewell. O, *Oedipus*, thy fall
Is great; and nobly now thou goest attended!
They talk of Heroes, and Celestial Beauties,

OEDIPUS

And wondrous pleasures in the other World;
Let me but find her there, I ask no more.

[Dyes.

Enter a Captain to Hæmon: with Tiresias and Manto.

Cap. O, Sir, the Queen *Jocasta*, swift and wild,
As a robb'd Tygress bounding o're the Woods,
Has acted Murders that amaze mankind:
In twisted Gold I saw her Daughters hang
On the Bed Royal; and her little Sons
Stabb'd through the breasts upon the bloody Pillows.

Hæm. Relentless Heav'n! is then the Fate of *Lajus*
Never to be Aton'd? How sacred ought
Kings lives be held, when but the death of one
Demands an Empire's blood for Expiation?
But see! the furious mad *Jocasta's* here.

*Scene Draws, and discovers Jocasta held by her Women, and stabb'd
in many places of her bosom, her hair dishevel'd, her Children
slain upon the Bed.*

Was ever such a sight of so much horror,
And pity, brought to view!

Joc. Ah, cruel Women!
Will you not let me take my last farewell
Of those dear Babes? O let me run and seal
My melting Soul upon their bubbling wounds!
I'll Print upon their Coral mouths such Kisses,
As shall recall their wandring Spirits home.
Let me go, let me go, or I will tear you piece-meal.
Help, *Hæmon*, help:
Help, *Oedipus*; help, Gods; *Jocasta* Dyes.

Enter Oedipus above.

Oed. I've found a Window, and I thank the Gods,
'Tis quite unbarr'd: sure, by the distant noise,
The height will fit my Fatal purpose well.

Joc. What ho, my *Oedipus*! see, where he stands!
His groping Ghost is lodg'd upon a Tow'r,
Nor can it find the Road: Mount, mount my soul;
I'll wrap thy shivering Spirit in Lambent Flames! and so we'll sail.
But see! we're landed on the happy Coast;
And all the Golden Strands are cover'd o're
With glorious Gods, that come to try our Cause:
Jove, Jove, whose Majesty now sinks me down,

OEDIPUS

He who himself burns in unlawful fires,
Shall judge, and shall acquit us. O, 'tis done;
'Tis fixt by Fate, upon Record Divine:
And *Oedipus* shall now be ever mine.

[*Dyes.*

Oed. Speak, *Hæmon*; what has Fate been doing there?
What dreadful deed has mad *Jocasta* done?

Hæm. The Queen her self, and all your wretched Off-spring,
Are by her Fury slain.

Oed. By all my woes,
She has out-done me, in Revenge and Murder;
And I should envy her the sad applause:
But, Oh! my Children! Oh, what have they done?
This was not like the mercy of the Heav'ns,
To set her madness on such Cruelty:
This stirs me more than all my sufferings,
And with my last breath I must call you Tyrants.

Hæm. What mean you, Sir?

Oed. *Jocasta*! lo, I come.
O, *Lajus*, *Labdacus*, and all your Spirits
Of the *Cadmean* Race, prepare to meet me,
All weeping rang'd along the gloomy Shore:
Extend your Arms t'embrace me; for I come;
May all the Gods too from their Battlements
Behold and wonder at a Mortals daring;
And, when I knock the Goal of dreadful death,
Shout and applaud me with a clap of Thunder:
Once more, thus wing'd by horrid Fate, I come
Swift as a falling Meteor; lo, I flye,
And thus go downwards, to the darker Sky.

[*Thunder. He flings himself from the Window: The Thebans gather about his Body.*

Hæm. O Prophet, *Oedipus* is now no more!
O curs'd Effect of the most deep despair!

Tir. Cease your Complaints, and bear his body hence;
The dreadful sight will daunt the drooping *Thebans*,
Whom Heav'n decrees to raise with Peace and Glory:
Yet, by these terrible Examples warn'd,
The sacred Fury thus Alarms the World.
Let none, tho' ne're so Vertuous, great and High,
Be judg'd entirely blest before they Dye.

OEDIPUS

EPILOGUE

W*hat* Sophocles could undertake alone,
Our Poets found a *Work* for more than one;
And therefore Two lay tugging at the piece,
With all their force, to draw the pondrous Mass from Greece.
A weight that bent ev'n Seneca's strong Muse,
And which Corneille's Shoulders did refuse.
So hard it is the Athenian Harp to string!
So much two Consuls yield to one just King.
Terror and pity this whole Poem sway;
The mightiest Machines that can mount a Play;
How heavy will those Vulgar Souls be found,
Whom two such Engines cannot move from ground?
When Greece and Rome have smil'd upon this Birth,
You can but Damn for one poor spot of Earth;
And when your Children find your judgment such,
They'll scorn their Sires, and wish themselves born Dutch;
Each haughty Poet will infer with ease,
How much his Wit must under-write to please.
As some strong Churle would brandishing advance
The monumental Sword that conquer'd France;
So you by judging this, your judgments teach
Thus far you like, that is, thus far you reach.
Since then the Vote of full two Thousand years
Has Crown'd this Plot, and all the Dead are theirs.
Think it a Debt you pay, not Alms you give,
And in your own defence, let this Play live.
Think 'em not vain, when Sophocles is shown,
To praise his worth, they humbly doubt their own.
Yet as weak States each others pow'r assure,
Weak Poets by Conjunction are secure.
Their Treat is what your Pallats relish most,
Charm! Song! and Show! a Murder and a Ghost!
We know not what you can desire or hope,
To please you more, but burning of a Pope.

FINIS.

TEXTUAL NOTES

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TEXTUAL NOTES

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

There is only one quarto of *The Mistaken Husband*, 1675. This comedy was not included by Sir Walter Scott in his collected edition of Dryden, 18 volumes, 1808 (Second Edition, 1821); but it was very indifferently reprinted when Mr. George Saintsbury tinkered at the Scott edition, and a clouterly text is given as a sort of appendix in Volume VIII (1884, pp. 577-643). There is no attempt at any revision of the script, and the most blundering misprints remain. No annotation was essayed.

The text of the 1675 quarto of *The Mistaken Husband* was almost certainly not read by Dryden, and in addition to ordinary printers' errors there are a number of bad mistakes, such as *Candle* for *Caudle*; *lewd* for *loud*; *space*, *dyet* for *spare dyet*; *Statute* for *Statue*. These I have corrected, but in every case I have been careful to give the original reading in a note. I have ventured to replace the concluding stage-direction [*Exit omnia* by [*Exeunt omnes*. It has not been thought necessary, however, to draw attention to turned letters, or to such errors as *Learcut's* for *Learcut's*; and in a speech-prefix *Bat.* for *Boat.* (*The Boatswain*). The quarto was evidently printed from a prompt-copy used in the theatre, and as the prompter jotted down various reminders on his script some of these marginalia have found their way into the comedy. These I retain. Beyond the emendations just specified I have not ventured to tamper with the text, however often this may seem to invite attention. Many of the prose speeches, however, were cut up by the compositor into lengths suggesting blank verse, a division extremely annoying to the reader, and one which it were assuredly beneficial to discard. I have accordingly printed prose speeches as prose. The words which commence each "blank verse line" are in the original quarto printed with capital letters. These capitals have been retained in nouns where the compositor would have used them, and in passages where they are required by punctuation. Otherwise they have not been employed, since it was felt that they would be wholly impertinent, and indeed most tiresomely distracting.

- p. 9. *Prologue*. This Prologue is printed in "*New Poems, Songs, Prologues and Epilogues*. Never before Printed. Written by *Thomas Duffett*." London, 1676, pp. 76-78. "*Prologue to The Mistaken Husband*."
- p. 9, l. 3. *her Wedding Night*. Duffett's *Poems*, the marriage night.
- p. 9, l. 6. *she's loath*. Duffett's *Poems*, she's loth.
- p. 9, l. 7. *As Boyes*. Duffett's *Poems*, As boys that shiver on the Rivers-brim.
- p. 9, l. 8. *warmth, and depth, of those*. Duffett's *Poems*, warmth and depth of those.
- p. 9, l. 9. *She cries to Married Friends*. Duffett's *Poems*, She asks her marry'd friends.
- p. 9, l. 10. *Lord, was it so*. Duffett's *Poems*, Ah, was it so.

p. 9, l. 12. *But that once.* Duffett's *Poems* omits this couplet.
p. 9, l. 18. *your Criticks.* Duffett's *Poems*, you Criticks and i' faith 'tis right.
p. 9, l. 19. *Are grown.* Duffett's *Poems*, Are ev'n.
p. 9, l. 19. *those that Write.* Duffett's *Poems*, those write.
p. 9, l. 22. *Then those vile Men.* Duffett's *Poems*, Than those fierce men.
p. 9, l. 22. *poor Womens.* Duffett's *Poems*, the womens.
p. 9, l. 23. *You slair.* Duffett's *Poems*: At the least fault——

If one snuffs and mouths it
—there there she went,
You open all and damn a Play
by th' sent.

- p. 9, l. 25. *this Place*. Duffett's *Poems*, my place.
p. 9, l. 26. *you're*. Duffett's *Poems*, y'are.
p. 9, l. 26. *fall'n sick with fear*. Duffett's *Poems*, fall'n sick for fear.
p. 9, l. 27. *Love, the veriest*. Duffett's *Poems*, love, the very'st.
p. 9, l. 29. *'Faith for this once let us*. Duffett's *Poems*, Faith, Gallants, lets compound with you to day.
p. 9, l. 31. *You shall be*. Duffett's *Poems*, We'll be as kind to you another way.
p. 17, l. 39. *I've*. 4to 1675, Iv'e.
p. 21, l. 41. *I've*. 4to 1675, Iv'e.
p. 24, l. 30. *small Planets*. 4to 1675, small Plants.
p. 29, l. 1. *Caudle*. 4to 1675, Candle.
p. 29, l. 38. [*Mrs. Manley and Isabel*. 4to 1675, [Smalman and Isabel. It would seem that in the original draft Manley was Smalman.
p. 39, l. 10. *bare it*. 4to 1675, base it.
p. 40, l. 8. *oth'*. 4to 1675, 'oth'.
p. 40, l. 14. *here's* 4to 1675, her'es.
p. 43, l. 15. *evident* 4to 1675, evidident.
p. 44, l. 39. *dear Love*. 4to 1675, dear Lov.
p. 45, l. 27. *three Watchmen*. 4to 1675, three Watchman.
p. 48, l. 10. *To give Wealth*. Swinburne, "A Relic of Dryden," *The Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. CCXLIX, October, 1880, suggests that this line should read "To give back Wealth."
p. 48, l. 11. *'tis yet safe*. Swinburne's emendation for the "'tis it safe" of the 4to 1675.
p. 53, l. 13. *i' th'*. 4to 1675, 'ith.
p. 53, l. 18. *i' th'*. 4to 1675, 'ith.
p. 55, l. 38. *now this is done*. 4to 1675, no this is done.
p. 55, l. 39. *not for your death*. 4to 1675, not for for your death.
p. 56, l. 8. *loud*. 4to 1675, lewd.
p. 56, l. 12. *They'l*. 4to 1675, Wee'l.
p. 56, l. 13. *I'l*. 4to 1675, I l.
p. 58, l. 10. *spare dyet*. 4to 1675, space, dyet.
p. 59, l. 11. *SCEN. II. A Prison*. 4to 1675, SCEN. I. *A Prison*.
p. 60, l. 3. *she his Heir!* 4to 1675, she is Heir!

TEXTUAL NOTES

- p. 61, l. 12. *SCEN. III. Learcuts House.* 4to 1675, *SCEN. II. Learcuts House.*
- p. 64, l. 4. *World [They go out.* 4to 1675, *World. [They go out.*
- p. 64, l. 33. *turn'd flesh.* 4to 1675, *tun'd flesh.*
- p. 65, l. 41. *Statue.* 4to 1675, *Statute*, but catch-word *Statue.*
- p. 67, l. 27. *he must be contented.* 4to 1675, *he must be contended.*
- p. 68, l. 12. *[Exeunt omnes.* 4to 1675, *[Exit omnia.*

AURENG-ZEBE

The first quarto, 1676, of *Aureng-Zebe* gives the authoritative text. The variants in succeeding quartos are due to the printer save where an obvious misprint has been corrected, as in Act IV, Aureng-Zebe's line: "So well, your ev'ry question ends in that;" where 4to 1676, has: "So well, your e'ry question ends in that;" or where letters have been dropped as in Act V, Nourmahal's line: "Take this, and teach thy self. [*Giving a Dagger*;" for which 4to 1676, has: "Take this, and teach thy self. [*Giving a D* ."

The second quarto, 1685, corrects these errors. In Act III both 1676 and 1685 assign "A little yielding may my love advance" to Morat, but the folio, 1701, is clearly right in concluding Indamora's speech with this line. There has been considerable confusion here as 4tos 1692 and 1694 give Morat's speech, "She darted from her eyes a side-long-glance" and the following four lines to Indamora. Folio 1701 corrects this blunder.

The text of folio 1701 is from 4to 1694, but capital initial letters have been more freely used. It reproduces some errors which appear in 1694 such as in Aureng-Zebe's speech towards the end of Act II, which commences: "From what I've said, conclude, without reply," where both 1694 and folio read: "From what I've said concluded, without reply;" and again Act III, Arimant: "Till, by command, close pris'ner she was made," where both 1694 and folio read: "Till, my Command, close Pris'ner she was made;" Morat's "Keen be my Sable" is "Keen by my Sable" in 1694 and folio; and Act V, Indamora's "I'll never, never see your Face again" in 1694 is "I'll never, see your Face again;" in folio, "I'll never see your Face again." Erroneously following 1694, the folio reads in Act IV: "Pray Sir" for "Pray sit;" in Morat's first speech of Act V: "And Victor but gains me to present" for "And Victory but gains me to present;" and in Act V the stage direction "[*Starting upon him*" for "[*Staring upon him*;" whilst 1692, 1694, and the folio all incorrectly read a stage-direction in Act V: "[*Looks to the door*;" where 1692 has: "[*Locks to the door*;" 1694 and folio: "[*Locks to the Door*." The folio throughout has "Aurenge-Zebe." The folio rightly corrects, Act IV, "Ghymick Gold" of 1694 to "Chymick Gold," but it has further mistakes of its own. In Act III, Melesinda's line: "Mine is a gleam of bliss too hot to last," is in 1701: "Mine is a glean of Bliss too hot to last;" Act III, "waft near the Cittadel;" 1701: "waste near the Citadel;" Act III, Nourmahal's "Think how to farther, not divert my crime" is in folio:

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"Think how to farther, and divert my Crime:" a little after "I'll whisper my design" is in folio: "I whisper my Design:" whilst in Act V, folio entirely omits the line "If Heav'n can make throughout another Me."

- p. 80, l. 19. *only*. 1685, 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, only.
 p. 80, l. 28. *makes them*. Folio 1701, makes 'em.
 p. 81, l. 6. *Jests*. 1692, 1694, Jest. Folio 1701, Jeast.
 p. 81, l. 13. *Satyre*. 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, Satyr.
 p. 81, l. 34. *all their*. Folio 1701, and their.
 p. 82, l. 18. *Catholic*. 1685, 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, Catholick.
 p. 82, l. 33. *Prophecy*. 1694, Folio 1701, Prophesie.
 p. 82, l. 41. *Bloud*. Folio 1701, Blood.
 p. 83, l. 12. *downfall*. 1685, downful. 1692, dounfal. 1694, Folio 1701, downfal.
 p. 84, l. 1. *Rhyme*. 1694, Folio 1701, Rhime.
 p. 84, l. 4. *Mosse*. 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, Moss.
 p. 84, l. 10. *Playes . . . Heroique*. 1692, 1694, Plays . . . Heroique. Folio 1701, Plays . . . Heroick.
 p. 84, l. 13. *it is in my opinion*. 1685, 1692, it is my opinion. 1694, Folio 1701, it is my Opinion.
 p. 84, l. 20. *unsettl'dness*. 1692, unsettledness. 1694, Folio 1701, unsettledness.
 p. 85, l. 8. *Countrey*. 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, Country.
 p. 85, l. 17. *pitt'd*. 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, pity'd.
 p. 85, l. 41. *by the temperament*. Folio 1701, by Temperaments.
 p. 85, l. 42. *alli'd*. 1692, 1694, Ally'd. Folio 1701, ally'd.
 p. 86, l. 26. *erudiens*. Folio 1701, *eruidens*.
 p. 86, l. 33. *DRYDEN*. Folio 1701, *John Dryden*.
 p. 87, l. 9. *Mistris*. 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, Mistriss.
 p. 87, l. 32. *loath*. 1694, Folio 1701, loth.
 p. 88, l. 1. *Persons Represented*. Folio 1701, *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ*.
 p. 88, l. 4. *Aureng-Zebe*. 1694, Aurenge-Zebe. Folio 1701, Aurenge-Zebe (throughout).
 p. 89, l. 3. *A TRAGEDY*. Folio 1701 omits "A TRAGEDY" but adds: "OR, THE Great Mogul."
 p. 89, l. 5. *Chawn*. 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, Chan.
 p. 89, l. 21. *bloody*. 1694, Folio 1701, bloody.
 p. 90, l. 3. *inquir'd*. 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, enquir'd.
 p. 90, l. 4. *streight*. 1694, Folio 1701, straight.
 p. 90, l. 21. *joyn'd*. Folio 1701, join'd.
 p. 90, l. 37. *Int'rests*. Folio 1701, Int'rest.
 p. 91, l. 22. *Love and hatred*. 1694, Love and Hatred. Folio 1701, Love Hatred.
 p. 92, l. 6. *polish'd*. 1685, polish'd. 1692, polish. 1694, polisht. Folio 1701, polish'd.
 p. 92, l. 7. *shows*. 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, shews.

TEXTUAL NOTES

- p. 92, l. 11. *ruine*. 1694, Ruine. Folio 1701, Ruin.
- p. 92, l. 25. *Emperor*. Folio 1701, Emperour.
- p. 93, l. 8. *loath*. 1685, Folio 1701, loth.
- p. 93, l. 32. *die*. Folio 1701, dye.
- p. 93, l. 40. *fourty*. 1685, forty. 1694, Folio 1701, Forty.
- p. 93, l. 41. *conquering*. 1694, Folio 1701, conqu'ring.
- p. 95, l. 16. *ghess'd (bis)*. 1685, guess'd.
- p. 95, l. 27. *enemies*. 1685, enemies. 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, Enemies.
- p. 95, l. 30. *oppress*. Folio 1701, oppress'd.
- p. 95, l. 39. *despair*. 1692, 1694, Despair. Folio 1701, Dispair.
- p. 97, l. 1. *sly*. Folio 1701, sly.
- p. 97, l. 6. *Sceptre*. 1685, 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, Scepter.
- p. 97, l. 38. *wonn*. 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, won.
- p. 98, l. 4. *cheerful*. Folio 1701, chearful.
- p. 98, l. 17. *aery*. 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, airy.
- p. 98, l. 25. *Paradice*. 1685, Paradise.
- p. 98, l. 32. *farewell*. 1685, farewell.
- p. 98, l. 40. *befal*. Folio 1701, befall.
- p. 99, l. 37. *solicite*. 1685, sollicite.
- p. 99, l. 42. *Yo've*. Folio 1701, You've.
- p. 100, l. 30. *surpris'd*. 1694, Folio 1701, surpriz'd.
- p. 101, l. 3. *Souldiers*. 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, Soldiers.
- p. 101, l. 22. *joyntly*. Folio 1701, jointly.
- p. 102, l. 20. *then I presume*. 1685, 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, than I presume.
- p. 102, l. 42. *crouds*. Folio 1701, crowds.
- p. 103, l. 10. *with full Sails*. 1676, with ful Sails.
- p. 103, l. 14. *freez*. 1694, Folio 1701, freeze.
- p. 105, l. 2. *Wooman-kind*. 1685, Woman-kind.
- p. 105, l. 35. *Politiques*. 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, Politicks.
- p. 106, l. 22. *Cittadel*. Folio 1701, Citadel.
- p. 107, l. 19. *humane*. 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, Human.
- p. 107, l. 29. *mouthes*. 1685, mouths. 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, Mouths.
- p. 108, l. 28. *Domestic*. 1694, Folio 1701, Domestick.
- p. 108, l. 38. *lie*. 1694, Folio 1701, lye.
- p. 109, l. 4. *what e'r*. 1692, what e'er. Folio 1701, whate'er.
- p. 109, l. 25. *Canon*. Folio 1701, Cannon.
- p. 110, l. 14. *Emp. A Spirit*. Folio 1701 omits speech-prefix.
- p. 110, l. 41. *Trunk*. 1685, Trunk.
- p. 111, l. 13. *vext to death*. 1692, 1694, vex'd to death. Folio 1701, vex'd to Death.
- p. 112, l. 3. *ye Pow'rs*. 1685, ye pow'rs. Folio 1701, ye Pow'rs.
- p. 113, l. 28. *unbarr'd*. Folio 1701, unbar'd.
- p. 114, l. 6. *extremes*. 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, extreams.
- p. 114, l. 14. *conclude*. 1694, Folio 1701, concluded.
- p. 114, l. 15. *tamely die*. 1694, tamely dye. Folio 1701, tamely dy.
- p. 114, l. 19. *Morat, perhaps*. Folio 1701, Mor. Perhaps.
- p. 114, l. 21. *Emp'ric*. 1694, Folio 1701, Em'prick.

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- p. 114, l. 21. *tri'd*. 1694, Folio 1701, try'd.
- p. 114, l. 22. *justifi'd*. 1694, Folio 1701, justify'd.
- p. 114, l. 34. *rest of your pretences*. 1685, the best of your pretences.
- p. 114, l. 37. *streight*. 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, strait.
- p. 116, l. 14. *by command*. 1694, Folio 1701, my command.
- p. 116, l. 17. *Wife's is more*. Folio 1701, Wife's more.
- p. 117, l. 14. *wholely*. 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, wholly.
- p. 117, l. 19. *waft*. Folio 1701, waste.
- p. 117, l. 41. *gleam*. Folio 1701, glean.
- p. 118, l. 19. *be my Sable*. 1694, Folio 1701, by my Sable.
- p. 118, l. 28. *good, runs*. 1692, good runs. 1694, Good runs. Folio 1701, Goods run.
- p. 118, l. 37. *Glory's race*. 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, Glories Race.
- p. 118, l. 40. *slackend*. 1694, slackn'd. Folio 1701, slack'd.
- p. 119, l. 5. *public cost*. 1685, publick cost. 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, publick Cost.
- p. 122, l. 4. *di'd in fight*. 1694, Folio 1701, dy'd in Fight.
- p. 122, l. 16. *I prophecy*. 1685, 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, I prophesie.
- p. 123, l. 15. *th' Idea's*. 1694, the *Idea's*. Folio 1701, the *Ideas*.
- p. 123, l. 22. *Husband's Son*. 1676, Husband's Sone. 1694, Husban's Son.
- p. 123, l. 35. *Sovereign*. 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, Sov'reign.
- p. 123, l. 40. *wonn*. 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, won.
- p. 123, l. 41. *bloody*. Folio 1701, bloody.
- p. 123, l. 42. *Countrey*. 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, Country.
- p. 124, l. 6. *But yet consider*. Folio 1701, But ye consider
- p. 124, l. 8. *not divert*. Folio 1701, and divert.
- p. 124, l. 12. *I'll whisper*. Folio 1701, I whisper.
- p. 124, l. 18. *ghess*. 1685, guess.
- p. 124, l. 22. *Re-enter Arimant*. 1676 has, Arimaut . . . runs to Melecinda.
- p. 124, l. 36. *antient*. 1692, 1694, Antient. Folio 1701, ancient.
- p. 125, l. 16. *Stuards*. 1685, 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, Stewards.
- p. 126, l. 30. *eve'n*. 1685, 1692, ev'n. 1694, ev n. Folio 1701, ev'n.
- p. 126, l. 36. *perswade?* [*Turning to Indamora*. 1692, perswade? [*Turning to Inda*.
- p. 128, l. 6. *Mor. She darted*. 1676, 1685 give the previous line "A little yielding . . ." to Morat, but this is plainly spoken by Indamora.
- p. 128, l. 18. *I piti'd*. 1694, I pity'd. Folio 1701, I pity.
- p. 128, l. 29. *At IV*. 1692, Act VI.
- p. 128, l. 34. [*Soft Music*. 1685, [*Soft Musick*.
- p. 129, l. 14. *unmann'd*. Folio 1701, unman'd.
- p. 129, l. 36. *Chymic*. 1685, 1692, Chymick. 1694, Ghymick. Folio 1701, Chymick.
- p. 130, l. 12. *Pray sit*. 1694, Folio 1701, Pray Sir.
- p. 131, l. 11. *were spread*. 1694, Folio 1701, was spread.
- p. 131, l. 13. *Jasmine*. 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, Jesmine.
- p. 131, l. 14. *arround*. 1685, 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, around.

TEXTUAL NOTES

- p. 131, l. 23. *envi'd*. 1694, Folio 1701, *envy'd*.
 p. 132, l. 11. *Adult'ry*. Folio 1701, *Adultery*.
 p. 132, l. 22. *horrou*. 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, *horror*.
 p. 132, l. 24. *You find . . . And your*. 1694, *ou find . . . nd your*.
 p. 132, l. 39. *T'immortal*. 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, *t'immortal*.
 p. 133, l. 26. *Th' o'rflowing*. Folio 1701, *Th' o'erflowing*.
 p. 134, l. 35. *domestic*. 1685, *domestick*.
 p. 135, l. 4. *Metall's*. 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, *Metal's*.
 p. 136, l. 4. *cheerfulness*. Folio 1701, *Chearfulness*.
 p. 136, l. 19. [*Kissing Morat*. 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, [*Kissing Mor*.
 p. 136, l. 29. *I judg'd*. 1694, Folio 1701, *I judge*.
 p. 137, l. 5. *business*. Folio 1701, *Bus'ness*.
 p. 137, l. 9. *surprise*. 1694, Folio 1701, *surprize*.
 p. 137, l. 32. *onely view*. 1685, 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, *only view*.
 p. 137, l. 37. *Rack*. 1694, Folio 1701, *wrack*.
 p. 139, l. 27. *ev'ry question*. 1676, *e'ry question*.
 p. 140, l. 24. *cozin'd*. 1685, 1692, 1694, *cozen'd*. Folio 1701, *Cozen'd*.
 p. 141, l. 12. *suspitions*. 1694, Folio 1701, *suspicions*.
 p. 141, l. 19. *Save me, just*. 1694, Folio 1701, *Save, just*.
 p. 141, l. 39. *rouls*. 1694, *rouls*. Folio 1701, *roul*.
 p. 142, l. 17. *betraid*. Folio 1701, *betray'd*.
 p. 142, l. 22. *both in undistinguish'd Crouds*. 1694, *both undistinguish'd Crouds*. Folio 1701, *both undistinguish'd Crowds*.
 p. 142, l. 39. *ungrateful does*. Folio 1701, *ungrateful doer*.
 p. 143, l. 6. *sum*. 1685, *summ*. 1694, Folio 1701, *Sum*.
 p. 143, l. 26. *bloud*. 1694, Folio 1701, *Blood*.
 p. 144, l. 4. *Cittadel*. Folio 1701, *Citadel*.
 p. 144, l. 15. *Cittadel . . . wonn*. Folio 1701, *Citadel . . . won*.
 p. 144, l. 22. *Victory*. 1694, Folio 1701, *Victor*.
 p. 145, l. 1. *rumor'd*. Folio 1701, *rumour'd*.
 p. 145, l. 24. *Repell'd*. Folio 1701, *Repel'd*.
 p. 145, l. 29. *hallow*. 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, *hollow*.
 p. 145, l. 32. *Crouds*. Folio 1701, *Crowds*.
 p. 146, l. 2. *Paricide*. 1685, 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, *Parricide*.
 p. 146, l. 15. *joyn'd*. Folio 1701, *join'd*.
 p. 146, l. 20. *dimnly*. 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, *dimly*.
 p. 146, l. 22. *thorow*. Folio 1701, *thorough*.
 p. 146, l. 28. *enchanted*. 1692, *Enchanted*. 1694, Folio 1701, *enchanted*.
 p. 146, l. 35. *her Bribe*. 1685, *her bride*. 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, *her Bride*.
 p. 147, l. 24. *Souldiers*. 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, *Soldiers*.
 p. 147, l. 25. *crouds*. 1692, 1694, *Crouds*. Folio 1701, *Crowds*.
 p. 147, l. 36. *recall*. 1685, 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, *recal*.
 p. 147, l. 40. *forreign death*. 1685, *foreign death*. 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, *foreign Death*.
 p. 148, l. 12. *rouse*. 1694, Folio 1701, *rouze*.
 p. 149, l. 10. *rare*. 1692, 1694, Folio 1701, *roar*.
 p. 149, l. 11. *rowling*. 1694, Folio 1701, *rolling*.

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- p. 150, l. 15. *sulli'd*. Folio 1701, *sully'd*.
 p. 150, l. 34. *copi'd*. 1694, Folio 1701, *Copy'd*.
 p. 150, l. 42. *If Heav'n*. Folio 1701 omits this line.
 p. 151, l. 29. *melancholly*. 1685, 1694, Folio 1701, *melancholy*.
 p. 151, l. 31. [*Giving a Dagger*. 1676, [*Giving a D*
 p. 152, l. 14. *y'are o'rpower'd*. 1692, *y'are o'erpower'd*. 1694, Folio 1701,
y're o'er-power'd.
 p. 152, l. 29. *Oh live; live ev'n*. 1692, *Oh Live; Live ev'n*. 1694, *Oh Live,*
ev'n. Folio 1701, *Oh live; ev'n*.
 p. 152, l. 30. *half-shut eyes*. 1692, *half shut Eyes*. 1694, *halfe shut Eyes*.
 Folio 1701, *half-shut Eyes*.
 p. 153, l. 22. [*Shout within*. 1694, Folio 1701, [*Shouts within*.
 p. 155, l. 27. *grief*—[*Half turning to Indamora*. 1692, *grief*—[*Half turning*
 to *Ind*. 1694, *Grief*—[*Halfe turning to Ind*.
 p. 155, l. 37. *I'll never, never see*. 1694, *I'll never, see*. Folio 1701, *I'll never*
see.
 p. 157, l. 3. *Surpris'd our Foes*. 1694, Folio 1701, *Surpriz'd our Foes*.
 p. 157, l. 9. *di'd*. 1694, *Dy'd*. Folio 1701, *dy'd*.
 p. 158, l. 1. *sense*. 1694, Folio 1701, *Sence*.
 p. 158, l. 12. *to bless by halves*. 1676, *to bliss by halves*.
 p. 158, l. 35. [*Looks to the door*. 1692, [*Locks to the door*. 1694, Folio 1701,
 [*Locks to the Door*.
 p. 158, l. 39. *Emperor*. Folio 1701, *Emperour*.
 p. 159, l. 14. *ti'd*. Folio 1701, *ty'd*.
 p. 159, l. 16. *suspitions*. 1694, Folio 1701, *suspicious*.
 p. 159, l. 33. *multipli'd*. Folio 1701, *multiply'd*.
 p. 159, l. 41. *foreboding*. 1694, Folio 1701, *fore-boding*.
 p. 161, l. 3. [*Staring upon him*. 1694, Folio 1701, [*Starting upon him*.
 p. 161, l. 18. *Loyalty*. 1685, *Loyalty*.
 p. 161, l. 20. *I drove*. Folio 1701 adds, [*Exeunt*.
 p. 162, l. 1. *Epilogue*. Folio 1701 prints at commencement, after the Pro-
 logue.
 p. 162, l. 5. *bloud*. 1694, Folio 1701, *Blood*.
 p. 162, l. 13. *ghess*. Folio 1701, *guess*.
 p. 162, l. 23. *Brittons*. 1685, 1692, *Britons*. 1694, *Britans*. Folio 1701,
Britains.
 p. 163, l. 6. *FINIS*. Folio 1701 omits.

ALL FOR LOVE

The three quartos of *All For Love; or, The World well Lost*, 1678, 1692 and 1696, represent a single text, as it is plain upon collation that 4to 1692 was set up from a copy of 4to 1678; and 4to 1696 from a copy of 4to 1692. The Folio 1701 was printed from 4to 1696. The twenty preliminary pages of the

TEXTUAL NOTES

First Quarto are unnumbered. Mr. T. J. Wise, *A Dryden Library*, notes: "Sig. a 2 verso (p. iv) has the catchword misprinted *All* instead of *Preface*, as though it were intended to be immediately followed by the Text of the Play. Apparently the *Preface* and *Epistle* were supplied by the author after this leaf had been set up in type. But the error obtains in every copy of the First Edition of the *Tragedy* that has come under my notice." At the conclusion of the Preface, which is immediately followed by "PROLOGUE to *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*," the Bridgewater copy of 4to 1678, now in the possession of Mr. William Andrews Clark, jun., has a wrong catchword "THE." The headlines of the first quarto which run throughout read verso "*All for LOVE; or,*" and each recto "*The WORLD well Lost*" (pp. 5, 9, 29, 47, 59, 69, "*lost*") The book was issued without a half-title

In 1776 was published *All For Love* "Marked with the Variations in the Manager's Book at the Theatre-Royal in Drury Lane." This is included in Vol. VIII of *The New English Theatre*. The cuts are fairly drastic, and not altogether judicious. The pageantry at the commencement of Act III is much simplified. The scene between Cleopatra and Octavia is entirely omitted, and the greater part of Cleopatra's death with its exquisite poetry is deleted. Serapion's "*Charmion, is this well done?*" and the famous reply no longer find a place. This is very bad. Act II is placed in "*a grand Saloon*," and Act IV is "*A Saloon*."

- p. 178, l. 20. *above all others*. 1696, Folio 1701, above all other.
- p. 178, l. 36. *amongst us*. Folio 1701, among us.
- p. 180, l. 31. *Anthony*. Quartos 1678 and 1692 regularly print *Anthony* in the Preface, and *Antony* in the text of the play. 4to 1696 and Folio 1701 give *Anthony* throughout.
- p. 183, l. 12. *Chedreux Critiques*. 1696, Folio 1701, Chedreux Criticks.
- p. 183, l. 19. *shall arise, one who can*. 1692, 1696, Folio 1701, shall arise, who can.
- p. 185, l. 23. *They are for persecuting*. Folio 1701, They are for procuring themselves Reputation in the Persons of their Successors.
- p. 186, l. 5. *volutus*. Saintsbury has an absurd "*volatus*."
- p. 188, l. 3. *Critiques*. 1696, Folio 1701, Criticks.
- p. 189, l. 4. *boord*. 1696, Folio 1701, board.
- p. 190, l. 5. *Dollabella*. 1696, Folio 1701, Dolabella.
- p. 191, l. 14. *Floud*. Folio 1701, Flood.
- p. 191, l. 20. *ooze*. 1696, Folio 1701, ouze.
- p. 191, l. 28. *Ptolomies*. 1696, Folio 1701, Ptolemies.
- p. 191, l. 31. *Ghost start*. Folio 1701, Ghost starts.
- p. 192, l. 5. *showing himself*. 1696, Folio 1701, shewing himself.
- p. 194, l. 40. *Alexas and the Priests*. 1696, Folio 1701, Alexas and the Priest.
- p. 195, l. 14. *to joyne*. Folio 1701, to join.
- p. 196, l. 16. *Engin*. 1696, Folio 1701, Engine.
- p. 196, l. 24. *Re-enter the Gentleman*. There is a difficulty here. 4to 1696 and Folio 1701 read *Re-enter the Gentlemen*. G. R. Noyes boldly alters the stage-direction and gives "*Enter a second*"

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Gentleman of M. Antony," which as the First Gentleman has not left the stage and also since he replies to the Second Gentleman would seem to be correct, but I have not ventured upon so drastic an emendation.

- p. 197, l. 9. *Lye there.* Quarto 1696 is responsible for a good deal of confusion here. It not only brackets the speech-prefix and direction as [*Anth. having thrown himself down*, but removes this to the margin, so the line "*Lye there . . .*" appears to be part of the speech of Ventidius. This speech would then continue to "*Runs at my foot,*" and the speech-prefix being repeated for the same character, the short speech of Ventidius would follow. In the Folio the difficulty was noticed by the printer, who made a speech for Antony to begin with "*Give me some Musick . . .*" Both 4to 1696 and Folio read, "*Lie there . . .*"
- p. 198, l. 10. *Emperor.* 1696, Folio 1701, Emperour.
- p. 198, l. 22. *Deaw.* 1696, Folio 1701, Dew.
- p. 198, l. 23. *Forty year.* 1692, 1696, Forty years. Folio 1701, Forty Years.
- p. 199, l. 27. *crowding.* Folio 1701, crowding.
- p. 199, l. 37. *Mad-man.* 1696, Folio 1701, Madman.
- p. 200, l. 29. *Phylosophy.* 1696, Folio 1701, *Philosophy.*
- p. 202, l. 4. *call'd me Traitor.* 1696, Folio 1701, call'd me Traytor.
- p. 202, l. 13. *happy Traitor.* 1696, Folio 1701, happy Traytor.
- p. 203, l. 27. *You speak a Heroe.* 1696, Folio 1701, You speak a Hero.
- p. 203, l. 38. *another hour.* 1696, another honour. Folio 1701, another Honour.
- p. 204, l. 7. *o'rcome.* 1696, Folio 1701, o'ercome.
- p. 205, l. 10. *or dye?* 1696, Folio 1701, or die?
- p. 205, l. 32. *fixed his eyes.* 1696, fixt his eyes. Folio 1701, fix'd his Eyes.
- p. 206, l. 34. *parlyes.* 1696, Folio 1701, parlies.
- p. 206, l. 35. *long look for succor.* 1692, long lookt ^{for} succor. 1696, long look't for succour. Folio 1701, long look'd for Succour.
- p. 207, l. 26. *than one to dye.* 1696, Folio 1701, than to die.
- p. 209, l. 41. *favours.* 1696, Folio 1701, Favours.
- p. 210, l. 24. *Barbarous, neither.* } 1696, Folio { barbarous, neither,
Born in the depths . . . } 1701 { *Born in the depths . . .*
- p. 211, l. 25. *your Eyes; you gave.* 1696, Folio 1701, your Eyes, you gave.
- p. 213, l. 20. *my destruction.* } 1696, Folio { my destruction.
And watching . . . } 1701 { *And watching . . .*
- p. 214, l. 12. *uneasie wife.* 1696, uneasie Will. Folio 1701, uneasie VVill.
- p. 214, l. 43. *Proscribing hand.* 1692, 1696, Folio 1701, prescribing hand.
- p. 216, l. 16. *She wholly.* Folio 1701, She's wholly.
- p. 216, l. 31. *ere we dye.* 4to 1678 omits "ere." 4to 1696, "ere we die." Folio 1701, "e're we die."
- p. 216, l. 36. *Antony's part.* 1696, Anthony's parts. Folio 1701, Anthony's part.
- p. 217, l. 18. *subtile.* 1692, 1696, Folio 1701, subtle.

TEXTUAL NOTES

- p. 217, l. 18. *subtile Nets, like Vulcan;
In thy embraces . . .*
Saintsbury places a semicolon after "Nets," and makes non-sense of the whole passage. The veriest schoolboy would have avoided such a blunder. It was not Vulcan who was caught in the embraces of Venus, but Mars. It was Vulcan, however, who spread his subtile Nets to catch the amorous pair.
- p. 218, l. 9. *favor.* 1696, Folio 1701, *favour.*
- p. 218, l. 10. *ruine.* 1696, Folio 1701, *ruin.*
- p. 219, l. 5. *at his back.* Folio 1701, at his beck.
- p. 220, l. 39. *Ran coursing.* 1696, Folio 1701, Run coursing.
- p. 222, l. 23. *O ye Gods.* 4to 1692 garbles this passage thus:
Ant. O ye Gods!
Have I then liv'd to be excus'd to *Cæsar*?
Dolla. As to your Equal:
While I wear this, he never shall be more.
Dolla. I bring Conditions from him.

4to 1696 attempts to emend by omitting the second speech-prefix "*Dolla.*" (As has been noted, 4to 1696 and Folio 1701 have *Dolabella.*) Folio 1701 has, "VVhile I wear this he never shall be more," but otherwise follows 4to 1696.
- p. 223, l. 39. *I have attended.* Folio 1701, have I attended.
- p. 226, l. 3. *silence plead.* 1696, Folio 1701, silence pleads.
- p. 227, l. 23. *Yet, greatness kept.* 1696, Yet, Greatness kept. Folio 1701, Yet, Greatness keeps.
- p. 227, l. 27. *who knows.* 1696, Folio 1701, who know.
- p. 229, l. 30. *contemns.* Saintsbury reads "condemns" which has no authority and is far weaker.
- p. 230, l. 14. *Antony, Dollabella.* 1696, Folio 1701, Enter Anthony, Dollabella.
- p. 231, l. 28. *Our appetites.* 1696, Our Appetites. Folio 1701, Our Appetite's.
- p. 233, l. 1. *Haſt thruſt.* Folio 1701, Has thrust.
- p. 235, l. 23. *deserves belief.* Folio 1701 reads, "deserves Belief." Saintsbury on no authority ineptly alters to "desires belief."
- p. 239, l. 22. *go not back.* 1696, Folio 1701, go back.
- p. 240, l. 19. *of all Romans.* 1696, Folio 1701, of all *Roman.*
- p. 240, l. 27. *lawlessly.* 1692, 1696, Folio 1701, lawfully.
- p. 241, l. 4. *let all*
The longer damn'd have reſt;

This is only in 4to 1678. 4to 1692, 1696, and Folio 1701 omit.
- p. 248, l. 11. *some ſhipwrack'd.* 1692, from shipwrack'd. 1696, Folio 1701, from Shipwrack'd.
- p. 250, l. 3. *aim'd at Cæſar's.* 1696, Folio 1701, *aim'd Cæſar's.*

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- p. 252, l. 16. *wond'ring Destinies*. 1692, 1696, wand'ring Destinies. Folio 1701, wand'ring Destines.
- p. 252, l. 22. *he has set*. 1692, 1696, Folio 1701, he sets.
- p. 254, l. 42. *dinted*. Folio 1701, dented.
- p. 255, l. 12. *at least*. 1692, 1696, Folio 1701, at last.
- p. 256, l. 4. *sweeps all distinctions*. 1692, 1696, Folio 1701, sweeps distinctions.
- p. 256, l. 9. *home be sure*. 1692, 1696, Folio 1701, home sure.
- p. 258, l. 9. *Swans*. 1696, Folio 1701, Swan.
- p. 258, l. 17. *Sigh to me*. Saintsbury on no authority has "Sign to me."
- p. 260, l. 41. *my dear Love is vanish'd in a mist*. Saintsbury turns this line into nonsense by reading, "My dear love is vanquish'd in a mist"
- p. 262, l. 1. *EPILOGUE*. The Folio 1701 prints the PROLOGUE and EPILOGUE in two parallel columns at the beginning of the play, before the PERSONS REPRESENTED.
- p. 262, l. 31. *Sparks*. 4to 1692, *Sparke*.

THE KIND KEEPER

The *editio princeps*, quarto, 1680, is the authoritative text for *The Kind Keeper*; or, *Mr. Limberham*. The head title of the 4tos, 1680, 1690, and of the folio, 1701, is *Limberham; Or, The Kind Keeper*. 4to, 1690, is printed from 4to, 1680. There are some few variants, e.g. "Colledge" for "College"; "Guest" for "Ghest"; "now-a-days" for "now-a-daies"; and others. Folio, 1701, is printed from 4to, 1690, and there is some modernisation of the spelling, e.g. "Ostrich" for "Estrich"; "Mogul" for "Mogol."

Occasionally, in the initial capital of Woodall's name, as in a few other words, *VV* is used for *W*. I have kept *W* consistently throughout.

It should be noted that Dryden tells us this play was printed during his absence from London, and he did not revise the proofs. The text is on the whole good, but the play was, as the author warns us, mutilated before it was published.

- p. 269, l. 24. *14 years*. Folio 1701, fourteen Years.
- p. 270, l. 26. *Latine*. 1690, Folio 1701, Latin.
- p. 270, l. 30. *Panegyrique*. Folio 1701, Panegyrick.
- p. 271, l. 6. *Satyre*. Folio 1701, Satyr.
- p. 273, l. 1. *PROLOGUE*. The first 4to, 1680, has the Prologue after the Epilogue, printed on a separate sheet. It was evidently added at the last moment when the play was printed off, but as 1690 has the Prologue after the *Personae Dramatis* in its proper place at the beginning, I have so printed here. The folio omits the Prologue.
- p. 275, l. 17. *practice*. Folio 1701, practise.
- p. 276, l. 2. *wholsom*. Folio 1701, wholesome.

TEXTUAL NOTES

- p. 276, l. 9. *twelve year old*. Folio 1701, twelve Years old.
 p. 276, l. 9. *College*. 1690, Colledge.
 p. 276, l. 40. *handsom*. 1690, Folio 1701, handsome.
 p. 277, l. 3. *sillable*. Folio 1701, Syllable.
 p. 278, l. 14. *and Scandal*. Folio 1701, and a Scandal.
 p. 279, l. 16. *bumble*. Later editions of the eighteenth century, not understanding the slang term, printed "humble."
 p. 279, l. 24. *Drinking, and Wenching, are*. Folio 1701, Drinking and Wenching are.
 p. 280, l. 12. *loth*. Folio 1701, loath.
 p. 280, l. 33. *Land-Pyrats*. 1690, Land-Pirates. Folio 1701, Land-Pirates.
 p. 281, l. 23. *Balcony*. Folio 1701, Balconey.
 p. 282, l. 11. *I'll treat*. Folio 1701, I'll treat.
 p. 282, l. 12. *Ghest*. 1690, Folio 1701, Guest.
 p. 282, l. 28. *suspicion*. Folio 1701, suspicion.
 p. 285, l. 3. *my welcom*. Folio 1701, my welcome.
 p. 285, l. 25. *A Dio, Signiora*. Folio 1701, A Dio Signiora.
 p. 286, l. 1. *Guineys*. Folio 1701, Guineas.
 p. 286, l. 8. *troppo poco*. 1680, *troppo co*.
 p. 286, l. 33. *il vestro*. The two quartos and the folio read, *it vestro*.
 p. 287, l. 3. *Campaign*. Folio 1701, Champaign.
 p. 287, l. 13. *Maremaids*. Folio 1701, Meremaids.
 p. 287, l. 24. *wholesom*. Folio 1701, wholesome.
 p. 289, l. 4. *Myst*. 1690, Folio 1701, Mist.
 p. 289, l. 12. *rediculous*. 1690, Folio 1701, ridiculous.
 p. 289, l. 38. *defy (ter)*. Folio 1701, defie.
 p. 290, l. 6. *you'll*. Folio 1701, you'll.
 p. 290, l. 25. *Estrich*. Folio 1701, Ostrich.
 p. 290, l. 34. *Jaylour*. Folio 1701, Jaylor.
 p. 291, l. 10. *ly*. Folio 1701, lie.
 p. 291, l. 18. *fy, Daughter, fy*. Folio 1701, fie, Daughter, fie.
 p. 292, l. 5. *humor*. Folio 1701, humour.
 p. 292, l. 25. *prefer'd*. 1690, Folio 1701, preferr'd.
 p. 293, l. 25. *now-a-daies*. 1690, Folio 1701, now-a-days.
 p. 295, l. 1. *Inckle*. Folio 1701, Incle.
 p. 297, l. 4. *imbraces*. Folio 1701, Embraces.
 p. 297, l. 29. *Oh Seignioro*. Folio 1701, Oh Signiora.
 p. 299, l. 29. *Schismatick*. Folio 1701, Scismatick.
 p. 300, l. 10. *suspitions; they'll*. Folio 1701, Suspicions; they'll.
 p. 300, l. 16. *Maiden-heads*. Folio 1701, Maidenheads.
 p. 300, l. 38. *Prophecy*. Folio 1701, Prophetie.
 p. 301, l. 9. *my ruine*. Folio 1701, my ruin.
 p. 301, l. 25. *do you think*. Folio 1701, do yo think.
 p. 301, l. 28. *tyes*. Folio 1701, Ties.
 p. 301, l. 31. *overcom*. 1690, Folio 1701, overcome.
 p. 302, l. 3. *farewel*. 1690, Folio 1701, farewell.
 p. 303, l. 10. *fulsom*. Folio 1701, fulsome.

THE KIND KEEPER

- p. 303, l. 34. *Who-e're*. Folio 1701, Who-e'er.
- p. 303, l. 35. *terroure*. Folio 1701, terror.
- p. 304, l. 4. *shakeing*. Folio 1701, shaking.
- p. 304, l. 8. *out-ragious*. Folio 1701, outrageous.
- p. 304, l. 29. *lye*. Folio 1701, lie.
- p. 305, l. 2. *little Judith? do I know*. Folio 1701, little Judith, do I know.
- p. 306, l. 33. *supreme*. Folio 1701, supream.
- p. 307, l. 26. *passing of your time?* Folio 1701, passing your time?
- p. 308, l. 25. *Joynture*. Folio 1701, Jointure.
- p. 309, l. 35. *parley*. Folio 1701, parly.
- p. 310, l. 18. *I wou'd not*. Folio 1701, I would not.
- p. 310, l. 36. *seduc'd*. Folio 1701, sedu'd.
- p. 311, l. 1. *purloyning*. Folio 1701, purloining.
- p. 312, l. 4. *Trick. Mrs. Brain*. Folio 1701, Trick. and Mrs. Brain.
- p. 312, l. 22. *they'l think*. Folio 1701, they'll think.
- p. 313, l. 8. *unluckie*. Folio 1701, unlucky.
- p. 314, l. 30. *Mid-wife*. Folio 1701, Midwife.
- p. 315, l. 14. *White-Chappel*. Folio 1701, White-Chapel.
- p. 318, l. 21. *a Sovereign Remedy*. Folio 1701, a Sovereign Remedy.
- p. 321, l. 4. *some-body*. Folio 1701, somebody.
- p. 321, l. 12. *Mogol*. Folio 1701, Mogul.
- p. 323, l. 15. *Honor is Honor*. Folio 1701, Honour is Honour.
- p. 323, l. 33. *humor's*. Folio 1701, humour's.
- p. 324, l. 8. *ruin*. Folio 1701, ruine.
- p. 326, l. 4. *Menager*. 1690, Manager. Folio 1701, manager.
- p. 327, l. 20. *suspitious*. 1690, Folio 1701, suspicious.
- p. 329, l. 11. *Garantee*. This is the reading of 1690. 4to 1680 has, *Gallantee*.
- p. 331, l. 25. *Mannour*. Folio 1701, Mannor.
- p. 332, l. 5. *Bayliffs*. Folio 1701, Bailiffs.
- p. 332, l. 22. *Souldier*. Folio 1701, Soldier.
- p. 334, l. 35. *his Majesties Name*. 1690, his Majestic Name. Folio 1701, His Majesty's Name.
- p. 334, l. 40. *hainously*. Folio 1701, heinously.
- p. 335, l. 20. *profane Rascal*. 1690, Prophane Rascal.
- p. 336, l. 12. *jealous humors*. 1690, jealous humours. Folio 1701, jealous Humours.
- p. 336, l. 29. *two thousand pound*. Folio 1701, two thousand pounds.
- p. 338, l. 18. *menage*. 1690, Folio 1701, manage.
- p. 339, l. 15. *Mrs. Brain. Marry*. 1680, M. Brain. Marry.
- p. 339, l. 32. *Sovereign Princess*. Folio 1701, Sovereign Princess.
- p. 340, l. 17. *A pretty House, pretty Scituation*. Folio 1701, A pretty House, a pretty Situation.
- p. 341, l. 25. *moyety*. Folio 1701, Moiety.
- p. 341, l. 29. *FINIS*. Folio 1701 omits.

TEXTUAL NOTES

OEDIPUS

The First Edition of *Oedipus*, 4to, 1679; Licensed, Jan. 3. 1678; was "Printed for R. Bentley and M. Magnes in Russell-street in Covent-Garden." The head-line is *Oedipus* throughout, upon both sides of the page. The book was issued without a half-title. This *editio princeps* furnishes the authoritative text.

"The Second Edition," 4to, 1682, differs from the First Quarto, 1679, mainly as regards the spelling which has been in several instances varied; and, so to speak, "modernized."

"The Third Edition," 4to, 1687, was set up from "The Second Edition," 4to, 1682, which it follows closely, page by page, and line by line with very trifling divergences. 4to, 1682, p. 15, l. 29 has "Royal Blood," where 4to, 1687, has "Royal blood." 4to, 1682, p. 15 omits a catch-word but 4to, 1687, correctly gives "The." 4to, 1682, p. 25, l. 1 has "*Enter Jocaſta attended, with Lights, in a Night-gown.*" 4to, 1687, p. 25, l. 1 gives "*Enter Jocaſta attended with Lights, in a Night-Gown.*" 4to, 1682, p. 26 drops the catch-word; 4to, 1687, p. 26 correctly supplies "I." 4to, 1682, p. 52, l. 34 has "Prophets Council"; 4to, 1687, p. 52, l. 34 reads "Prophets Counsel." 4to, 1682, p. 55, l. 5 reads "There are Perhaps"; 4to, 1687, p. 55, l. 5 reads "Thereare perhaps." 4to, 1682, p. 53, l. 34 punctuates with a comma after "horreur"; 4to, 1687, here drops the comma. 4to, 1682, p. 55, l. 44 has "to inquire" where 4to, 1687, has "to enquire." 4to, 1682, p. 67, l. 3 has "Slaves unhand me"; 4to, 1687, p. 67, l. 3 gives "Slaves unhand me." In 4to, 1682, the printer has used "VV" for "W" in several places, *e.g.* on pp. 50, 53, 54, 58, 59, 60, and 66.

"The Fourth Edition," 4to, 1692, was set up from "The Third Edition," 4to, 1687, which it exactly follows page by page and line by line. There are the following slight differences: 4to, 1687, p. 9 has catch-word "*A*"; 4to, 1692, p. 9 has catch-words "*A Trumpet.*" 4to, 1687, p. 12, ends page with "Worse than a Plague infects you: y^eare devoted" and catch-word "To" 4to, 1692, ends p. 12 with the following line and has catch-word "Hell," thus giving on p. 12 forty-four lines, whilst p. 12, 4to, 1687, has forty-three. On p. 15, l. 6, 4to, 1687, reads "or'e-pay'd"; 4to, 1692, "o're-pay'd." 4to, 1692, on the same page, l. 29 has "Guilt"; 4to, 1687, "guilt." 4to, 1687, p. 17, l. 44, "breast"; 4to, 1692, p. 17, l. 44, "Breast." 4to, 1687, p. 50, l. 1, "I'll ne're return"; 4to, 1692, p. 50, l. 1, "I'le ne're return." 4to, 1687, the Epilogue occupies a page and a half, with catch-word "*Since*"; 4to, 1692, the Epilogue has been set in smaller italic and occupies only one page. 4to, 1687, there is a rule, and then "FINIS," and a rule below; 4to, 1692, has "FINIS" without rules.

"The Fifth Edition" (4to, 1694), was issued without a date, and "Printed for *Tho. Chapman*, at the *Angel* in the *Pall-mall*, over-against *St. James's Square*." It was set up from the Fourth Edition, 4to, 1692. The divergences are for the most part a more extended use of capitals. Thus "*by-walks*" of the

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Preface, 4to, 1692, in the Fifth Edition is "*By-Walks*," and again in the stage direction at the commencement of Act I, "*present condition*" of 4to, 1692, becomes in the Fifth Edition, "*present Condition*." Further variants will be found noted below in their place as they occur.

In at least five copies of the Fifth Edition which I have examined the date 1696 has been added, apparently by a contemporary hand. Such an exemplar is Bodley, Malone 959; and Mr. P. J. Dobell in his *John Dryden Bibliographical Memoranda*, p. 29, mentions "Oedipus, fifth edition, N.D. [1696 in contemporary MS.]." The Fifth Edition, however, occurs in "The Dramatick Works of Mr. John Dryden . . . *In Three Volumes*," Vol. II, with general title-page, 1695, and it is also included in a similarly collected edition of Lee's Plays with general title-page, 1695.

The text of the folio, 1701, which follows the Fifth Edition, is not altogether satisfactory and was evidently but carelessly read. There is an even more extensive use of capitals, and several bad misprints were allowed to remain uncorrected.

It may be remarked that in the 12mo collected edition of Dryden's "Dramatick Works," six volumes, 1735, the several title-pages bear "Printed for J. Tonson in the *Strand*. MDCCXXXV." *Oedipus* is the last play of volume Four, and in some collections the title-page runs: "Printed for W. Feales, at *Rowe's-Head*, over-against *St. Clement's Church* in the *Strand*. M.DCC.XXXVI." This issue differs in several particulars both of type and spelling from that of Tonson for which it has been substituted.

The text of *Oedipus* "Regulated from the Prompt-Book. *By Permission of the Managers*. By Mr. Hopkins, Prompter," which John Bell published in 1777 (Bell's *British Theatre*, vol. XII), has few features which call for remark. Some twenty lines which refer to the atmospheric conditions of the plague are cut—perhaps not altogether injudiciously—at the opening of the play; in Act II ten and a half lines disappear from the description of raptus by Tiresias; in Act III sixteen lines are cut from speeches of Adrastus and Eurydice, and a tale of four and a half lines from two several speeches of Oedipus. The song, "Hear, ye sullen pow'rs," is omitted. From Act IV thirty-seven lines are eliminated, but these include a fine speech of Oedipus—"Hence, from my arms, avaunt. . . ." Act V has suffered more considerably, and amongst other important dialogue we lose nearly the whole scene between Oedipus and Jocasta. This most certainly ought to have been retained entire. It may be noted that in the stage-direction where Jocasta is discovered, all after "*held by her women*" is excised. Evidently it was not deemed advisable to present too shocking a spectacle. These bad cuts in the last act cannot but be regarded as injury to the drama, and are indeed intolerable.

- p. 351, l. 28. *error*. 1682, error. 1694, Error. Folio 1701, *Errour*.
- p. 351, l. 29. *Heroe*. 1694, Folio 1701, *Hero*.
- p. 351, l. 35. *expression*. 1682, expressions. 1694, Folio 1701, *Expressions*.
- p. 352, l. 4. *Æthiopiques*. 1682, 1694, Folio 1701, *Ethiopiques*.
- p. 352, l. 6. *follow'd him as close*. 1694, Folio 1701, *follow'd as close*.
- p. 352, l. 12. *inferiour*. 1682, 1694, *inferior*.

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- p. 352, l. 25. *Politick Nation*. 1679 misprints, Naton. 1682, 1694, Folio 1701, politick Nation.
- p. 352, l. 28. *Prologue*. Folio 1701 gives Prologue and Epilogue together in parallel columns before *Dramatis Personae*.
- p. 352, l. 35. *Crowded*. Folio 1701, Crowned.
- p. 353, l. 9. *jeast*. Folio 1701, Jest.
- p. 353, l. 24. *Wollen*. 1682, 1694, Woollen.
- p. 354, l. 4. *Mr. Samford*. 1694, Folio 1701, Mr. Sanford.
- p. 354, l. 9. *Mr. Boman*. Folio 1701, Mr. Bowman.
- p. 355, l. 10. *Hindges*. 1682, 1694, Hinges.
- p. 356, l. 16. *lye*. Folio 1701, lie.
- p. 357, l. 1. *always thought*. 1682, alwayes thought.
- p. 357, l. 31. *let's removed*. 1694, Folio 1701, lett's removed.
- p. 357, l. 32. *Argos, young*. 1694, *Agos*, your. Folio 1701, Agos, your.
- p. 358, l. 16. *then answer me*. 1694, Folio 1701, answer this.
- p. 358, l. 21. *horror*. Folio 1701, horroure.
- p. 358, l. 39. *poison'd*. Folio 1701, poyson'd.
- p. 359, l. 8. *aghaft*. 1682, 1694, Folio 1701, agast.
- p. 359, l. 17. *mould*. 1682, 1694, mold. Folio 1701, Mold.
- p. 359, l. 24. *beautify*. 1682, 1694, beautifie.
- p. 359, l. 24. *he inform'd*. 1682, 1694, Folio 1701, she inform'd.
- p. 359, l. 26. *he made*. 1682, 1694, Folio 1701, she made.
- p. 360, l. 24. *Appollo*. 1682, 1694, Folio 1701, *Apollo*.
- p. 360, l. 35. *noisy*. Folio 1701, noisie.
- p. 360, l. 38. *banck*. 1682, 1694, bank. Folio 1701, Bank.
- p. 360, l. 42. *drowzy*. 1694, Folio 1701, drowsie.
- p. 361, l. 8. *greater Ills*. 1694, Folio 1701, great Ill.
- p. 362, l. 2. *Creon should be*. 1694, Folio 1701, Creon shall be.
- p. 362, l. 13. *Scholar*. Folio 1701, Sholar.
- p. 362, l. 23. *sinn'd*. 1682, 1694, Folio 1701, sin'd.
- p. 362, l. 29. *His Envy*. 1694 repeats this line.
- p. 363, l. 18. *Sphinx*. 1682, 1694, Folio 1701, *Sphynx*.
- p. 363, l. 23. *arround*. 1682, 1694, around.
- p. 363, l. 30. *cowr'd*. 1682, 1694, Folio 1701, crow'd.
- p. 363, l. 41. *Than yet*. 1694, Folio 1701, That yet.
- p. 364, l. 9. *Hæmon*. 1682, 1694, Hemon.
- p. 364, l. 10. *Jo Pæans*. 1682, 1694, Folio 1701, *Io Pæas*.
- p. 365, l. 1. *it's dasht*. 1694, Folio 1701, 'tis dash'd.
- p. 365, l. 12. *Will crowd*. 1679, Will crow'd.
- p. 365, l. 42. *I'm beholding*. Folio 1701, I am beholding.
- p. 366, l. 12. *on thy careful bosome*. 1682, 1694, on thy bosom. Folio 1701, on thy Bosom.
- p. 366, l. 26. *Addrest*. Folio 1701, Adress'd.
- p. 367, l. 1. *why this*. Folio 1701, by this.
- p. 367, l. 15. *cruddles*! Folio 1701, curdles!
- p. 368, l. 9. *attique*. 1694, Folio 1701, Antique.
- p. 368, l. 20. *Confirm*. 1679, Confim.

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- p. 369, l. 20. *empty clouds.* 1694, Folio 1701, empty Clouds.
- p. 370, l. 17. *Gellies.* 1694, Folio 1701, Jellies.
- p. 370, l. 24. *Thunder, &c.* 1694, Folio 1701 omit.
- p. 371, l. 6. *Eurydice.* 1679 varies between "Eurydice" and "Euridice."
- p. 371, l. 16. *mistick.* 1682, 1694, Folio 1701, mystick.
- p. 371, l. 29. *Gygantick.* 1682, 1694, Folio 1701, Gigantick.
- p. 372, l. 42. *Yo've.* 1682, 1694, You've. Folio 1701, You have.
- p. 374, l. 9. *airs.* 1694, Aires. Folio 1701, Aires.
- p. 375, l. 22. *seem'st.* 1694, Folio 1701, seem'd.
- p. 376, l. 40. *made Example.* 1694, Folio 1701, made an Example.
- p. 377, l. 14. *grizly.* 1694, Folio 1701, grisly.
- p. 377, l. 38. *Laws.* Folio 1701, Law.
- p. 378, l. 5. *talk'd.* 1694, He talk. Folio 1701, talkt.
- p. 378, l. 10. *Eternal sleep.* Folio 1701, eternally sleep.
- p. 380, l. 2. *your voice.* 1694, Folio 1701, a Voice.
- p. 380, l. 31. *lighted.* 1694, Folio 1701, lighted. [*Kneeling.*
- p. 381, l. 19. *Enter Creon, [Diocles].* 1679: *Enter* Creon. But as Diocles with whom he converses obviously enters with him, I have added this name.
- p. 382, l. 4. *straight.* 1694, Folio 1701, streight.
- p. 382, l. 4. *boistrous.* 1694, boysterous. Folio 1701, boisterous.
- p. 383, l. 1. *Travellour.* 1694, Folio 1701, Traveller.
- p. 383, l. 4. *Attoms.* 1694, Folio 1701, Atoms.
- p. 385, l. 2. *love the price.* 1694, Folio 1701, Love the Prize.
- p. 385, l. 25. *sate.* Folio 1701, sat.
- p. 385, l. 26. *Feaver.* 1694, Folio 1701, Fever.
- p. 386, l. 4. *not to clear.* 1679, no to clear.
- p. 386, l. 9. *murther Lajus.* 1682, Murther Lajus. 1694, murder Lajus. Folio 1701, murder Laius.
- p. 387, l. 1. *pash.* 1682, 1694, Folio 1701, push.
- p. 387, l. 15. *profan'd.* 1682, 1694, Folio 1701, p^raphan'd.
- p. 387, l. 42. *tryal.* 1694, Folio 1701, Trial.
- p. 388, l. 2. *Vervin.* 1682, 1694, Vervain. Folio 1701, Vervan.
- p. 388, l. 8. *Ill-fated.* 1679, I'll-fated.
- p. 388, l. 13. *controle.* Folio 1701, controul.
- p. 389, l. 10. *Heyfer.* Folio 1701, Heifer
- p. 390, l. 13. *fadoms.* 1694, *Fadoms.* Folio 1701, *Fathoms.*
- p. 390, l. 42. *Stygian.* 1682, 1694, *Stigian.*
- p. 391, l. 31. *hood-winckt.* 1694, Folio 1701, hood-wink'd.
- p. 392, l. 16. *these Exclamations on.* 1694, these Exclamations of. Folio 1701, this Exclamations of.
- p. 392, l. 29. *thy Priesthood.* 1682, thy Priest-hood. 1694, the Priest hood. Folio 1701, the Priest-hood.
- p. 393, l. 34. *Ænigma.* 1682, 1694, Folio 1701, *Enigma.*
- p. 394, l. 27. *burden.* 1694, Folio 1701, burthen.
- p. 395, l. 36. *untry'd.* 1694, untyr'd. Folio 1701, untir'd.
- p. 396, l. 1. *awakn'd.* Folio 1701, waken'd.

TEXTUAL NOTES

- p. 398, l. 23. *wisht*. 1679, wish.
- p. 399, l. 1. *complotter*. 1694, Folio 1701, Comptroller.
- p. 399, l. 25. *Convulsive*. 1694, Conclusive. Folio 1701, conclusive.
- p. 399, l. 42. *indearments*. Folio 1701, endearments.
- p. 400, l. 25. *Imagination's*. 1682, Folio 1701, Imagination's.
- p. 402, l. 13. *I needed not*. Folio 1701, I need not.
- p. 403, l. 25. *gray-beard*. 1694, grey-beard. Folio 1701, Grey-beard.
- p. 403, l. 35. *Marriner*. Folio 1701, Mariner.
- p. 404, l. 15. *mellow'd*. 1682, 1694, Folio 1701, melow'd.
- p. 405, l. 23. *these sick eyes*. 1694, the sick eyes. Folio 1701, the sick Eyes.
- p. 408, l. 1. *O're-grown*. 1694, O'er-grown. Folio 1701, Over-grown.
- p. 408, l. 4. *horrors that*. 1682, horrors, that. 1694, horror that. Folio 1701, horror, that.
- p. 408, l. 36. *dead eyes*. 1694, dead eyes. Folio 1701, dead Eyes.
- p. 410, l. 9. *forreign*. 1694, Forreign. Folio 1701, Foreign.
- p. 410, l. 23. *near Mount Cithæron?* Folio 1701, near *Cithæron?*
- p. 413, l. 27. *Tir. Tho' banish'd*. 1694, Thô banished . . . speech-prefix *Tir.* is omitted and thus the lines are given to Adrastus. Folio 1701 omits speech-prefix *Tir.* and thus gives these lines to Adrastus.
- p. 418, l. 22. *ranck*. 1682, 1694, Folio 1701, rank.
- p. 418, l. 31. *whirling*. Folio 1701, wirling.
- p. 420, l. 13. *to slumber*. 1682, 1694, Folio 1701, to slumbers.
- p. 420, l. 15. *Begon* 1694, Folio 1701, Begone.
- p. 421, l. 20. *Chrystal flye*. 1682, 1694, Folio 1701, Crystal fly.
- p. 422, l. 1. [*Tiresias, led by his daughter Manto.*] I have ventured to add this entry, as Hæmon addresses Tiresias for whom with Manto an 'Exeunt' is marked, although their entrance is omitted.
- p. 422, l. 14. *Aiery*. Folio 1701, airy.
- p. 422, l. 16. *despite*. 1694, Folio 1701, despight.
- p. 422, l. 26. *Manto to the Tow'r*. This is the reading of the Folio, 1701. The 4tos all have "Lead, *Manto* the Tow'r."
- p. 423, l. 20. *can atone thee?* 1694, can atone to thee. Folio, 1701, can attone to thee?
- p. 423, l. 42. *forego'st*. 1694, Folio 1701, forgot'st.
- p. 426, l. 4. *shall now be ever*. 1694, Folio 1701, Shall be now ever.
- p. 426, l. 38. *thus Alarms*. 1694, Folio 1701, that allarms.
- p. 427, l. 36. *FINIS*. Folio 1701 omits.

At the end of the play and before the Epilogue in 4to, 1694, is a list of "Books printed for *Thomas Chapman*," sixteen in number, of which ten are plays. "With all sorts of Plays."

EXPLANATORY NOTES

EXPLANATORY NOTES

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

- p. 2. *Haec placuit semel*. Horace, *Ars Poetica*, 365.
- p. 8. R. Bentley. H. B. Wheatley in his paper read before the Bibliographical Society, 20 December, 1909, *Dryden's Publishers*, printed from the Society's Transactions, 1912, says that before settling down with Tonson, Dryden had dealings with other publishers. "Nathaniel Lee's publishers were Bentley and Magnes, in Russell Street, Covent Garden, and the plays written by Dryden in conjunction with Lee (*Œdipus*, 1679, and *The Duke of Guise*, 1683) were published (1) *Œdipus* by Bentley and Magnes, and (2) *The Duke of Guise* by Bentley and Tonson in conjunction. James Magnes published the *Covent Garden Drolery*, 1677, which contained many of Dryden's poems, and the *Mistaken Husband*, 1675, with which play Dryden was somewhat concerned."

Richard Bentley had his business at the Post House in Russell Street, Covent Garden, 1675-97. He was a well-known publisher of novels, plays, and romances and is referred to by Dunton (*Life & Errors*, p. 292) as "novel" Bentley. His name first appears in the *Term Catalogue* of Hilary, 1675, in partnership with James Magnes as joint publisher of Crowne's tragedy, *Andromeda*. As Magnes' name appears first in all the imprints, Bentley was evidently the junior partner, but in the latter part of 1678 the firm became R. Bentley and M. Magnes, and so continued until 1682, when for a few months Bentley published alone. In the *Term Catalogue* for Michaelmas, 1683, Dryden's *Religio Laici* was published by R. Bentley and S. Magnes. The name of the latter occurs for the last time in Michaelmas, 1688, after which Bentley continued the business alone. That he was a liberal and enterprising man is shown by letters of his which have been printed in Sir H. Ellis' *Original Letters of eminent Literary Men*, 1843. Sometimes for his romances, particularly "romans à clef," Bentley adopted fictitious imprints. Thus Gabriel de Brémond's *Hattige, or the Amours of the King of Tamaran*, in its English dress, 1680, was published "For Simon the African, Amsterdam." Bentley's name last appears in the *Term Catalogue* of Easter, 1697, and he died between that time and 6 July, when his will was proved. He made his wife Katherine his sole executrix, and he left a son, Thomas. Among the witnesses to the will was Robert Everingham.

- p. 8. *The Bookseller to the Reader*. For a discussion of the problem concerning the authorship of the play see the Introduction.
- p. 8. *many years since*. About 1662-1663.
- p. 8. *a Scene wanting, he supply'd it*. Swinburne, "A Relic of Dryden,"

THE MISTAKEN HUSBAND

The Gentleman's Magazine, Vol. CCXLIX, October, 1880, considers that Act II, Scene 1 (at least until the entrance of Thomas and Isbel), and Act IV, Scene v, are to be certainly assigned to Dryden.

- p. 8. *Plautus his Amphitryon*. The original of the *Amphitruo* is generally believed to have been a work of the New Comedy, very possibly Philemon's Νύξ μακρά. A clue to the date of the Greek play is found in the description of Amphitryon's battle with the Telo-boians, a battle fought after the manner of those of the Diadochi, who became prominent at the death of Alexander the Great. (*Amphitruo*, 203 sqq.) The date of the Plautine adaptation of this play is altogether uncertain, save that it can be safely assigned to within the last two decades of this dramatist's life, 204-184 B.C.

Molière's *Amphitryon* was produced at the Palais-Royal on 13 January, 1668. It may be remembered that Jean Rotrou adapted from Plautus *Les Sosies*, which was first given at the end of December, 1636, or early in January, 1637.

The allusion to Shakespeare seems to be to *The Comedy of Errors*, which does not appear to have been acted upon the Restoration stage. Downes tells us that *Twelfth Night* "got up on purpose to be *Acted on Twelfth Night*" "had mighty Success by its well Performance." This comedy was revived 11 September, 1661; Pepys saw it on Tuesday, 6 January, 1662-3, and again on Wednesday, 20 January, 1668-9. Betterton acted Sir Toby; Lovel, Malvolio; and Ann Gibbs, who married Shadwell, Olivia, but we do not know who sustained Viola and Sebastian.

- p. 9. *The Prologue*. This Prologue with some slight differences is printed in "*New Poems, Songs, Prologues and Epilogues*. Never before Printed. Written by *Thomas Duffett*," London, 1676, pp. 76-78. "*Prologue to The Mistaken Husband*." For the textual variants see the Textual Notes.
- p. 9. *Misses*. Evelyn in a well-known passage, *Diary*, 9 January, 1661-2, speaks of "the fair and famous comedian called Roxalana from the part she performed . . . being taken to be the Earl of Oxford's *Miss* (as at this time they began to call lewd women)."
- p. 10. *Salteel*. *The Dictionary of the Canting Crew* has: "*Salt-eel*, a Rope's end used to Drub the Boies and Sailors on board of Ship." So in *Love for Love*, III, Ben threatens: "But an he comes near me, may-hap I may giv'n a Salt Eel for's Supper, for all that."
- p. 10. *Izabel, Her Maid*. Who appears as her Cousin.
- p. 11. *Glass Coaches*. Coaches with glasses, a recent invention, were very fashionable amongst the courtiers and ladies of the Restoration. De Grammont tells in his *Memoirs* how he presented a French calash with glasses to the King, and how, after the Queen and the Duchess of York had publicly appeared in it, a battle royal took place between Lady Castlemaine and Miss Stewart as to which of the two should first be seen therein on a fine day in Hyde Park.

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The Ultimium Vale of John Carleton (4to, 1663) says: "I could wish her Coach . . . made of the new fashion, with glass, very stately . . . was come for me." Cf. Mrs. Behn's *The Town Fop; or, Sir Timothy Tawdrey*, 4to, 1677, I, 2, where the Nurse rallies Sir Timothy: "you tear it away in Town, and live like Man and Wife with your Jilt, and are every Day seen in the Glass Coach, whilst your own natural Lady is hardly worth the Hire of a Hack." Pepys, Friday, 10 July, 1668, records "in the evening, with my people in a glass hackney-coach to the park."

- p. 12. *per Pole*. Per head (poll). Cf. Shakespeare, *All's Well that Ends Well*, 1601, IV, 3: "The muster file, rotten and sound . . . amounts not to fifteene thousand pole."
- p. 12. [*Table out*. A prompter's note. The scene has now changed to a tavern.
- p. 12. *in the Rose*. One of the rooms in the tavern. The chamber in which the scene is laid. Cf. Farquhar, *The Beaux Stratagem*, produced at the Queen's Theatre, Haymarket, 8 March, 1707; 4to, 1707; Act I, Scene 1, Scene, *an Inn: Cheery*. Here's the *London Coach* arriv'd. . . . Very welcome, Gentlemen—— Chamberlain, shew the *Lyon* and the *Rose*. [*Exit with the Company*.]
- p. 12. *Mercury*. Thus in *The Prince of Priggs Revels; Or, The Practises of that grand Thief Captain James Hind*, 4to, 1651, I, Hind says:

Still be propitious jugling* god, thy shrine * Mercury.
I'll be lade with Hecatombs of spotted Kine.

- p. 13. *fling two Sixes*. Hazzard implies that when at the gaming-table he uses *High-Fullams*, as false dice were called, and can cast a double six at will.
- p. 13. *many expensive drunken Meetings*. So in the novel *Don Martin (L'Amant Oisif)*: "Don Martin étoit un homme de plaisir, & quoi qu'il n'eut pas de grands biens, il étoit de ces gens agréables qu'on souhaite par tout. . . . Il ne faut pas s'étonner si un homme de ce caractère se fit aimer de Don Bertrand; il le gouverna comme il voulut, il lui fit faire des débauches, & dans ces tems de plaisir il lui fit raconter sa vie passée. . . . Il eût même l'adresse de lui faire dire dans la débauche des choses qui ne doivent jamais être dites."
- p. 13. *A secret passage in their Love*. This again is suggested by the novel. At their merry bouts Don Martin "apprit des particularitez des caresses que la femme de Don Bertrand faisoit à son mari lors qu'ils étoient couchez ensemble."
- p. 13. *a piece of broken Gold*. See the chapter on Nuptial Usages in Brand's *Popular Antiquities*. Killigrew in *Thomazo or the Wanderer*, folio, 1664, I, v, 1, where Don Harrigo exhibits love tokens: "Knots of old Ribband, Braids of Hair, Rings with Poesies, Seals and broken Gold."

In Middleton's *No Wit, No Help like a Woman's*, 8vo, 1657,

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II, 3 (ed. Bullen, *Middleton*, 1885, Vol. V, p. 355), Lady Goldenfleece says: "Then pray be witness all of you with this kiss I choose him for my husband . . . And with this parted gold that two hearts join." [Breaks gold into two pieces and gives one to Mistress Low-water.] Mistress Low-water is disguised as a gallant gentleman. Also *The Widow*, printed 4to, 1652, as by Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton, II, 1, where Valeria declares she has been entrapped into a verbal promise of marriage.

- 1st Suitor. Stay, stay, stay;
You broke no gold between you?
Valeria. We broke nothing, sir.
First Suitor. Nor drunk to one another?
Valeria. Not a drop, sir.
First Suitor. You're sure of this you speak?
Valeria. Most certain, sir.
First Suitor. Be of good comfort, wench: I'll undertake then,
At mine own charge, to overthrow him for thee.

Upon this passage Weber comments that breaking of gold is "a well-known token of affection in some parts of England." Thus in Shadwell's *Bury-Fair*, Theatre Royal, 1689, 4to, 1689; V, the mock Count wishing to bind Mrs. Fantast securely to himself, since it is after the Canonical Hour, says: "Breakè de Gold, and makè de Contract den now: dat vill breakè de Art of all de Rival," and the lady's mother urges: "Let it be so, Daughter: if by any accident you shou'd lose the Count, we were undone." Sometimes a ring was thus broken, or even a sixpence. Cf. John Wolcott's *Orson and Ellen*, c. 5:

And now they did a sixpence break
In sign of mutual troth.

John Barrow, *Travels into the Interior of Southern Africa* (2 vols., 4to, 1801-4), Vol. I, p. 168, notes: "Among the Kaffirs a promise is always held sacred when a piece of metal was broken between the parties."

- p. 14. *hang me up for a Priapus*. Priapus being the god of gardens and vineyards, where his statue was placed, as also the god of lechery. The well-known collection of poems *Priapeia* contains many epigrams warning thieves and riflers not to venture upon his domain, e.g. lxxi:

Si commissa meae carpes pomaria curae,
Dulcia quid doleam perdere, doctus eris.

and lxxii:

Pomarii tutela diligens, rubro
Priape furibus minare mutino.

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- p. 15. *the brazen Tombs at Westminster*. The monumental brasses at Westminster Abbey, such as those of Eleanora de Bohun, Duchess of Gloucester (*d.* 1399) in her habit as a nun of Barking Abbey, and of Robert de Waldeby, Archbishop of York (*d.* 1397), in S. Edmund's Chapel; the altar tomb with bronze effigy of Henry III in the Chapel of S. Edward Confessor; the altar tomb with effigy of Queen Eleanor, consort of Edward I, the work of the Italian Torelli, in the same Chapel; and in the same most hallowed spot, a brass representing John de Waltham, Bishop of Salisbury and Lord High Treasurer of England in the reign of Richard II; with many more fine monumental brasses.
- p. 15. *Pancridge*. S. Pancras' Church, where Manly was married to Learcut's daughter. Cf. *Tom Essence; or, The Modish Wife* (4to, 1676), V, 3, where Loveall says: "What think you of taking a Coach to *Pancras-Church*, . . . for that is a place of Priviledge and Liberty to Marry without Licenses, and at any time." Also *The Way of the World* (1700), I, where the Servant who reports to Mirabell upon the marriage of Waitwell and Foible announces: "Sir, there's such Coupling at *Pancras*, that they stand behind one another, as 'twere in a Country Dance."
- p. 15. *what a Beetle was I?* As blind as a beetle. Hensleigh Wedgwood, *On the Origin of Language*, 1866, p. 27, refers this proverb to the cockchafer from its flying in your face. John Heywood, *The Spider and the Flie*, 1556, II, 56, has "Beetleblind"; and Leonard Wright, *A Display of Dutie* (ed. 1614, p. 5), cites: "as blind as a beetle." Cf. also *Nobody and Somebody*, an anonymous old play:
- Ask the blindest beetle, that is whom he sees.
- p. 17. *The Coach-maker*. Tuesday, 20 October, 1668, Pepys looking for a coach "did light on one for which I bid £50, which do please me mightily, and I believe I shall have it." Four days later he notes: "This morning comes to me the coachmaker, and agreed with me for £53." Eventually, acting on Mr. Povy's advice, he selected "a little chariott . . . at the widow's, that made Mr. Lowther's fine coach."
- p. 18. *shovel Gold*. Play at shovel-board with gold coins. Shovel-board is a game in which a coin, a counter, or some other disk is driven by a smart blow with the hand along a highly polished board, or table, marked with transverse lines. Among the Herbert documents is a Licence for the "Use of one Shovelboard," *Dramatic Records*, edited by Q. T. Adams, 1917, p. 131. Cf. Shadwell's *The Miser*, Theatre Royal, January, 1672, III, where Cheatly describes young Squeeze "drunk as a Bully, and so sweet upon Mrs. Joyce" that "She perswaded him to play with *Hazard* at Backgammon, and he has already lost his *Edward* Shillings that he kept for Shovel-board, and was pulling out Broad-pieces (that have not seen the Sun these many years) when I came away."

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- p. 19. *Hinch-boys*. A hench-boy was an attendant, a page of honour, who ran on foot beside the mayor, sheriffs, and other high officials. Cf. Oldham, *Satyr III* (1679):

Then, when in *Solemn State* he pleas'd to ride,
Poor Scepter'd slaves ran *Henchboys* by his side.

- p. 19. *as nimble as an Eele*. John Ray, *A Collection of English Proverbs*, 1670, has: "as nimble as an eel [in a sandbag]."

- p. 19. *March Beer*. A potent beer brewed in March. Lithgow, *Travels* (1632), III, 106, speaks of "Strong *March-Ale* surpassing fine *Aqua-vitae*." In Shadwell's *The Sullen Lovers; or, The Impertinents*, produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields, Saturday, 2 March, 1668; 4to, 1668; I, when Stanford is advised to live in the country he retorts: "Yes to be drunk with *March Beer* and *Wine*, worse then ever was serv'd in at *Pye-corner* at the eating of *Pigs*." Tom Brown, *Last Observer* (1704) in *Collected Poems* (1705), has: "Hast with thee brought some . . . Protestant *March-Beer*, to raise my *Fancy*?"

- p. 19. *an Ell, London measure*. In allusion to a former custom of London drapers of allowing their customers something above the standard yard (or ell) when cloth was measured. Cf. a copy of verses "Upon *Aglaura* printed in Folio" prefixed to Brome's *The Covent Garden Weeded*, 8vo, 1658:

'Tis not in *Book as Cloth*; we never say
Make London-measure, when we buy a Play

- p. 19. *Sweet-Bag*. A small bag (or sachet) filled with scented and aromatic substances used for perfuming the clothes; also, as here, a larger bag sprinkled with lavender, orangerie, or bergamot in which linen could be folded and kept sweet. In the *Daily Courant*, 14 February, 1708, is advertised: "The Princely Perfume. Being a most delightful Powder, which incomparably scents Handkerchiefs, Gloves, and all Sorts of Linnen, making them smell most deliciously odoriferous, fine and charming; . . . also all Manner of Cloaths, Beds, Rooms, Scrutores, Presses, Drawers, Boxes, and all other Things, giving them a most admirable, pleasant, and durable Scent."
- p. 20. *I'll watch your water*. To watch one's water (or waters) is to keep a strict watch on anyone's actions. Thus Grose, *Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue* . . . Revised and Corrected by Pierce Egan, 1823. So in Shadwell's *The Miser*, Theatre Royal, 1672; 4to, 1672; IV, old Goldingham having scented a trick chuckles to himself: "This designe was well scaped; but I'll watch your waters I warrant you." In *The Plain-Dealer*, 4to, 1676, I, Jerry Blackacre cries to Freeman: "I'll watch your waters, Bully, i' fac." Cf. Crowne's *City Politiques*, 4to, 1683, II, where Bartoline says of his young wife: "I ha' no shuch confidentsh in a woman; I declare it before my girlersh faish I'll wash her wachersh."

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- p. 20. *Ferret Ribbond*. Ferret is a stout tape, made of cotton but also of silk. Cf. *An Evening's Love*, IV, 3, where Beatrix says: "There's your ferret-ribboning for garters."
- p. 20. *Mahomet of Algiers*. Algiers had from the year 1530, when Khair-el-Din founded the pashalik, been one of the chief lairs of Moorish pirates. See further the note upon "Argiers Man," *The Kind Keeper*.
- p. 20. *Spanish Carrukes*. A carrack is a galleon; a large ship of burden fitted for war. Cf. Heywood's *The Fair Maid of the West*, Part I, I:
- they are all on fire
 T' purchase from the Spaniard. If their carracks
 Come deeply laden, wee shall tugge with them
 For golden spoile.
- p. 20. *in blew Coats*. Blue was the colour appropriated to the dresses of the lower classes, and particularly of servants. So in Dekker and Webster's *Northward Hoe*, 4to, 1607, I, 3, we have "Enter a Serving-man," who is greeted by Bellamont with "Now, blue-bottle?" 1 *Henry VI*, I, 3: "Before the Tower. Enter at the Gates the Duke of Gloucester, with his Serving-men in blue coats." Cf. Jonson's *Euery Man in his Humour*, acted 1598 (folio, 1616), II, 4, where Braine-worme, old Kno'well's man, says: "we that are blew-waiters." Also *The Case is Altered*, I, 7: "euer since I belonged to the blew order" says Peter Onion, groom of the hall. In J. Cooke's *Greenes Tu Quoque*, 1614, we have of a serving-man "and for his colours, they are according to the season, in the Summer hee is apparlled (for the most part) like the heauens, in blew, in winter, like the earth, in freeze."
- p. 20. *Vales*. Vails, avails, profits; particularly money given to servants, "tips." Cf. Mrs. Behn's *The Roundheads; or, The Good Old Cause*, 1682, IV, 2, where Gilliflower, Lady Lambert's woman says: "my Vails were good in old *Oliver's* Days; I got well by that Amour between him and my Lady; the man was lavish enough."
- p. 21. *Islington*. Pepys has several references to this popular resort. On Sunday, 23 June, 1661, he notes: "We went to Islington, where at the great house I entertained them as well as I could." On Easter Tuesday, 1 April, 1662, he writes: "I took them to Islington, and then, after a walk in the fields, I took them to the great cheese-cake house and entertained them, and so home."
- p. 22. *Have I not starch't thy Bands*. In Shadwell's *The Lancashire Witches*, Dorset Garden, 1681; 4to, 1682; II, Susan the Chambermaid when Mr. Smerk, the domestic chaplain, treats her with coldness complains: "Have I . . . quill'd thy Cuffs, and starched thy Band my self, and never failed thee of thy morning Caudle or Jelly Broath?"
- p. 22. *untied my Garters*. In Colley Cibber's *Womans Wit; or, The Lady in Fashion*, 4to, 1697, IV, Mass Johnny jeers Lettice, Lady Man-

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love's maid, who is weeping at his departure: "Remember the back Closet up two pair of Stairs, young Gentlewoman.—Yaah! you cou'd squall louder then, when I did but offer to see whether you garter'd above Knee, or no." The abigail sobs: "Why, I don't garter above Knee; you may feel here then!" "What do I care! I won't feel there, I'll feel which Way I please or I won't stay," he retorts; and eventually she capitulates: "You shall tie my Garter where you please, if you won't go."

- p. 23. *I'll have Thee Carted*. In the Bridewell scene, V, 2, of Duffett's burlesque *The Mock-Tempest; or, The Enchanted Castle*, 4to, 1675, are exhibited "*a Baud and Pimp drawn over the Stage in a Cart follow'd by a Rabble*." Bawds and pandars were drawn through the streets in a cart surrounded by the mobile beating basins and performing rough music.

Cf. Middleton and Rowley's *A Fair Quarrel*, Second Edition (1617), with the added scene, IV, 4, where Chough and Trimtram banter Mother Meg, the bawd.

- p. 24. *Fish-street*. Where Learcut's house was situated. Old Fish Street is described in 1708 as "a considerable and pleasant street between Bread Street east and Old 'Change west." It was partially swept away when Queen Victoria Street was formed, and the remainder is absorbed in Knight-Rider Street. It was from earliest times one of the chief centres of the fish trade, and it was also noted for its taverns, which became celebrated for fish dinners. Thus Locke, the philosopher, in his *Directions to a Foreigner visiting London*, 1699, bids him "Eat fish in Fish Street, especially lobsters, Colchester oysters, and a fresh cod's head."

- p. 24. *dogged*. Angry. (Not the current use; obstinate.)

- p. 24. *gristle*. In the sense of a tender delicate person. Cf. Lyly's *Endimion*, 4to, 1591, V, 11, when Sir Thophas says: "I love no grissels they are so brittle they will cracke like glasse. . . . I desire old matrons." Also Massinger's *The Bondman*, licensed December, 1623; 4to, 1624; I, 3, where young Asotus pleads:

I am a gristle, and these spider fingers
Will never hold a sword.

Also Brome's *A Mad Couple Well Match'd*, 8vo, 1653; but acted twenty or more years earlier; V, 2:

Careless. Tempt me not good Lady,
To your own prejudice, your destruction;
I am one you cannot live and lie withall
A fortnight, you, alas y're but a grissell
Weake picking meat.

- p. 24. *The Pewterer; for they are up knocking Early and late*. In Thomas Jevons *The Devil of a Wife; or, The Comical Transformation*, Dorset Garden, March, 1685-6; 4to, 1686, Sir Richard Lovemore

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says his curst wife has so loud and shrewish a tongue "that 'twould be a Blessing to be lodged in *London* with a Silver Smith under me, a Brazier over head, a Trunk maker and a Pewterer on either side of me, and all of 'em Industrious Rogues to boot."

- p. 25. *fit of the Mother*. The mother is a common term for hysteria, as in Shakespeare's *King Lear*, 1605, II, 4:

O how this Mother swells up toward my heart!
Historica passio, downe thou climbing sorrow.

Cf. also *The Dutchesse of Malfy*, 4to, 1623, II, where the Duchess says to Bosola who is setting her ruff:

Would thou hadst done!
 Shall I swoon under thy fingers? I am
 So troubled with the Mother.

In Otway's *The Souldiers Fortune*, I, Lady Dunce remarks of her husband: "One kiss of him were enough to cure the fits of the Mother, 'tis worse than *Asa foetida*." In Shadwell's *The Lancashire Witches*, Dorset Garden, 1681; 4to, 1682; II, Isabella jeers Sir Timothy: "thou hast a hollow tooth would cure the Mother beyond *Arsa fetida*, or burnt Feathers."

- p. 25. *Kings Lyons*. Henry I kept lions and leopards in the Tower Menagerie, and Henry III added to the collection, which until the reign of William IV, when the few animals that remained were removed to the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, was one of the sights of London. The lions in the Tower were named after the reigning king, and it was long a vulgar belief that when the King died the lion of that name died after him. The menagerie was removed in November, 1834. "This discourse held us till we came to the Tower; for our first visit was to the lions. My friend, who had a great deal of talk with their keeper, inquired very much after their health, and whether none of them had fallen sick upon the taking of Perth and the flight of the Pretender; and, hearing they were never better in their lives, he was extremely startled, for he had learned from his cradle that the lions in the Tower were the best judges of the titles of our British kings, and always sympathised with our sovereigns." Addison, *Freeholder*, No. 47.

- p. 25. *The beginning of the World*. Cf. Wycherley, *The Gentleman Dancing-Master*, 4to, 1673, III, where Mrs. Caution says: "do you see how her Handkerchief is ruffled and what a heat she's in?" *Don Diego*. "She has been dancing." *Mrs. Caution*. "Ay, ay, *Adam and Eves Dance*, or the beginning of the World." *The Beginning of the World* is a second name for "the old hop-about commonly called *Sellengar's Round*." (Quoted by Chappell from *Bacchus' Bountie*, 1593.) This second name is fancifully explained in the comedy *Lingua* (1607), where Sellenger's Round is mentioned by Anamnestes as the music heard "the first time the planets played; I

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- remember Venus, the treble, ran sweet division upon Saturn, the base. The first tune they played was Sellenger's Round, in memory whereof, ever since, it hath been called *The Beginning of the World*."
- p. 26. *Hans in Kelder*. Literally Jack-in-the-Cellar, *i.e.* the unborn babe in the womb. Cf. *Amboyna*, IV, 1: "You *Englishmen* . . . cannot stay for Ceremonies; a good honest *Dutchman* would have been plying the Glass all this while, and drunk to the hopes of *Hans in Kelder* till 'twas Bedtime," and note on that passage.
- p. 28. *look't on Lillies*. An allusion to the psychic state in pregnancy. Dr. Havelock Ellis considers that the question of the reality of the transference of strong mental or physical impressions on the mother into physical changes in the child is still left unsettled. Various eminent gynaecologists, Litzmann, Roth, Hennig, Blumenbach, Burdach, Von Baer, Bischoff, have argued in favour of this most ancient and widespread belief.
- p. 29. *Caudle*. The quarto 1675 misprints *Candle*, but it is plain from Thomas' remark: "Sir, here's an Attendant of yours . . . has brought you a Repairer of Falling [Failing] Nature" that *Caudle* is correct. Thus in Shadwell's *The Squire of Alsatia*, Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, May, 1688; 4to, 1688; IV, after Belford Senior has passed a night with Mrs. Margaret, Mrs. Hackum enters with a great caudle, and says: "I have brought you a Cawdle here; there's Amber-greese in it, 'tis a rare refreshing, strengthening thing." "What, adad, you take me for a Bride-groom," retorts Belford, "I scorn a Cawdle, give me some Cherry Brandy." Ambergris, universally considered invigorating and a provocative, was largely used in wines, sauces, cordials, and perfumes. Such a caudle as Mrs. Hackum proffered was known as an "amber-caudle," a warm comfortable drink made with wine, spices, sugar, eggs, etc., with which ambergris had been sensibly mingled. Cf. *The London Cuckolds*, Duke's Theatre, winter of 1681, I, 1, where Wisacres says: "You may talk of Amber-caudles, Chocolate, and Jelly-broth's, but they are nothing compared to youth and beauty; a young woman is the only provocative for old age, I say." In *The Custom of the Country*, Beaumont and Fletcher, folio, 1647, IV, 4, Sulpitia the bawd, mistress of the male stews, sharply reminds Rutilio who is employed there in the "base stallion-trade":

You have cost me an hundred crowns, since you came hither
In broths and strengthening caudles.

- p. 29. [*Mrs. Manley and Isbel go out*. The original has "[*Smalman and Isbel go out*," an error I have ventured to correct. Actually Isbel does not go out here, but exit later as marked.
- p. 30. *Oriental*. Cf. *The Jew of Malta*, V, 4, 27-28:

A pearl so big
So precious, and withal so orient.

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Also *Volpone*, 4to, 1607; III, 7:

See, here, a rope of pearls; and each, more orient
Then that the braue Ægyptian queene carrous'd:
Dissolue, and drinke 'hem.

In *The Noble Gentleman*, Beaumont and Fletcher, folio, 1647,
II, Jaques says:

She thought herself brave in a bugle-chain,
Where orient pearl will scarce content her now.

- p. 30. *Juniper*. The seeds and wood of juniper were formerly burned to purify and perfume the air. Henry Lyte the botanist in his *A newe Herball or Historie of Plantes*, 1578 (a translation of the *Cruyde-boeck* of Rembert Dodoens, Antwerp, 1554), VI, lxxxii, 763, says: "Iuniper or the beries thereof burned driueth away . . . all infection and corruption of the ayre." In the *Nottingham Records*, IV, 199, we have: "Paid for iynepier to swetten the Hall j^d" (1582).
- p. 30. *Thomas holds up the Hangings*. It seems evident from this direction that originally the play was written for the platform-stage, adorned with tapestries, probably for the Vere Street theatre. Thus in *The Wild Gallant*, although the 1669 quarto represents this comedy revised and altered as acted at the Theatre Royal (Drury Lane), and there are changes of scenery indicated, yet there remain at least two suggestions of the nature of the stage on which it was originally acted in February, 1662-3. Dr. W. J. Lawrence, *The Elizabethan Playhouse*, Second Series, 1913, pp. 139-41, points out that "In Elizabethan days it was customary for eavesdroppers to enter, not by the usual doors, but on to the rear-stage, where they peeped through the curtains, taking care to show themselves to the audience." But they did not formally "enter" until they came forward. This is exactly paralleled in Act IV, Scene 1, of Dryden's play. The scene is a room with a table in it and cards thereupon. Trice, all alone, proceeds to play an imaginary game of picquet with Loveby, and loses to him. While he is busy, "enter Loveby behind." He listens, and Trice fancifully abuses him for winning, when he comes forward and pockets his gains. The stage-direction is, "Loveby enters." So also in Act IV, the whole point of the following dialogue lies in the fact that the stage was hung with arras.

Enter Constance as with child.

Nonsuch. Now Gentlewoman! is this possible?

Constance. I do not reach your meaning, Sir.

Nonsuch. Where have you been of late?

Constance. I seldom stir without you, Sir; these walls most commonly confine me.

Nonsuch. These walls can get no children; nor these Hangings, though there be Men wrought in 'em.

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Isabel. Yet by your favour, Nuncle, Children may be wrought behind the Hangings.

- p. 31. *uncustom'd.* On which no custom has been paid; smuggled. Cf. Heywood, *The Fair Maid of the West; Or, A Girle worth gold*, 4to, 1631, Part I, Act V:

theres an Englishman
Hath forfeited his ship for goods uncustom'd.

- p. 31. *Indico.* Indigo. Greek, Ἰνδικὸν (φάρμακον), *Dioscorides Physicus* (ed. Sprengel), V, 107. Latin, *indicum*, Pliny, XXXIII, 13, 67, and XXXV, 6, 26.

- p. 31. *Scutchionele.* A rare form of Cochineal. Nash has *scutchanele* as a verb. "To haue scutchaneled and painted his pickerdeuant." *Saffron Walden*, I, 1, b (1596).

- p. 31. *Gleek.* This very popular card-game is described at length in Cotton's *The Compleat Gamester*, 1674, Chapter VII, *The Game at GLEEK*. He characterizes it as a "noble and delightful game or recreation." It is frequently mentioned. Cf. Shadwell's *A True Widow*, Dorset Garden, 1678; 4to, 1679; Act IV, the playhouse scene, Theodosia to Carlos: "I believe it has cost you five pound in penny gleek, to get the good Will of the old Ladies."

- p. 32. *noise of Fiddlers.* A company, a band of fiddlers. In Dekker and Webster's *West-Ward Hoe*, 4to, 1607, Act V, Scene 2 commences: "Enter a Noise of Fiddlers, following the Chamberlain." Cf. Chapman, *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, 4to, 1598 (ed. Parrott, 11, l. 134-35), where Count Hermes says: "Oh that we had a noise of musicians to play to this antic as we go." Ben Jonson, *Epicoene; or, The Silent Woman*, 4to, 1609, III, Clerimont says: "The smell of the venison, going through the street will inuite one noyse of fiddlers or other," and later he enters, followed by a number of musicians, and cries: "I have brought you varietie of noyses," i.e. several bands of musicians.

- p. 32. *Whiffers.* A whiffler is one who cleared the way in a procession or at some public spectacle. He was generally armed with some weapon, a sword, javelin, or staff. At Norwich whiffers were regularly employed until 1835, and they were also in evidence when the Duke of Cambridge visited that city in September, 1848. Cf. Shakespeare, *Henry V*, 1599, V, Chorus:

The deep-mouth'd Sea,
Which like a mightie Whiffler 'fore the King
Seemes to prepare his way.

- p. 32. *Sellingers Round.* One of the oldest country dances, to which frequent reference is made.

- p. 32. *the Mandrake.* A curious term of abuse from the distorted appearance of the root supposed like the human face and figure. One may compare Oldham's satirical *Character*: "He's Man anagramatiz'd:

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A Mandrake has more of Humane Shape: His Face carries Libel and Lampoon in't." Cf. *The Honest Whore*, Middleton and Dekker, Part I, 4to, 1604, I, where Fustigo says: "God's my life, he's a very mandrake."

- p. 32. *Squeaking Christopher*. The Christopher is his kit, a small fiddle formerly much used by professors of music and dancing-masters. Thus in Wycherley's *Love in a Wood, or, St. James's Park*, Theatre Royal, 1671; 4to, 1672; III, 1, Lucy says to old Gripe: "Are you a Dancing-Master then, Sir? . . . I don't see your Fiddle, Sir, where is your little Kitt?"
- p. 32. *Set the blind Harper in the Corner*. In the third picture of Hogarth's "The Rake's Progress," now in the Soane Museum, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, which depicts a midnight brothel, a blind harper may be seen seated in the corner of the room accompanying a ballad-wench who is bawling out an obscene song.
- p. 32. *Mrs. Man. Sweet Love*. She speaks from within or else is in bed with the curtains drawn.
- p. 32. *Pillowbear*. A pillow-case; a pillow-slip. Cf. Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*, Prologue; The Pardoner, 693-5:

Ne was ther swich another pardoner.
For in his male he hadde a pilwe-beer,
Which that, he seyde, was our lady veyl.

- p. 33. *Cuckolds Haven*. A point on the south shore (the Surrey side) of the Thames, a little below Rotherhithe Church, and near to the present Thames Railway Tunnel. This spot was formerly distinguished by a high pole crowned with a pair of horns, a sign mentioned in *Northward Hoe*, Dekker and Webster, 4to, 1607, III, 2, where Squirrel says: "I will tell thee the most politick trick of a woman that e'er made a man's face look withered and pale, like the tree in Cuckold's-haven in a great snow." There are very many references to Cuckold's Haven, and Hogarth has depicted the landscape in his *Industry and Idleness*, V, "The Idle Prentice turned away and sent to Sea." Cf. *Eastward Ho*, Chapman, Jonson, and Marston, 4to, 1605, Actus Quartus, Scena Prima, "Enter Slitgut, with a pair of ox-horns, *discovering Cuckold's Haven above*." It may be remarked that Nahum Tate's adaptation of this fine old comedy was entitled *Cuckold's Haven, or An Alderman No Conjurer*, and produced at Dorset Garden in 1685.
- p. 33. *Sackcloth-Towns*. The piers of Old London Bridge, by obstructing the passage of floating ice, packed it and so caused it to coagulate in one mass. Actually the Thames was frozen over in the winters of 1564, 1608, 1634-35, 1683-84, 1715-16, 1739-40, 1789, and 1814. The sackcloth-towns are rough tents erected on the ice. The frost of 1683-4 is the most famous, being known as Frost Fair or Blanket Fair. In a letter from the Duke of York (James II) to the Prince of Orange, 4 January, 1683-4, mention is made of the

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frozen river, "and many booths are built on it between Lambeth and Westminster, where they roast meat and sell drink."

- p. 33. *a Fanaticks Teeth*. A very common word in the latter half of the seventeenth century. It was invariably applied to Nonconformists, and always in a hostile or derisive sense. It is thus used by Archbishop Maxwell as early as 1644, and Fuller in his *Misc Contemplations* (1660) has: "A new word coined, within few months, called fanatics . . . seemeth well . . . proportioned to signify . . . the sectaries of our age."
- p. 33. *shattered*. "To shatter" is an obsolete equivalent of "To chatter (of the teeth)." Cf. Creech's *Lucretius*, Second Edition, 1683; V, (p. 162):

And next *deep Winter* creeps, gray, wrinkled, old,
His *Teeth* all shatter, *Limbs* all shake with cold.

- p. 33. *On the Gridiron*. Cf. *The Spectator*, No. 570, Wednesday, 21 July, 1714: "Finding our Landlord so great a Proficient in Kitchen-Musick, I asked him if he was Master of the Tongs and Key. He told me that he had laid it down some Years since, as a little unfashionable; but that if I pleased he would give me a Lesson upon the Gridiron. He then informed me that he had added two Bars to the Gridiron, in order to give it a greater Compass of Sound; and I perceived was as well pleased with the Invention, as *Sappho* could have been upon adding two Strings to the Lute."
- p. 36. *piss Vinegar*. Cf. *The Return from Parnassus*, Part II (1602): "They are pestilent fellows, they speak nothing but bodkins, and pisse vinegar."
- p. 36. *Silver Chamber-pot*. Cf. Tom Brown's pasquil: "*On a Silver Piss-Pot. Occasion'd by a Bill to compel the bringing in of Plate to be Coined*, 1696-7." "The Works of Mr. Thomas Brown . . . the Eighth Edition," in four volumes, 1744. Vol. IV, p. 238. The lines commence:

Maids need no more their *silver-piss-pots* scour,
For they must jog, like *traytors*, to the *Tower*. . . .

- p. 36. *Joynd-stool*. A joint-stool is a stool made of parts well-joined or fitted together and so distinguished from a stool of more clumsy workmanship.
- p. 36. *to save part of the Charges, going to row*. In Shadwell's *The Miser*, Theatre Royal, 1672; 4to, 1672; III, James very candidly tells Goldingham: "no man gives one good word of you; one says. . . . That (when you go by Water to your House at *Putney*) you take a Sculler, and make him bate half his Fare, for your helping him to Row."
- p. 37. *labour in vain*. The Labour in Vain occurs among the trades tokens, and this sign gave its name to Old Fish Street, which Hatton in his *New View of London*, 1708 (p. 405), mentions "Old Fish Street, or Labour in Vain Hill." The sign represented two women scrub-

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bing a negro; hence this tavern was called by the lower classes the Devil in a Tub. In the Beaufoy Collection of traders' tokens there is one of Will Baggott, brewer, on which are two women scrubbing a negro. *Reverse*: IN OVLD FISH STREET HILL. (Old Fish Street Hill runs from Old Fish Street to the Thames.) The allegory implies that Will Baggott, by his sign, defied competition; that to brew ale like his would be "labour in vain." It should be remarked that ale taverns were formerly distinct from wine taverns. "To wash an Aethiop" is a proverbial expression for "labour in vain." In Massinger's *The Parliament of Love*, II, licensed by Herbert, 3 June, 1624, Cleremond says:

Or to extenuate, or excuse my guilt,
Were but to wash an Ethiop.

Cf. also *The Roman Actor*, licensed 11 October, 1626; 4to, 1629, III, 2:

Are they not dead?
If so, we wash an Æthiop.

In a ballad, "London's Ordinarie, or Every Man in his Humour," *Roxburghe Ballads*, Vol. I, p. 212, is a stanza:

The Chandlers will dine at the *Skales*,
The Salters at the signe of the *Bagge*;
The Porters take pain at the *Labour in Vaine*,
And the Horse-Courser to the *White Nagge*.

- p. 37. *Muckanders*. A muckender is a handkerchief (sometimes a bib). Cf. The Earl of Dorset, *To [Edward] Howard on his Plays*:
For thy dull fancy a muckinder is fit,
To wipe the slabberings of thy snotty wit.
- p. 37. *Isle of Doggs*. A low swampy peninsula projecting from the north bank of the Thames, almost opposite Greenwich.
- p. 38. *the sweet-meats*. Served at the funeral. Particularly the funeral-biscuits, small round sponge-cakes, formerly known as *arvel bread*, *arvel* or *arval* being the *ale* or feast of the heir when he succeeds to his father's property. Arvel bread is still eaten at funerals in many remoter parts of the country.
- p. 38. *newly Landed*. From the point of view of a practical production this stage-direction is superfluous. The scene is obviously before Learcut's house in Fish Street.
- p. 38. *Trenchmore*. Trenchmore is an old English rustic dance. According to Chappell it is first mentioned by William Bulleyn in 1564. Trenchmore appears in *The Dancing Master*, Fifth Edition, 1675. The direction is, to be danced "longways for as many as you will." The tune there given is found in *Deuteromelia* (1609), where it is called "To-morrow the fox will come to town." During Mr.

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Bayes' Eclipse, Luna, Sol, and the Earth sing "To the Tune of Trenchmore": *The Rehearsal*, produced 1671; Third Quarto, 1675, A& V.

- p. 38. *Those Torches speak a Funeral*. After the liturgical use of lights was prohibited or ceased in England, save for the two wax candles to be burned on the rere-table at the Anglican Communion (e.g. the engraving "La Communion des Anglicans à Saint Paul," Bernard Picart, *Cérémonies . . . Religieuses De Tous les Peuples du Monde*, Tome IV, Qui contient les Anglicans, les Quaquers, les Anabaptistes, &c., Amsterdam, 1736, p. 88), the use of herse-lights was still continued, and lighted tapers were carried at funerals, although the symbolism had been altogether disremembered and forgotten.
- When the usurper Cromwell died the body "lay in glorious state" at Somerset House, and curiously enough much of the ceremonial was copied from the interment of his Catholic Majesty Philip II of Spain. The rooms were hung with black cloth, and for eight weeks blazed with hundreds of candles. The expenses of this wanton and wasteful extravagance totalled £60,000, and it became a public scandal that a great part of this sum remained unpaid to the undoing of mercers, drapers, and the undertakers.
- p. 39. *an Angel*. The angel was a gold coin stamped with a device of S. Michael piercing the dragon. It was last coined by Charles I. It varied in value, but usually stood at about ten shillings. So in Wycherley's *Love in a Wood; or, St. James's Park*, 1671, 4to, 1672, III, when old Gripe is bribing Mrs. Joyner to leave him with Lucy he offers half a crown. "Joyner. What will half a Crown do? Gripe. Take a Crown then, an Angel, a Piece; be gone." The piece was a guinea or twenty shillings as each was most commonly current.
- p. 39. *Hold-fast*. In allusion to the strip of leather called the "jess" or "jesse" by which the hawk's feet are secured. E. B. Michell, *The Art and Practice of Hawking*, 1900, says: "Trained hawks always wear jesses. As soon as one pair is worn, and shows signs of weakness, another pair should be put on. . . . Valuable hawks have been lost by the owner's neglect to renew the jesses" (p. 41). The Hon. G. Lascelles, *Coursing and Falconry*, Cox and Lascelles, 1899, writes: "Jesses are two short strips of leather by which the hawk is held at all times" (p. 246).
- p. 39. *lock*. From the meaning a grapple or grip in wrestling; a trick, a stratagem; in modern parlance, "if you are up to that game." Cf. Cowley's *Cutter of Coleman Street*, IV, 4 (1663), where Truman senior says to Jolly: "Why look you, Colonel, he's at's old Lock, he's at's May-bees again."
- p. 40. *Burnt-Wine*. As Dr. Johnson explains, wine that has been warmed or made hot. It was somewhat similar to mulled wine.
- p. 40. *mumbled*. To mumble (as here) is to eat or drink with toothless gums.

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- p. 40. *dun Chappys*. Dun here is used of a dull leaden complexion. Cf. Chaucer, *Romaunt of the Rose*, 1213:

She was not browne ne dunne of hewe,

where the original is: *qui nestoit ne brune ne bise*.

- p. 40. *More Wine*. Henri Misson in his *Memoirs and Observations in his Travels over England . . .*, translated by Ozell, 1719 (originally published at The Hague, 1698), when describing an English funeral says that the company being all assembled and ready to go to Church, "Before they set out, and after they return it is usual to present the Guests with something to drink, either red or white Wine, boil'd with Sugar and Cinnamom, or some such Liqueur. *Butler*, the Keeper of a Tavern [The Crown and Sceptre in S. Martin's Street], told me there was a Tun of Red Port drank at his Wife's Burial, besides mull'd White Wine. Note, no Men ever go to Women's Burials, nor the Women to the Men's; so that there were none but Women at the drinking of *Butler's Wine*. Such Women in *England* will hold it out with the Men, when they have a Bottle before them, as well as upon t'other Occasion, and tattle infinitely better than they." After the burial "they return Home in the same order that they came, and each drinks two or three Glasses more before he goes Home."

The reason for this wine-drinking is of extreme antiquity. Particularly in Derbyshire does the belief yet obtain that every drop of wine drunk at a funeral is a sin committed by the deceased. Hence wine is drunk at funerals in order to release the soul of the dead from the burden of sin. Mr. Benjamin Dod in his will, quoted above, and published 27 July, 1714, appointed "Four and Twenty Persons to be at my Burial . . . to every of which Four and Twenty Persons . . . I give a pair of white Gloves, a Ring of Ten Shillings Value, a Bottle of Wine at my Funeral, and Half a Crown to be spent at their Return that Night to drink my Soul's Health, then on her Journey for Purification in order to Eternal Rest."

- p. 40. *Lading*. So Cotgrave (1611) has: "*Prendre son sil*, to swille, quaffe, caroose; to take in his lading, or his liquor to the full." And Molle, *Camerarius*, Liv. Libr. V, xiii, "Drunkards . . . when they haue their lading of wine" (1621).
- p. 41. (*He studies*). A stage-direction: He stands thoughtful for a while.
- p. 41. *an Egg-shell*. Witches were supposed to sail over the water in egg-shells. In *The Memoirs of Susan Sibbald (née Mein)*, born at Fowey in 1783, is related a pertinent anecdote. As a schoolgirl Susan Mein paid a visit to Haslar Hospital, of which Captain Yeo was governor. This old gentleman owing to gout wheeled himself with great dexterity in a small chair. Before he left the breakfast-room he would wheel himself round the table and crush to atoms every egg-shell on it. When Susan asked Mrs. Yeo the reason for this the lady replied: "My dear, the Governor thinks witches go to sea in egg-

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shells, and cause storms and shipwrecks." A few mornings later young miss took her egg-shell off the table and said, "I am determined a witch shall take a cruise in this that I may see what will happen." The Governor, however, was too quick for her, he drove her into a corner with a sharp ambit of his chair, and although the egg-shell had been thrown away and crushed, rewarded her with so sharp pinches and nips that she took care never again to interfere with his preventive service. *The Geography of Witchcraft*, by Montague Summers, pp. 170-171.

- p. 41. *Halberdiers*. See Hogarth, *Industry and Idleness*, X, "The Idle 'Prentice Executed at Tyburn," where the cart containing the wretched criminal is escorted by a train of mounted halberdiers.
- p. 42. *a little Cadua*. This rare word appears to be found only in three places: the present context; *The Wild Gallant*, I, 2; and *Love for Love*, III, 1. In *The Wild Gallant* Loveby says: "Well, this is not the first time my necessities have been strangely supplied: some *Cadua* or other has a kindness for me, that's certain." In *Love for Love* Sir Sampson jeers Valentine to Angelica: "Hang him, Mungrel; cast him off; you shall see the Rogue shew himself, and make Love to some desponding *Cadua* of Fourscore for Sustenance." *The Stanford Dictionary* defines "*Cadua*" as a "representative name for an elderly woman desirous of admiration or courtship." This hardly suits the present context where *Cadua* seems to be equivalent to "familiar" or "fly." Yet it precisely fits the usage of the word in *The Wild Gallant* and *Love for Love*. The derivation of *Cadua* is altogether obscure.
- p. 42. *the Peckled boys of Christ-Church*. Peckled is parti-coloured. Thus Cotgrave (1611) renders "*Gelinote de bois*, the pied, or peckled Pheasant, or wood Henne." The allusion is to the well-known dress worn by the boys of "The Blue Coat School," Christ's Hospital, Newgate Street, founded by Edward VI, 26 June, 1553 (ten days before his death), on the site of the Grey Friars Monastery. The habit is a blue coat or gown (the yellow petticoat, or "yellow" as it was called, having been discontinued), a black leather girdle round the waist, yellow stockings, and a clerical band round the neck. The flat black cap of woollen yarn of no great size was dropped about the middle of the nineteenth century.
- p. 42. *the Suffolk*. Which was generally considered to be of very poor quality. Swift uses the simile "As bad as *Suffolk* cheese." Cf. Shadwell, *The Woman-Captain*, Dorset Garden, 1679; 4to, 1680; I, 1, where among the courses of a nasty meal are said to be "three or four monstrous Olives, with a spoonful or two of damnable sharp Capers, and Suffolk Cheese."
- p. 43. *a Desk*. The pillory.
- p. 43. *dis-sease*. To disseise is a legal term meaning to dispossess or deprive.
- p. 43. *near Paddington*. In reference to the Tyburn gallows.
- p. 43. *Your name is Tom*. Meaning, you are lunatic. So in Shakespeare's

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King Lear, III, 4, where Edgar rushes in "disguised as a madman" he calls himself "poor Tom," and when Gloucester demands "Your names?" he replies "Poor Tom." Cf. the song "*Mad Tom of Bedlam*" in *Covent Garden Drolery*, 1672. A Tom o' Bedlam was a deranged person discharged from Bedlam and licensed to beg. Shorthouse, *John Inglesant*, 1880, Chapter IV, speaks of "wandering beggars, and half-witted people called 'Tom o' Bedlams' who were a recognized order of mendicants."

- p. 43. *a pide Coat*. The motley livery of a fool. Cf. Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, first acted in 1598; II, 4, where Brayne-Worme argues to excuse his spying upon young Kno'well and his disguise: "so must we that are blew-waiters, and men of hope and service doe, or perhaps wee may weare motley at the yeeres end, and who weares motley, you know" (folio, 1616).
- p. 44. *a piece*. The piece is an English gold coin, originally applied to the unite of James I, and afterwards to a sovereign or a guinea, as each was the current coin. *The Dictionary of the Canting Crew* explains the slang *Job* as "a Guinea, Twenty Shillings, or a Piece." Chambers, 1727-41, has "Coin, Guinea or Piece."
- p. 46. *Shooters-hill*. Shooter's Hill, Blackheath, Kent, between the eighth and ninth milestones on the Dover road. This locality was long infested by highwaymen and notorious for the many robberies committed here. The Bull Inn, which stands on the crest of Shooter's Hill, was in coaching days the first post-house at which travellers stopped and changed horses on their way from London to Dover. There is an old jingle:

Between Wickham and Welling
there's not an honest man dwelling;
and I'll tell you the reason why
because Shooter's Hill is so nigh.

- p. 46. *bite a mark about your face*. To "bite the face" or "bite the ear" is thieves' slang for "to borrow money." J. W. Horsley, *Macmillan's Magazine*, 1879, XL, p. 502, has: "He wanted to bite my ear [borrow] too often."
- p. 47. *the Screech-owl to, the bird of night*. Cf. Jonson's *Epicoene; or, The Silent Woman*, 1609, where Truewit says to Morose: "Before, I was the bird of night to you, the owl."
- p. 49. [*Exeunt severally*. Unless something has been omitted here, or unless only Mrs. Manley goes off, Hazard must immediately return.
- p. 49. *News from Tripoly?* A slang expression in common use at the time. "What news from Coventry?" and "What news from Norfolk?" (this latter no doubt a mere jingle) were similar somewhat meaningless phrases.
- p. 49. *a Carman stopt going up Ludgate-Hill*. Cf. James Howell's *Century of New Sayings*: "He is as much puzzled as one going up Ludgate Hill in a stop of coaches and carts."

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- p. 49. *twattle*. To twattle is to chatter at a great rate, to gossip glibly. Cf. The Duke of Buckingham's alteration of *The Chances*, 4to, 1682 (but acted many years before), III, 4: "I heard her grave conductress twattle some thing as they went along." Nashe, *Saffron Walden* (1596), has: "In that he twatleth it has bin better to have comforted Martin by Reuerend Cooper than such leuitie." A very rare form "betwattled," i.e. "chattering at a great rate and to no purpose," "talking like fluent fools" is found in *Squire Trelooby*, acted 30 March, 1704, by Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Walsh, I, viii: "Why sure the Men are betwattl'd." Cf. also D'Urfey's *Don Quixote*, Part III (1696), II, 1, where Teresa interrupts Mary the Buxom's chatter with "I think the Girl is betwattled." Cotton, *Virgil Travestie*, IV, has the noun: "Leave this foolish twittle twattle."

- p. 49. *Turky Pye at Easter*. Cf. Massinger's *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, 4to, 1633, where Justice Greedy is bribed in a similar way, IV, 2:

Greedy. Who, Tapwell? I remember thy wife brought me,
Last new-year's tide, a couple of fat turkies.

Tapwell. And shall do every Christmas, let your worship
But stand my friend now.

- p. 49. *grease him in the Fist*. An old and yet very common term for "to corrupt by a bribe"; "to tip." Whetstone, *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578, II, 3, has: "Grease them well in their hands." Cf. Quarles, *The Virgin Widow*, 1649, IV, 1: "Greaze my Fist with a tester or two, and ye shall find it in your Penny-worths." Also Cotton, *Scarronides*, IV:

Him she conjures, intreats, and prays,
With all the Cunning that she has,
Greases his Fist; nay more, engages
Thenceforth to mend his Quarter's-Wages.

- p. 49. *Cuffs*. Cf. *Hudibras*, Part I, II:

For Words and Promises that yoke,
The Conqu'ror, are quickly broke,
Like *Samson's Cuffs*.

Luttrell, *Brief Relation*, anno 1693 (1857): "He was cuff'd and shackled with irons and committed to Newgate."

- p. 50. *Waistcoateers*. A waistcoateer is a lewd and common strumpet; a bulker. The waistcoat was formerly used by both sexes, and when worn by women without a gown or upper dress was considered a mark of open profligacy. In *The Humorous Lieutenant*, folio, 1647, I, 1, the First Usher drives back Celia who is in poor attire with the abuse, "You waistcoateer." So in *Wit without Money*, 4to, 1639, IV, 4, Luce chides Francisco:

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Do you think you are here, sir,
Amongst your waistcoateers, your base wenches
That scratch on such occasions.

Also *The Noble Gentleman*, folio, 1647, IV, where Beaufort says:

This is the time of night, and this the haunt,
In which I use to catch my waistcoateers.

In Massinger's *The City Madam*, licensed 1632, III, 1, Ramble,
a bully-rock, abuses Shave'em, a whore:

I knew you a waistcoateer in the garden alleys,
And would come to a sailor's whistle.

Herrick, *Poor Robin* (ed. 1712): "Some shall be so incentive to lust, that every woman shall be devil enough to tempt him, from the Covent Garden silk gowns to the Wapping wastcoatiers."

- p. 51. *Super naculum*. "Drinking super nagulum, a device of drinking new come out of Fraunce; which is, after a man hath turned up the bottom of the cup to drop it on hys nayle and make a pearle with that is left; which if it slide and he cannot make stand on by reason thus too much, he must drinke againe for his penance." Nash, *Pierce Pennilesse*, 1592 The term was common. In *A Letter from Mr. Shadwell to Mr. Wicherley*, written in 1671, which I printed in my collected edition of Wycherley (Nonesuch Press, 1924, Vol. II, pp. 243-45), from *Poems on Affairs of State*, 1698, we have:

In fine, this Priest has mighty Pow'r
At Supernaculum, and drinks more
At six Go-downs on Reputation
Than e'er a Levite in the Nation.

Cf. also Cotton, *Scarronides*, I (1664):

With that she set it to her Nose,
And off at once the *Rumkin* goes;
No Drops beside her Muzzle falling,
Until that she had sup'd it all in:
Then turning't Topsey on her Thumb,
Says, Look, here's *Supernaculum*.

- p. 52. *Lanthorn*. Some part of a ship. Pepys *Diary*, Thursday, 17 January, 1661, notes: "We went through Ham Creeke to the Soverayne . . . which is a most noble ship. . . . My Lady Sandwich, my Lady Jemimah, Mrs. Browne, Mrs. Grace, and Mary and the page, my lady's servants and myself, all went into the lanthorn together."
- p. 52. *Does any body steal Children?* Actually the practice was sufficiently common in England about this time, and the word "kidnap" (from "kid," a child; and "nap" or "nab," to seize) came into use. In Luttrell's *Brief Relation*, I, 183, under 10 May, 1682, we find:

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"Mr John Wilmore having kidnapped a boy of 13 years of age to Jamaica, a writ de homine replegiando was delivered to the sheriffs of London against him."

- p. 52. *under the Rose*. Early modern Dutch, *onder de roose*. M.L.G. *under du rosen*. G. *unter der Rose*. This phrase, which is possibly of German origin, is found early, e.g. *State Papers, Henry VIII*, 1546, XI, 200: "The sayde questyon were asked with lysence, and that yt shoulde remayn under the rosse, that is to say, to remayn under the bourde, and no more to be rehearsed." Although perhaps not quite so common to-day as formerly, *under the rose* has yet persisted.
- p. 52. *We must even through stich with it*. "To go through stich" is Lancashire dialect for "to do a thing thoroughly." Wright, *Dialect Dictionary*, has "*all through the stich*, entirely, completely." He gives an example: "It wur bad o through th' stich," South Lancashire. Cf. Shadwell's *The Lancashire Witches*, Dorset Garden, autumn, 1681; 4to, 1682 (*Term Catalogues*, November, 1681); III, where when Thomas o Georges has told his tale of witchcraft Bellfourt sneers: "Well said, this was home; I love a Fellow that will go through stich." Also Cotton's *Virgil Travestie*, IV:

And tell him more that he,
who means to conquer *Italy*,
must with his work go through stiches
And not run hunting after Bitches.

- p. 53. *Duke Watson*. As is pointed out in the Theatrical History of this comedy, a prompter's note has crept into the stage direction here. The Boatswain was played by Marmaduke Watson.
- p. 53. *Bilboes*. T. Dyche, *Dictionary*, 1748 (fifth edition), has: "*Bilboes*, the punishing a person at sea by laying or putting the offender in irons, or a sort of stocks, but more severe than the common stocks."
- p. 53. *spankers*. A spanker is obsolete slang for a coin. It is generally used in the plural, as Cowley, *Cutter of Coleman Street*, 4to, 1663, II, 5, where Puny says: "thou pretty little Smith o' my good fortune, beat hard upon the Anvil of your Plot, I'll go and provide the Spankers." Denham in his *Dialogue* (Poems, ed. 1771), circa 1668, has: "Your cure too costs you but a Spanker."
"Spanker" was common enough until the late eighteenth century. It occurs in Foote's *Minor* (1760), and is given by Grose.
- p. 53. *Demicaſtor*. Demicaſtor is an inferior quality of beaver's fur, or a mixture of beaver's and other fur; the word is generally used as a hat made of this. *Lancashire Wills*, II, 142: "To W^m Nickson one demicaſtor hatt" (1637). Charles King, writing in the periodical *The British Merchant* (1713), collected 3 vols. 8vo, 1721; Vol. II, 236, speaks of: "Beaver, Demicaſtor, and Felt Hats, made in . . . Paris."
- p. 53. *Cross-cloaths*. A cross-cloth was a linen band worn across the forehead. Fynes Moryson in his *Itinerary*, London, folio, 1617, III,

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iv, 1, writes: "Many weare such crosse-clothes or forehead clothes as our women use when they are sicke."

- p. 53. *flairing hairs*. Disordered; out of place; now generally used as "bristling from fright." John Heywood in his *Proverbes & Epigrams*, 1562, speaks of "Uncomde staryng heads" (ed. 1867; 182).
- p. 53. *murrey Worsted Stockings*. In The Prologue to *The Canterbury Tales* (456-7), the Wife of Bath, we are told, wore not unsimilar gear:

Hir hosen weren of fyn scarlet reed,
Ful streite y-teyd, and shoos ful moiste and newe.

Cf. also *Westminster Drollery*, 1671: *A Song*:

Her Wastcoat is of Scarlet,
With Ribbons tied together;
Her stockins of a bow-dy'd hue,
And her shoes of Spanish Leather.

- p. 54. [*They go out*. Learcut apparently descends through a trap-door, and the Boatswain remains. The stage directions have not been revised, but I for my part should not venture to tamper with them.
- p. 54. *flook*. Admiral William Henry Smyth (1788-1865), *The Sailor's Word-Book* (revised and edited by Sir Edward Belcher, 8vo, 1867), defines "fluke" as one of "the broad triangular plates of iron on each arm of the anchor, inside the bills or extreme points, which, having entered the ground, hold the ship." Philemon Holland, *Livy* (1660), XXXVII, 30, has: "Her owne anker, which by one of the floukes tooke fast hold." The word is still in use.
- p. 55. *the Market*. In allusion to kidnapping.
- p. 55. *per Minas*. That is to say it was extorted by threats and intimidation.
- p. 56. *Top-gallant*. A top at the head of the top-mast and thus in a loftier position than the original top-castle or top. This meaning, however, became obsolete towards the beginning of the seventeenth century when the word was generally used as short for *top gallant sails*, the sails above the topsail and topgallant. Here the original old use seems to be preserved.
- p. 56. *or think too loud*. The original text here reads, "or think too lewd," which gives no sense. After "butchers knife" the Boatswain makes a gesture of slitting a throat.
- p. 57. *Summer-Islands*. Somers Islands, an alternative name for the Bermudas, from Sir George Somers, the first who established a settlement upon them. Sir George Somers, or Summers (1554-1610), when conveying a body of settlers to Virginia, his vessel, the *Sea Venture*, was shipwrecked off some islands on 25 July, 1609. These islands were those that had been sighted for the first time in 1515 by a Spanish seaman, Juan Bermudes. An account of the wreck of Sir George Summers and Sir Thomas Gates and their redemption is given by William Strachey in *Purchas, his Pilgrimes*.

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- p. 60. *Gingerbread Cozen*. As resembling the figures made of (gilded) gingerbread; tawdry; and hence used ironically as "sham"; "putative"; "unreal." Wilson, *The Cheats*, 4to, 1664, IV, 5: "If I marrie, I promise you it shall not be Tyro, 'tis such a piece of Gingerbread." Churchill, *The Ghost*, 1763, IV, has:

Who, quite a Man of Gingerbread,
Savour'd in talk, in dress, and phyzz,
More of another world than this.

- p. 60. *Ring with a Deaths-head*. It was customary at a funeral for the relations and friends of the deceased to be presented with memorial rings usually engraved with a skull and cross-bones, and in old wills there are often bequests for this purpose.

- p. 60. *choak-pear*. A choke-pear is something difficult or impossible to "swallow." Cf. the instrument of torture forced into the mouth as a gag; French *Poire d'angoisse*; German (*Folter*) *Birne*. Dr. Samuel Collins, provost of King's College, Cambridge, in his *Epphata to F.T., or, the defence of . . . the Lord Bishop of Ely*, Cambridge, 4to, 1617, II, viii, 341, has: "S. Austens testimonie . . . is a choake-peare that you cannot swallow." The term is frequent. Cf. Richardson's *Clarissa*, 1748, II, viii, 40: "I believe I have given her a choak-pear."

- p. 61. *ruffle Cuffs*. Old slang for handcuffs. Cf. the song "Bobby and His Mary," *Universal Songster*, 1826, III, p. 108:

And his Ruffles soon they popped on.

Also Ainsworth, *Jack Sheppard*, 1839, II, ix: "'I'll accomodate you with a pair of Ruffles,' and he proceeded to handcuff the captive."

- p. 62. *Burnt-Clarret*. Mulled claret, as we should say.

- p. 62. *that this conspires*. The text is as obviously corrupt here, as it is easily emended. I have thought it best to leave it untouched.

- p. 63. *commonly called Spirits*. *The Dictionary of the Canting Crew* has: "*Kidnapper*, one that Decoys or Spirits (as it is commonly called) Children away, and Sells them for the Plantations." Cotton, *Virgil Travestie*, IV:

May Strangers daunt him with Bravado's;
And spirit's Son to the *Barbado's*.

- p. 63. *Calenture*. A disease often affecting sailors or travellers at sea in the tropics, one symptom of which was a delirium in which the patient imagining the waves to be green fields would strive to leap over-board. Thus Swift, *South Sea Projector*, 1721, VII, writes:

So, by a calenture misled,
The mariner with rapture sees,
On the smooth ocean's azure bed,
Enamell'd fields and verdant trees.

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- p. 64. *burn day-light*. To waste or consume the daylight, *i.e.* to waste time.
Cf. Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, I, 4, when the time is nightfall
and the characters enter attended by torch-bearers:

Mercutio.

Come, we burn daylight, ho!

Romeo. Nay, that's not so.

Mercutio.

I mean, sir, in delay.

- p. 64. *a Cunning Man*. To lay the ghost. A cunning-man is the common term for a conjurer, a fortune-teller, or warlock. Cf. Shakespeare, *II Henry VI*, IV, 1:

A cunning man did calculate my birth,

And told me that by Water I should dye.

Addison, *Spectator*, 505, 1712, classes together "Wizards, Gypsies, and Cunning-Men."

- p. 65. *chafe in*. This is a very rare use of "chafe" which here means "utter with fervent devotion." In Anthony Horneck's *The Crucified Jesus*, 1686, a parallel expression occurs: "The Heart must be prepared, the Soul chafed, the Affections warmed."

- p. 65. *Sugar Courtship*. In the sense "fond amorous courtship, which is so sweet to me."

- p. 65. *Pige* *ney*. Darling; pet. Apparently from baby's talk and nurses' prattle to their charges. This endearment is generally applied to a female, but sometimes to a lad or friend. It is far from infrequent. Chaucer, *The Miller's Tale* (c. 1386), has:

She was a prymerole, a pigges-nye

For any lord to leggen in his bedde,

Or yet for any good yeman to wedde.

Massinger, *The Picture*, licensed 8 June, 1629; 4to, 1630; II, 1, has "the pigsney of his heart." In Farquhar's *Love and a Bottle*, acted at the Theatre Royal, December, 1698, I, Trudge, Roebuck's cast whore, enters with a squaling child, and shows him to Lovewell, crying: "See, Mr. *Lovewell*, if he has not Mr. *Roebuck's* Nose to a hair . . . and the little Pigsnye has Mamma's Mouth."

- p. 65. *Lo're your Top-gallant.* Cf. *The London Gazette*, No. 544/3, 1671: "He caused his Top-gallant Masts and Yards to be taken down, and his Galleries and Quarter Decks to be covered with Canvas made for that purpose, to the end they might take him for a Merchant man." The phrase is equivalent to "strike your sails."

- p. 66. *Meleagers brand.* Meleager, the son of Althaea, to whom when he was seven days old the Moirae (the three Fates) appeared declaring that the boy would die as soon as the piece of wood which burned on the hearth should be consumed. Althaea at once extinguished the firebrand and concealed it in a secret chest, so that her son became practically invulnerable. Meleager took part in the Calydonian hunt, but he slew his mother's brothers in a sudden quarrel, whereupon she flung the long-treasured wood on the fire, and as

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it blazed his strength failed until he expired. Repenting of her deed she put a violent end to her life. Meleager is known to Homer, but the poet clearly has no cognizance of the legend of the brand. Yet this is at least as old as Phrynicus the tragic dramatist, who was said to be a pupil of Thespius himself. (See Pausanias, X, 31, 2.) Phrynicus gained his first theatrical victory in 511 B.C. and his last in 476.

- p. 67. *lay level*. As we should say, "make it fair and square as regards the troublesome precepts of the Law."
- p. 68. *as at a Coronation*. Perhaps the writer had in mind the Coronation of King Charles II, 23 April, 1661. Pepys tells us of the jovial potations which marked that glad day, the bonfires in the streets, and how passers-by drank the King's health upon their knees. "And I wondered to see how the ladies did tittle . . . and if ever I was foxed it was now."
- p. 69. *Two damn'd ill Plays*. Since the precise date of the production of *The Mistaken Husband* is not known it were hazardous to suggest any identification of these two pieces.
- p. 69. *To Ad with raw Boyes*. This comedy apparently being largely cast from the younger members of the company.
- p. 69. *a fine House*. The second Theatre Royal, Bridges Street. See further the Theatrical History of this play. The wardrobe of Killigrew's actors having been destroyed in the fire which burned the first Theatre Royal on Thursday, 25 January, 1672, they were reduced to sad straits, and were compelled to don any such habits ("Leather") as they could procure. There are in Prologue and Epilogue several apologetic allusions to these deficiencies.

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- p. 71. *Aureng-Zebe*. Quarto 1699, and folio 1701, both give the title as *Aureng-Zebe; or, the Great Mogul*. The Arabic name is Mughal, but in English it has become Moghul or Mogul (Mongol).
- p. 72. *Sed, cum fregit*. Juvenal, VII, 86-87. The scholiast glosses: "Post tantum favorem audientium, nisi cautionem inauditam Pantomimo vendidisset, non habebat unde se sustentaret."
- p. 80. *John, Earl of Mulgrave*. John Sheffield, third Earl of Mulgrave, afterwards first Duke of Buckingham and Normanby, was born 7 April, 1648. In 1658 he succeeded his father, as third Earl of Mulgrave. He made an important figure in the wars against the Dutch and other campaigns. Being upon unfriendly terms with Monmouth he naturally courted the friendship of the Duke of York, and upon the accession of this prince to the throne he was in high favour. Upon the establishment of the revolutionary government he quietly submitted, but was a recognized leader of the loyal

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Tories and known for his opposition to the intruder William. Queen Anne showed him marked consideration, and in March, 1702-3, she created him Duke of Buckingham and Normanby. He died 24 February, 1720-1, at Buckingham House, S. James Park. He was the author of several pieces, including the *Essay on Satire* which was revised by (and which Rochester wholly attributed to) Dryden. Sheffield was a munificent patron of the great poet, and the translation of the *Æneis* was dedicated to him. His revision of Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, which he broke up into two plays and largely rewrote, is still remembered as a dramatic curiosity. His prose works are more valuable.

- p. 80. *Montaign. Essais*, livre troisieme, IX, *De la vanité*; "Il n'en est point, qui soit plus nettemēt quitte d'obligations & bienfaicts estrangers,

nec sunt mihi nota potentum

Munera.

Les princes me font assez de liē, quād il ne me font point de mal, c'est ce que i'en demāde." Ed. 1588; p. 427. The quotation is from the *Æneid*, XII, 519-20. Montaigne has inserted "sunt mihi."

- p. 80. *Censure*. Opinion; judgement; without any idea of fault or blame. Thus in Rochester's *An Allusion to Horace*, "The Tenth Satire of the first Book":

If S[edley], S[hadwell], S[heppard], W[icherley],
G[odolphin], B[utler], B[uckhurst], B[uckingham],
And some few more, whom I omit to name,
Approve my sense, I count their censure Fame.

- p. 80. *Bounty*. Dryden was poet-laureate, a warrant for which was issued 13 April, 1668, but he was then granted no pension. August 18, 1670, a patent was issued combining the office of historiographer royal with the poet laureatship and assigning a pension of £200 a year, payable "from the Death of the said Sir William Davenant lately deceased," together with a butt of canary. In the Treasury Books for 1671 is a "warrant for £500 to John Dryden, M.A., His Majesty's Poet Laureate and Historiographer Royal in full of what is grown due on his pension."
- p. 80. *Montaign has left of his*. Michel Eyquem de Montaigne was born in 1533, and died 1592. On 14 November, 1561, the "cour des aides" of Périgueux, of which body he was a member, was incorporated in the Parlement of Bordeaux. On 24 July, 1570, Montaigne resigned his office in favour of Florimond de Raemond. He has testified to his dislike of the laws of his day, and his criticism of the government of Charles IX which upheld ancient statutes was severe.
- p. 80. *Montaign, in other places. e.g. Essais*, Livre I, chapitre xlii: *De l'inegalité qu'est entre nous*. "Si nous considerons vn paisan & vn

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Roy, il se presente soudain à nos yeux vn' extreme disparité, qui ne sont differêts par maniere de dire qu'en leurs chausses . . . l'Empereur, du quel la pompe vous esblouit en public,

*Scilicet & grandes viridi cum luce smaragdi
Auro includuntur, teriturque Thalassama vestis
Assiduè, & Veneris sudorem exercita potat,*

voyez le derriere le rideau, ce n'est rien qu'un homme commun, & à l'adventure plus vil que le moindre de ses subiects. La colliardise, l'irresolution, l'ambition, le despit & l'enuie l'agitent comme un autre." The quotation is from Lucretius, IV, 1126-28. For *Thalassama* read *thalassina*. See also Livre Troisieme, chapitre viii: *De l'art de conferer*.

- p. 81. *Cicero*. "Nunc quoniam laudis avidissimi semper fuimus." *Ad Atticum*, I, 15. "Quin etiam quod est subinane in nobis, et non ἀφιλόδοξον, bellum est enim sua vitia nosse," *Ibid.*, II, 17. "Sum etiam avidior etiam, quam satis est, gloriæ." *Epistulae familiares*, IX, 14. Cicero's enemies, as is well known, often ridiculed his pride and arrogance: "Et quoniam hoc reprehendis, quod solere me dicas de me ipso gloriosus prædicare." *Pro Domo sua ad Pontifices*, XXXV.
- p. 81. *thirst of Fame*. In the Dedication, "A Discourse Concerning the Original and Progress of Satyr," prefixed to his *Juvenal*, 1693, Dryden says: "Fame is in it self a real good, if we may believe Cicero, who was perhaps too fond of it."
- p. 81. *ruin'd the Consul*. Cicero himself. Cicero and C. Antonius were the consuls in 63 B.C. when Catiline's conspiracy was discovered. For his prudence and energy at this juncture Cicero received the highest honours; he was addressed as "Pater Patriæ"; and thanksgivings in his name were voted to the gods.
- p. 81. *Brutus*. Cicero was present at the assassination of Cæsar in the Senate, and he tells us: "Quid mihi attulerit ista domini mutatio, præter lætitiâ, quam oculis cepi, iusto interitu Tyranni?" *Ad Atticum*, XIV, 14. Nay more, the conspirators were assured he would approve their deed; "Cæsare interfecto—statim cruentum alte extollens M. Brutus pugionem, Ciceronem nominatim exclamavit, atque ei recuperatam libertatem est gratulatus." *Philip.* II, 12. Antony indeed accused Cicero of having been a party to Cæsar's murder ("Cæsarem meo consilio interfectum," *Phil.* II, xi), but such does not appear to have been the case. Conyers Middleton, *Life of Cicero*, III, 5 (ed. 1742), argues that his age, character, and dignity rendered him wholly unfit to embark in so desperate an affair; that he could have been of little use to the conspirators in the execution of their act; that having no share in it himself he was of far greater weight in justifying it to the City. "These were the true reasons no doubt, why Brutus and Cassius did not impart the design to him: had it been from any other motive, as some writers

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have suggested, or had it admitted any interpretation injurious to his honor, he must have been often reproached with it by *Antony*, and his other adversaries of those times." The historian adds, however, "that Cicero, though a stranger to the particular counsels of the Conspirators, had yet a general notion of their design, as well as some share in promoting it." C. Merivale, *History of the Romans Under the Empire*, New York, 1864, writes: "When we read the vehement claims which Cicero put forth to the honour (!) of association, however tardy, with the glories and dangers of Cæsar's assassins, we should deem the conspirators guilty of a monstrous oversight in having neglected to enlist him in their design were we not assured that he was not to be trusted as a confederate either for good or for evil." Cf. Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, II, 1:

Cassius. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cinna. No, by no means . . .

Brutus. O! name him not: let us not break with him
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cassius. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

- p. 81. *A Modern Wit.* Montaigne, *Essays*, Livre Premier, chap. xxxix; *Consideration sur Cicéron*; "Encore vn traict à la comparaison de ces coulpes: il se tire des escrits de Cicero, et de ce Pline peu retirant, à mon aduis, aux humeurs de son oncle: infinis témoignages de nature outre mesure ambitieuse: Entres autres qu'ils sollicitent au sceu de tout le monde, les historiens de leur temps de ne les oublier en leurs registres: et la fortune comme par despit, a faict durer iusques à nous la vanité de ces requestes, & pieça faict perdre ces histoires." (ed. Paris, 1617; p. 188.)
- p. 81. *Posterity.* Middleton, *Life of Cicero*, III, 309 (ed. 1742): "He had an ardent love of glory, and an eager thirst of praise: was pleased, when living, to hear his acts applauded; yet more still with imagining, that they would even be celebrated when he was dead."
- p. 81. *remember his Consulship.* Cicero wrote in Greek, imitating the style of Isocrates, a Commentary or Memoirs of the transactions of his Consulship; this he sent to Atticus whom he requested to publish it in Athens and other Greek cities. He also sent a copy to Posidonius of Rhodes, the distinguished Stoic philosopher from whom he had received instruction, requesting him to write these Memoirs "nostrum illud υπόμνημα" in a more elegant way which might be acceptable to future ages. Posidonius declined, masquing his refusal with an extravagant compliment. *Ad Atticum*, II, 1. Cicero also upon the plan of these Memoirs composed a Latin poem in three

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books; from which Juvenal, X, 122, has preserved an unlucky and complacent jingle:

O fortunatam natam me consule Romam.

- p. 82. *Si fractus*. Horace, *Carminum*, III, iii, 7 and 8. These lines are alluded to by Pope, *Prologue to Satires*, the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, 1735:
- Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack.
"The mighty crack" is Addison's phrase in his version of the ode, ridiculed by Martinus Scriblerus.
- p. 82. *Ille meos*. *Æneid*, IV, 28 and 29.
- p. 82. *when you offer'd*. In 1666, when but eighteen years old, the Earl of Mulgrave served as a volunteer against the Dutch in the fleet commanded by Prince Rupert and the Duke of Albemarle; and in the Second Dutch war he assisted as a volunteer at the sea-fight in Southwold Bay, and in 1673 received the command of the *Captain* the best second-rate ship in the Royal Navy.
- p. 82. *your Noble Ancestors*. Edmund Sheffield, first Baron Sheffield, 1521–1549. A ward of Lord Rochford and then of the Earl of Oxford, he was created Baron Sheffield of Butterwick, 18 February, 1547. In 1548–9 there were risings in various parts of England with the object of redressing the galling grievances and resisting the tyranny of Somerset. In Northamptonshire a muster of over 16,000 was headed by Robert Ket a tanner, and Norwich itself was invested. William Parr, Marquis of Northampton, thereupon marched against Ket with a force of very inferior numbers; was defeated; and on 1 August suffered severe loss. In the general rout Lord Sheffield, who had joined Northampton's troops, fell with his horse into a ditch, and was there slain, as some say by a butcher with a huge partisan.
- p. 83. *Suave mari magno*. *De Natura Rerum*, II, 1–4.
- p. 83. *Epicurus* . . . Cowley. In 306 B.C., when he had attained the age of thirty-five, Epicurus returned to Athens where he had purchased for eighty minae a garden, the famous Κῆποι Ἐπικούρου, in which he established his philosophical school. Here he passed the remainder of his days, dying in 270 B.C., at the age of seventy-two.
- p. 83. *Omnis enim*. *De Natura Rerum*, II, 646–51.
- p. 83. *Despicere unde queas*. *De Natura Rerum*, II, 9, 10.
- p. 83. *a sufficient Theater*. Seneca, *Epistles*, I, vii, 11: "Satis magnum alter alteri Theatrum sumus." This is taken from Epicurus.
- p. 83. *Lazars of the People*. Lazar is a word frequently used by Dryden, and generally with reference to painting. Cf. the Preface to *Tyrannick Love*, 4to, 1670: "If with much pains and some success I have drawn a deformed piece, there is as much of art and as near an imitation of Nature in a Lazar, as in a Venus."
- p. 84. *an Heroique Poem*. Dr. Johnson, writing of the Dedication to *Aureng-Zebe*, says: "In this address Dryden gave the first hints of his

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intention to write an epick poem. He mentions his design in terms so obscure, that he seems afraid lest his plan should be purloined, as, he says, happened to him when he told it more plainly in his preface to *Juvenal*." In this Preface addressed to the Earl of Dorset, Dryden says he hesitated between two subjects for an epic poem. "I was doubtful, whether I shou'd chuse that of King *Arthur*, Conquering the *Saxons*; which being farther distant in Time, gives the greater Scope to my Invention: Or that of *Edward* the Black Prince in subduing *Spain*, and Restoring it to the Lawful Prince, though a Great Tyrant, *Don Pedro* the Cruel." From the allusion here, "the Story *English*, and neither too far distant from the present Age, nor too near approaching it," the latter subject, Edward the Black Prince, seems to have been engaging Dryden's more serious consideration.

- p. 85. *Cassandra* nor *Cleopatra*. *Cassandra* is the heroine of La Calprenède's heroic romance, *Cassandre*. The lady is really the Princess Statira, daughter of Darius and wife of Alexander the Great, who has assumed another name (which gives its title to the romance) to escape the rage of Roxana. She is beloved by Oroondates, king of Scythia.

Cleopatra, the heroine of La Calprenède's *Cléopâtre*, is the daughter of the great Egyptian queen and Mark Antony. It need hardly be said that although these two vast romances introduce famous characters, and have some historical incidents, they are entirely fictitious, although the author is often at some pains not too crudely to contradict better-known facts. *Cassandre* originally appeared in ten volumes, octavo. Volumes I–VI, 1644; volumes VII–IX, 1645; volume X, 1650. It was reprinted in ten volumes, Paris, 1731, and Liège, 1750. There is a Spanish translation, 5 vols., 1841.

Cléopâtre was published in twelve volumes, octavo. First Part, 1646; Second Part, 1647; Third–Fourth–Fifth Parts, 1651; Sixth Part, 1652; Seventh and Eighth Parts, 1653; Ninth–Tenth–Eleventh Parts, 1657; Twelfth Part, 1658.

- p. 85. *Mandana*. *Mandane* is the peerless heroine of Mlle de Scudéry's *Artamène, ou le Grand Cyrus*, 10 volumes, 1649–1653. Of this fair Median princess (in whom the world recognized Madame de Longueville) *Artamène*, who is Cyrus the Great (Condé to contemporary readers), is passionately enamoured. *Philidaspes*, who proves to be King of Assyria, is the chief rival of *Artamène*. *Anaxaris*, who is *Aryante*, Prince of the *Massagetæ*, also falls a victim to *Mandane's* charms, and eventually by representing that Cyrus has been slain and *Philidaspes*, whom she fears and flies, is in full pursuit of her, he succeeds in carrying off the lady. *Aryante* further induces *Andramite*, an officer of high rank, to aid him and guard *Mandane*, since she is accompanied by two ladies, *Doralise* and *Mantesie*, the former of whom is loved by *Andramite*. Cyrus, the King of Assyria,

and others at once set forth to overtake the fugitives, and Philidaspes happens first to come up with them. The deceived Mandane, supposing he is about to seize her violently, is excessively alarmed; "redoublant ses prieres à Andramite, & ses commandements à ses Gardes, elle mettoit elle mesme obstacle à ceux qui venoient pour la deliurer." Whereupon Andramite vowing he will die in her service "s'auança le Roy d' Assirie, comme le Roy d' Assirie s'auançoit vers luy si bien qu'il se fit alors vn combat terriblement funeste, entre ceux qui attaquoient, & ceux qui estoient attaquez. . . . Le Roy d' Assirie en son particulier, y fit des choses au dessus de l'homme: & il en tua presque autant de sa main, que tous ceux qui le suiuoient en tuerent ensemble." Mandane, Doralise, and Martesie utter piercing cries and Andramite on hearing the tearful voice of his mistress singles out the King " & l'attaqua dans le mesme temps que quatre des siens qui le suiuoient, ayant resolu ensemble de l'enuironner, l'auoient aussi attaqué." The strength of the King, who was already wounded, begins to fail, and after a heroic effort to reach Mandane "il tomba apres auoir reçu vn coup à la cuisse qui l'empeschoit de se pouuoir soustenir." Mandane turns away her head, but with a last effort inspired by love "il fit trois pas seulement, & retomba à ses pieds: & de peur qu'elle ne s'esloignast, il la prit par sa Robe." The lady, whose horror largely arises from the fact that she believes him to have slain Cyrus, would withdraw her dress from his grasp, reproaching him with the black fact she supposes him to have committed. The king "voulant du moins mourir sans en estre haï" assures her he has not killed Cyrus. He pleads in piteous accents: "ce mal-hereux Prince que vous voyez à vos pieds va mourir: & va mourir desesperé, si vous ne luy pardonnez tous ses crimes, & si vous ne luy promettez de luy donner quelques soupirs, pour tout le sang qu'il vient de respandre pour tascher de vous remettre en liberté." In a few moments he is attacked, dying as he is, by Mandane's guards whom all her efforts and commands cannot keep at bay: "Les derniers coups que cet infortuné Prince auoit reçeus, l'affoiblirent tellement en vn instant, que ne se pouuant plus soustenir sur vn genouil, il se laisser tomber sur le bras dont il tenoit la Robe de Mandane, & s'apuya foiblement dessus. De sorte que cette Princesse voyant qu'il alloit mourir, & étant touchée d'une extreme compassion, s'assit sur l'herbe, pendant que le combat continuoit à quinze ou vingt pas de la: si bien que ce malheureux Prince à qui la force defailloit d'instant en instant, penchant negligemment la teste, s'apuya sur les genoux de Mandane: de sorte que cette genereuse & pitoyable Princesse voyât qu'il alloit bien tost expirer, ne se retira pas de luy comme elle auoit fait vn quart d'heure auparauant & ne voulut pas luy refuser la consolation de recevoir son dernier soupir . . . ie meurs plus heureux que ie n'ay vescu puis que ie meurs sans estre haï de l'admirable Mandane. En disant cela, ce malheureux Prince fit vn effort pour prendre respectueuse-

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ment la main de cette Princesse: mais en la prenant il perdit la parole, & luy fit seulement entendre en la luy serrant doucement, ce que sa langue ne pouuoit plus prononcer. De sorte que ce déplorable Roy expirant vn moment apres, eut en effet la gloire d'auoir fait soupirer Mandane: & de luy auoir donné vne veritable compassion de sa mort quoy qu'il eust troublé tout le repos de sa vie." *Artamène, ou Le Grand Cyrus*; nevfiesme partie; livre premier. Paris, 1654, pp. 1-41. The frontispiece to this volume depicts the death of the hapless lovelorn King.

- p. 85. *Arria's and Portia's*. Cf. Pope's *January and May* (675-6) from *The Marchantes Tale* of Chaucer:

And witness next what Roman Authors tell,
How Arria, Portia, and Lucretia fell.

Arria was the wife of Caecina Paetus, who when her husband was ordered by the Emperor Claudius to put an end to his life, A.D. 42, and hesitated to do so, dealt herself a mortal wound, handed the dagger to him and said, "Paetus, it does not pain me." "Praeclarum quidem illud eiusdem, ferrum stringere, perfodere pectus, extrahere pugionem, porrigere marito, addere vocem immortalem ac paene divinam, Paete, non dolet." Pliny, *Epistles*, III, 16. See also Martial, I, 14; and Dio Cassius, IX, 16.

Portia, the daughter of Cato Uticensis and wife of Marcus Brutus, destroyed herself after the death of her husband in 42 B.C. Her friends, suspecting some design, had removed all weapons, and she therefore swallowed live coals. Martial, I, 43, writes:

ardentes avido bibit ore favillas,
I nunc, et ferrum, turba molesta, nega.

Valerius Maximus, IV, vi, 5, has: "Tuos quoque castissimos ignes Portia M. Catonis filia, cuncta saecula debita admiratione prosequuntur: quae cum apud Philippos victum et interemptum virum tuum Brutum cognosceres, quia ferrum non dabatur, ardentes ore carbones haurire non dubitasti, muliebri spiritu virilem patris exitum imitata." See also Plutarch, *Brutus*, 53; and Dio Cassius, XLVII, 49.

- p. 85. *Homo sum*. Terence, *Heautontimorumenos*, I, 1, 25.

- p. 86. *says Montaigne*. Dryden, according to his wont when he quotes, paraphrases rather than cites word for word Montaigne expresses these sentiments in many places of his *Essais*, particularly perhaps in Livre Second, XII, *Apologie de Raimond Sebond*. It is no doubt to this that Dryden alludes, for here we have: "L'air mesme & la serenité du ciel, nous apporte quelque mutation, comme dit ce vers Grec en Cicero.

*Tales sunt hominum mentes, quali pater ipse
Iuppiter, auctifera lustravit lampade terras.*

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- p. 86. *Tales sunt.* These lines of Cicero which are quoted by S. Augustine in the *De Civitate Dei*, V, viii, are a rendering of the *Odyssey*, XVIII, 136-37:

Τοῖος γὰρ νόος ἐστὶν ἐπιχθονίων ἀνθρώπων
οἷος ἐπ' ἡμᾶρ ἄγῃσι πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε.

Cicero's translation, which is not found in any of his extant works, is not very close. It has been suggested that the lost part of Cicero's *De Fato* or of the *Academica Priora* was the source whence S. Augustine drew his quotation. The first is the more probable from the context. Aristotle, *De Anima*, III, 3, 2, refers to these lines in much the same sense as the holy doctor.

- p. 86. *Thusculane Questions.* *Tusculanarum Disputationum Libri V.*
- p. 86. *Nos in diem vivimus.* *Tusculanae Disputationes*, V, 11, 13.
- p. 86. *Petronius.* This excuse is offered by Polyænos to Circe, whom he had failed at a critical moment, and concludes the letter begging for pardon which he addresses to that justly indignant lady. *Petronii Satiræ*, 130; tertium ed. Buecheler, Berolini, 1895, p. 97.
- p. 86. *De Finibus.* The five books *De Finibus Bonorum et Malorum*. Dryden's quotation, *De ipsis rebus* . . . is from III, ii, 6.
- p. 88. *The old Emperor.* Sháhjahán, Shiháb-ad-dín (Lord of the World, Flame of the Faith), born 1592, died 1666, who reigned from 25 January, 1628, to June, 1658. Aureng-Zebe, Aurangzêb, Sháhjahán's third son, having imprisoned his father in his palace, who ascended the throne under the title of 'Alamager in 1658. He was forty years of age when he was proclaimed Emperor, having been born 4 November, 1618. Morat, more properly Murád (Baksh), the youngest of the four sons Dianet, better Diánat; Solyman, Sulimán; Abas, Abbás; Asaph Chan, Asaf Khan; Fazel Chan, Fazl Khán. Nourmahal, Núr Maháll (or Núr-Jahán) was actually the wife of Jahángîr, father of Sháhjahán. The favourite wife of Sháhjahán was Arjmand Bánu (Noble Princess), the mother of his eight sons and six daughters. She died in 1631. Her monument is the celebrated Taj-Maháll at Agra.
- p. 88. 1660. Bernier thus concludes his *Histoire de la Dernière Revolution des Etats du Grand Mogol*: "C'est ainsi que finit cette guerre, que le desir de regner avoit allumée entre ces quatre frères, après avoir duré cinq à six ans, c'est-à-dire depuis 1655 ou environ jusques en soixante, ou soixante un, qui laissa Aureng-Zebe dans la paisable possession de ce puissant Etat."
- p. 89. *success.* The outcome, favourable or unfavourable. Thus *Paradise Lost*, II, 8-9:
- insatiate to pursue
Vain Warr with Heav'n, and by success untaught.
- p. 89. *pompously.* In a splendid or stately manner without any idea of undue ostentation or parade. Thus François de Jon (Franciscus Junius)

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in his *The Painting of the Ancients*, London, 4to, 1638, "Englished by himself" (from his *De pictura veterum*, libri tres, Amsterdam, 4to, 1637) has: "The Poets bring . . . upon a stage . . . all what is pompous, grave and delightful."

- p. 89. *amplér Scene*. Cf. Shakespeare's *Henry V*, Prologue:

A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene.

- p. 89. *Cabals of Women*. "Les femmes dans les Indes ayant fort souvent, aussi bien qu'à Constantinople & en beaucoup d'autres endroits, la meilleure part dans ce qui se passe de plus grand." Bernier, *Histoire des Etats du Grand Mogul* (ed. Amsterdam, 1710, vol. I, p. 23).
- p. 89. *partial Love*. The allusion is to the intrigues of Roshanára-Begam (Rauchenara-Begum) who espoused the cause of her brother Aurangzib in opposition to the alliance of another sister Begam-Saheb, who favoured Dára. Roshanára-Begam, says Bernier, "S'attacha entierement à Aureng-Zebe, & par consequent se declara ennemie de Begum-Saheb et de Dara."
- p. 89. *To rule . . . alone*. "Chah-Jehan . . . se voyant chargé de ces quatre Princes, tous âgez, tous mariez, tous pretendans au Royaume, tous ennemis les uns des autres, . . . craignant pour sa propre personne, & comme prevoyant ce qui lui est depuis arrivé . . . envoya Sultan Sujah dans le Royaume de Bengale, Aureng-Zebe dans le Decan, Marad-Bakche en Guzarate, & donna à Caboul & Multan."
- p. 89. *seventy Winters*. Sháhjahán was born in 1592. His sickness was a stranguery caused by excess of venery among his zenána. Kháfi Khán, *Muntakhab-al-lubáb*, quoted by Elliot and Dowson, *History of India*, VII, 214-216. Bernier (p. 8) has: "Je trouvai encore à mon arrivée que ce Roi du Monde Chah-Jehan, âgé de plus de soixante & dix ans, avoit quatre fils & deux filles." "Chah-Jehan romba extrêmement malade; je ne parlerai point ici de sa maladie, & je n'en rapporterai pas les particularitez. Je dirai seulement qu'elle étoit peu convenable à un vieillard de soixante-dix ans & plus, qui devoit plutôt songer à conserver ses forces qu'à les ruiner comme il fit. Cette maladie mit d'abord l'alarme & le trouble dans tout l'Hindoustan." Bernier, p. 32.
- p. 90. *streight the Sons prepare*. "Dara leva de puissantes Armées dans Dehly & Agra, les capitales du Royaume; Sultan Sujah fit le même dans la Bengale; Aureng-Zebe dans le Decan; & Morad-Bakche dans le Guzarati; tous quatre assemblent auprès d'eux leurs alliez & leurs amis; tous quatre écrivent, promettent & font diverses intrigues." Bernier, *ibid*.
- p. 90. *younger Sons*. Of the four sons Bernier says: "ils savoient tous fort bien qu'il n'y avoit point de quartier à esperer, qu'il falloit, comme on dit, vaincre ou mourir, être Roi ou se perdre, & que celui qui

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- auroit le dessus se déferoit de tous les autres, comme autre-fois avoit fait leur pere Chah-Jehan de ses freres." Bernier, p. 33.
- p. 90. *Darah . . . joyn'd in Fight.* Dará had remained at Agra and not visited the province assigned him by his father, as he was the eldest son and expected the crown, particularly watching the old emperor's illness. When Aureng-Zebe and Morat (Murád) marched against Agra he was advised, even by his aged father, not to venture a battle, but in spite of opposition he resolved upon an engagement in which he was sadly worsted, so that attended only by some 300 or 400 soldiers he fled to Delhi.
- p. 91. *in his East.* In his early days. Sháh-Jahán "had been a grave stern man in his prime, an energetic soldier, and a prudent counsellor: at the age of sixty-four he was a sensual pleasure-loving pageant of royalty, given over to ease and the delights of the eye." *Aurangzib*, by Stanley Lane-Poole (*Rulers of India*, Oxford, 1893, p. 16).
- p. 91. *Darah, the eldest.* Bernier (pp. 11-12) gives a very detailed analysis of Dará's character. "Dara ne manquoit pas de bonnes qualitez. Il étoit galant dans la conversation, subtil en rencontres, très-civil & extrêmement liberal; mais il avoit trop bonne opinion de lui-même. . . . De plus il s'emportoit facilement, menaçoit, injurioit, & faisoit des affronts, même aux plus grands Omrahs ou Seigneurs, & puis tout cela passoit comme un feu de paille. Quoi qu'il fût Muhematan . . . il étoit Gentil avec les Gentils, & Chrétien avec les Chrétiens."
- p. 91. *Sujah's valour.* "Sultan Sujah étoit à peu pres de l'humeur de Dara, mais il étoit plus secret & plus ferme, & avoit plus de conduite & d'adresse. . . . Il se jetta dans la Religion des Persans, encore que Chah-Jehan & tous ses freres fussent de celle des Turcs: car le Mahumetisme est partagé en plusieurs Sectes . . . entre toutes ces Sectes il y en a deux principales dont les Partisans sont ennemis mortels les uns des autres. La premiere est celle des Turcs que les Persans appellent Osmanlous, comme qui diroit Partisans d'Osman, parce qu'ils croient que c'est lui qui étoit le vrai & legitime successeur de Mahomet. . . . La seconde est celles des Persans, que les Turcs appellent Chias, Rafezys, Aly-Merdans; sectaires, heretiques, Partisans d'Aly; parce qu'ils croient au contraire des Turcs que cette succession & autorité pontificale . . . n'étoit deue qu'à Aly gendre de Mahomet." Bernier, p. 14.
- p. 91. *Foreign Int'rest.* Bernier continues: "C'étoit par raison d'Etat que Sultan Sujah avoit embrassé cette derniere secte, car comme tous les Persans sont Chias, & que ce sont eux la pluspart ou leurs enfans qui sont les plus puissans à la Cour du Mogol, & qui occupent les places les plus importantes du Royaume, il esperoit que dans l'occasion ils se jetteroient tous de son parti."
- p. 91. *Morat's too insolent.* "Morad-Bakche, qui étoit le plus jeune de tous, étoit aussi le moins adroit & le moins judicieux. Il ne songeoit qu'à se réjouir & à passer le temps à boire, à chasser & à tirer de l'arc.

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. . . Il faisoit gloire de ne rien tenir de caché; il meprisoit les intrigues du cabinet, & il se vantoit tout haut qu'il n'avoit esperance que dans son bras & dans son épée. En effet, il étoit très-brave, et si cette valeur eût été accompagnée d'un peu plus de conduite, il l'eût emporté sur tous ses freres, & eût été Roi de l'Hindoustan." Bernier, pp. 15-16.

- p. 91. *and weigh'd*. Deliberate. "Aureng-Zebe n'avoit pas cette galanterie d'esprit, ny cet abord surprenant qu'avoit Dara, il paroissoit plus judicieux, sachant sur tout bien connoître son monde & choisir ceux dont il se vouloit servir, & appliquer fort à propos & de bonne grace ses liberalitez. Il étoit secret, rusé & dissimulé au possible." *Ibid.*, pp. 14-15.
- p. 91. *a Loyal Son*. Dryden here is widely departing from facts in order—justly from a dramatist's point of view—to paint his hero in fairer and braver colours.
- p. 92. *an Iron-Harvest*. Dryden is thinking of Ovid's "*seges clypeata virorum*," *Metamorphoseon*, III, 106-110:

Glebae coepere moveri;
Primaque de sulcis acies apparuit hastae:
Tegmina mox caput picto nutantia cono;
Mox humeri pectusque, onerataque brachia telis
Existunt; crescitque seges clypeata virorum.

The story of Cadmus. Cf. also *Heroides*, XII, Medea Iasoni, 45-48:

Semina praeterea, populos genitura, iuberis
Spargere devota lata per arva manu,
Qui peterent secum natis tua corpora telis
Illa est agricolae messis iniqua suo.

- p. 92. *Cast'd-Elephants*. The elephants with their lofty houdahs filled with warriors, which seem in their height to tower even above the city walls.
- p. 92. *Surat*. Upon the Gulf of Cambay, one of the earliest possessions of the English East-India Company. Aureng-Zebe having persuaded his youngest brother Murád to ally with him, "Qui conseilloit," says Bernier, "de venir au plutôt se saisir du Château de Sourate, où il savoit qu'étoit encore tout le tresor du País." Murád forthwith dispatched under the conduct of Chah-Abas some three thousand men to besiege Surat. Bernier describes the fall of Surat which was captured in about a month owing to the plan of some Dutch who advised the springing a mine, who blew down a great part of the wall. This was noised abroad throughout all the provinces, and it was commonly said an immense treasure had been found, although actually six lacs of rupees were extorted, not nearly so much as Murád expected to gain. The rupee then was worth 2/3d., whilst the lac (*lakh*) is 100,000 rupees (£11,250).

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- p. 92. *By frequent Messages.* Bernier relates (p. 45) that the old Emperor Sháh Jahán, upon the advance towards Agra of Aureng-Zebe and Morad with their armies, sent again and again to turn them back. "Il a beau écrire lettres sur lettres qu'il se porte mieux, qu'ils ayent à s'en retourner chacun dans son Gouvernement, & qu'il aprouve & oubliera tout ce qui s'est fait jusques à present; toutes ces lettres n'empêchent pas qu'ils n'avancent; & comme la maladie de Chah-Jehan passe toûjours pour mortelle, & qu'ils ne manquent pas de gens qui les en avertissent, ils continuerent toûjours à dissimuler, disant toûjours (& peut-être même qu'ils le croyoient ainsi) que ce sont lettres contrefaites par Dara, que Chah-Jehan est mort ou sur le point de mourir, & qu'enfin, en cas qu'il soit encore vivant, ils veulent aller lui baiser les pieds, & le delivrer des mains de Dara."
- p. 93. *May Heav'n.* This is a common form of address to an Oriental monarch: *Mubdrakbád hazdrat salámat.*
- p. 93. *Gemna.* The river Jamuna, which rising in the Himalayan peak Jamnotri, debouches into the Ganges at Allahabad.
- p. 93. *Darah . . . is fled.* Dára's army came in sight of Aurangzib and Murád on 7 June, 1658, at Samúrgarh, afterwards known as Fathábád, "The place of victory." For a day or two the opposing forces reconnoitred. After a terrific struggle Aurangzib won the day. Dára dismounted from his lofty elephant and fled "to be numbered among the most miserable of Princes" a vagabond in the earth. After many months of unhappiest wandering he was betrayed into the hands of his brother who paraded him in meanest clothes upon a wretched elephant through the streets of Delhi and ordered him to execution on 15 September, 1659. His throat was cut by a slave named Nazer, and the head, severed from the body, was buried in the tomb of Humáyún.
- p. 93. *To Sujah next.* Shujá', who planned to march upon Agra, had been defeated in his camp near Benares in December, 1657, by Sulaimán Shukóh, Dára's son, who had been sent by his father to suppress the invasion. Later Shujá' again raised his standard in Bengal, and occupied Benares and Allahabad, even annexing Janupúr. Aurangzib turned aside at this juncture from the pursuit of Dára, and defeated Shujá' at Khajua. This prince, however, was not captured, but in 1660 Shujá' escaped away to Arakán by the aid of Portuguese pirates, who robbed him whilst they saved his life. Eventually with one woman, one eunuch, and two other faithful followers, he fled away over the mountains, and was heard of no more. Rumour, however, was busy for years, and he was reported to have been seen in Persia, to have settled in Constantinople and to have amassed exceeding store of wealth there, finally to have renounced the world and become "Agy, ou pelerin; comme voulant dire qu'il avoit passé à la Mecque."
- p. 95. *bearded Steel.* Cotgrave has: "*Barbele*, Bearded; also, full of snags, snips, jags, notches; whence Flesche barbelée. A bearded or barbed

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- arrow." Bishop John Gauden, *Tears and sighes of the Church of England* (folio, 1659), has: "Reputation is the bearded hook, which holds most men faster than conscience."
- p. 97. *to license me*. The Hindústani phrase is *rukhsat dena*, to grant dismissal, and this Dryden seems to have had in mind.
- p. 98. *disastrous*. "*Disaster* is etymologically a mishap due to a baleful stellar aspect." Whitney, *Life Lang.*, VI (1873), 99. Dryden uses this word with emphatic and technical meaning referring to "sullen Planets." He was, as is well known, himself a skilled astrologer.
- p. 101. *Betwixt the A&S*. It should be noted that here we have a continuance of the Elizabethan stage methods.
- p. 101. *Omrâh*. "From Umarâ, the plural of the Arabic word *Amîr*, a commander, a chief, a lord. The old travellers use the word Omrah as a singular for lord or grandee, although properly speaking it should be applied collectively." *Bernier's Travels in the Mogul Empire*, ed. Archibald Constable, p. 4, footnote 3.
- p. 102. *I with a frown am slain*. Imitated by Pope, *Rape of the Lock*:
 When bold Sir *Plume* had drawn *Clarissa* down,
 Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown.
- p. 103. *So weak your Charms*. Cf. *The Conquest of Granada*, Part II, 111.
 Almanzor. Fair though you are—
 As Summer mornings, and your Eyes more bright
 Than Stars that twinkle in a winters night . . .
- p. 103. *Ascendant*. An astrological term.
- p. 104. *who from Mud began*. In allusion to the supposed generation of insects from the mud of the Nile. Cf. Pope, *Essay on Criticism*, I, 40-43:
 Those half-learn'd wtlings, num'rous in our isle,
 As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile;
 Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
 Their generation's so equivocal.
- p. 104. *his Sovereign's Coin?* A Mogul Emperor's coinage was, so to speak, the symbol and stamp of his royal power. Thus Murad Bakhsh when he declared himself king on hearing of his father's illness at once struck coins in his own name; whilst Shujâ' did the like in Bengal. Shâh-Jahân established twenty mint cities. For a full account of Mogul currencies see S. Lane-Poole, *The History of the Moghul Emperors of Hindustan, Illustrated by their Coins*, 1892.
- p. 105. *Shock a Father's Will*. Dr. Johnson in his *Dictionary*, ed. Todd, quotes this passage and defines "shock" as "To offend; to disgust."
- p. 105. *piety*. Defined by Dr. Johnson: "Duty to parents, or those in superiour stations."
 Cf. Swift:
 Pope's filial piety excels
 Whatever Grecian story tells.

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- p. 106. *your faint kisses.* Cf. Joannes Secundus, *Basiorum Liber*, IX:

Quum te rogabo ter tria basia,
Tu deme septem, nec nisi da duo,
Utrunque nec longum, nec udum:
Qualia teligero Diana
Dat castra fratri, qualia dat patri
Experta nullos nata Cupidines.

- p. 107. *a cursed Wife.* With a play upon the double meaning of "cursed"; damnable, confounded (as in expressions of intense annoyance or dislike); and cantankerous, shrewish. For the latter cf. Coverdale, *A Spyrytuall and moost Precious Pearle* (8vo, 1550), XV: "His [Socrates'] curst and shrewd wife." Also Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew*, I, 2:

Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates' Xanthippe, or a worse,
She moves me not.

Further, a little after:

She is intolerable curst
And shrewd and froward.

- p. 108. *Love scorns all ties.* Cf. Pope, *Eloisa to Abelard*, 75-6:

Love free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings and in a moment flies.

- p. 109. *Zelyma.* Supposed the mother of Aurangzib, but this is mere invention, and there was no such historical personage as Zelyma. "The Realm of *Candahar* for Dow'r" is also apocryphal, a poetic fiction. Arjmand Bānu, the favourite wife of Shāh-Jahān, was the mother of Aurangzib. Nūr-Mahall ("Light of the Palace") afterwards known as *Nūr-Jahān* ("Light of the World"), the empress of Jahāngir, did not bring her husband any such dowry. From 1622 to 1637 Kandahār passed into the possession of the Persian Shāh, and was lost to the Moguls. In 1637 it returned to its allegiance, but was recaptured by the Persians in 1648.

- p. 110. *Vale of Balasor.* Balasor is on the coast of Orissa. It is not recorded that Shāh-Jahān fought there. His wars as a monarch were chiefly in the Deccan (1635), and in Afghānistān. When in rebellion (1623-5) against his father, Jahāngir, who died November, 1627, Shāh-Jahān in 1624 conquered Bengal, then governed by an Imperial Viceroy. This Viceroy, however, was not a "Captive Monarch brought."

- p. 111. *Tongue-kill'd.* Cf. *Samson Agonistes*, 403-5.

With blandisht parlies, feminine assaults,
Tongue-batteries, she surceas'd not day nor night
To storm me over-watch't, and wearied out.

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- p. 114. *The Sons of Indostan*. See note above upon the lines:

When Death's cold Hand has clos'd the Father's Eye,
You know the younger Sons are doom'd to die.

In allusion to the barbarous practice whereby an Oriental monarch upon ascending the throne not infrequently rid himself of his brothers and kin so that no near claimant to sovereignty should be left alive.

- p. 114. *As he plays frankly*. Cf. *The Conquest of Granada*, Part II, V, 2:

Almanzor. I dare not trust my self or you, to stay,
But, like frank gamesters, must forswear the play.

- p. 114. *Emp'ric Remedies*. Dr. Johnson in his *Dictionary*, ed. Todd, remarks that "Empirick" seems to have been "pronounced *emprick* by Milton and *empirick* by Dryden. Milton's pronunciation is to be preferred." Shakespeare has *empirick*. *All's Well that Ends Well*, II, i, 124. Johnson in illustration quotes this passage.

- p. 115. *like Bellerophon*. Son of the Corinthian king Glaucus and Eurymede. He slew the Corinthian Bellerus, and to be purified from the murder fled to Proetus, whose wife Antea fell in love with the youth, but as he rejected her advances she accused him to her husband of having attempted to ravish her. (Some authors name her Sthenoboea, and her story was the subject of the lost *Sthenoboea* of Euripides.) Proetus, unwilling himself to slay Bellerophon, dispatched him to his father-in-law, Iobates, king of Lycia, with a letter begging that the messenger should be put to death. Iobates accordingly sent him to kill the monster Chimaera, deeming that he must perish in the contest. Bellerophon however obtained the winged horse Pegasus, as Pindar tells (*Olympian Odes*, XIII, 63-92; but see Pausanias, II, 4, 1), and conquered the Chimaera. Bellerophon was proverbially referred to for anyone who carried a message unfavourable to himself. See Plautus, *Bacchides*, IV, 7:

Chrysalus. Quis homost qui dicat me dixisse istuc?

Nicobulus. Tace, Nullus homo dicit: hae tabellae te arguunt,
quas tu attulisti, em hae te vinciri iubent.

Chrysalus. Aha, Bellerophontem tuos me fecit filius:
egomet tabellas tetuli ut vincerer.

- p. 115. *the last Trumpet*. It has been objected that this is an anomaly in Arimant's mouth. It is, on the contrary, a very proper expression for a Mohammedan to employ, since they tell us that at the Day of Judgement there will be three blasts of a trumpet; the blast of consternation, the blast of examination, the blast of resurrection, which last will be sounded by the angel Israfil. *The Koran*, XXXIX, "The Troops", expressly declares "The trumpet shall be sounded . . . afterwards it shall be sounded again."

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- p. 116. *lonely Turtle*. Pliny, *Naturalis Historia*, X, xxxiv, *De columbis*, writes: "Nisi coelebs aut vidua, nidum non relinquit. Et imperiosos mares, subinde etiam iniquos ferunt."
- p. 118. *Keen be my Sable*. Probably a Dutch or German *sabel*; later German *sabel*. (So French *sabre* is an unexplained alteration of *sable*. Cf. Spanish *sable*) Phillips, ed. 1706 has: "*Sable*, or *sabre*, a kind of simetar, hanger, or broad sword." Cf. *The History Of The Late Revolution Of The Empire of the Great Mogol* (translated from Bernier), 1672, in the account of the plot against Murád, who was made drunk, it is described how his servants were dismissed the room and then as he lay in an intoxicated sleep "his Zable and Poynard were taken from about him."
- p. 118. *shoot 'em as they fie*. Cf. Absalom and Achitophel, II (Nahum Tate), 1030-32:

In vain seditious Scribes with Libels strive
T'enflame the Crow'd, while He with watchful Eye
Observes, and shoots their Treasons as They fly.

Also Pope, *Essay on Man*, I, 13, 14:

Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise.

- p. 119. *The little Emmets*. Cf. *Oedipus*, V, 1:

Jocasta. this Mole-hill Earth
Is heav'd no more; the busy Emmets cease.

- p. 120. *the preaching Brachman hence*. Brachman is an old form of the word now more correctly spelled *Brāhman*, from Sanskrit *brāhmana*, cf. *brāhman*; praise, worship. Thus Pope, *Temple of Fame*, 1715 (l. 100) writes:

And *Brachmans*, deep in desert woods rever'd.

Aurangzib did indeed pretend to an extraordinary devotion, as Bernier relates (p. 15): "Il étoit secret, rusé & dissimulé au possible, jusques-là qu'il fit long-temps comme profession d'être Fakire, c'est à dire pauvre, Derviche, ou Devot, qui a renoncé au monde, feignant de n'avoir aucune pretension à la Couronne, mais seulement de vouloir doucement passer sa vie dans la priere & dans la devotion." Prince Dará, however, was clear-sighted enough to suspect this seeming godliness and often said to his friends: "De tous mes freres je n'apprehende que ce Nemazi, comme qui diroit ce Bigot, ce grand faiseur d'oraison."

- p. 120. *Is Aureng-Zebe so known?* Vergil's: Sic notus Ulixes? *Aeneid*, II, 44.
- p. 121. *The deadly draught*. The *poust*. "Ce Poust n'est autre chose que du pavot écrasé qu'on laisse la nuit tremper dans de l'eau; c'est ce qu'on fait ordinairement boire à Goutaleor, à ces Princes auxquels on ne

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veut pas faire couper la tête; c'est la première chose qu'on leur porte le matin, & on ne leur donne point à manger qu'ils n'en aient bu une grande tasse, on les laisseroit plutôt mourir de faim; cela les fait devenir maigres & mourir insensiblement, perdant peu à peu les forces & l'entendement, & devenans comme tout endormis & étourdis." Bernier,

- p. 123. *who was e're in love, and wise?* Publilius Syrus, *Sententiae*, 15:

Amare et sapere vix Deo conceditur.

- p. 123. *Th' incroaching ill.* Cf. Ovid, *Remedia Amoris*, 91-2:

Obsta principiis: sero medicina paratur
Cum mala per longas convaluere moras.

- p. 126. *Commands the beings eve'n of Brutes.* Cf. *The Conquest of Granada*, Part I, i, 1:

Our holy Prophet wills, that Charity
Should, ev'n to birds and beasts extended be.

As there noted, Dryden seems to have confused the teachings of the Moslem and Hindoo faiths.

- p. 128. *To be we know not what, we know not where.* Cf. Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*, III, 1, Claudio's speech:

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot; . . .

- p. 128. *the Persian King.* The proverbial luxury of the Persians is perhaps best known from Horace, *Carminum*, I, 38: "Persicos odi, puer, apparatus." In Greek, also, *περσικός* came to mean wantonly magnificent. Menander, apud Meineke, 'Αλ. 4. Cf. Hipparchus, 'Ανασώζων, 1.

- p. 129. *We shall be blest.* Pope remembering this wrote in his *Essay upon Man*, 1732, pub. 1733, 95-96:

Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be blessed.

- p. 129. *this Chymic Gold.* The gold of the alchemists which was to be made by the transmutation of baser metals into true *aurum*. The essential element was a mysterious powder or the "Philosophers' Stone." A few records of alleged transmutations are in existence, and the secret is claimed to have been discovered by several hermetists, notably by Nicolas Flamel, Van Helmont, Martini, Richthausen, and Sethon. The crowd of alchemists, however, lost health and wealth in the vain pursuit.

- p. 130. *a String wound up by Art.* Cf. Tennyson's *The Princess*, III, 74:

Consonant chords that shiver to one note.

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- p. 131. *Sabeian Springs*. "Sabaei Arabum propter tura clarissimi," writes Pliny *Naturalis Historia*, VI, xxviii. Vergil, *Aeneid*, I, 415-6, has:

centumque Sabaeo

ture calent.

Statius, *Silvae*, V, i, 211, has: "floresque Sabaei."

- p. 131. *Indian Jasmine*. The fragrant *Chameli*, or *Jasminum grandiflorum*, from which are commonly woven the wreaths hung around the necks of guests at festivals. Cf. *The Garden of Kama*, by Laurence Hope (Violet Nicolson), "Valgovind's Song in the Spring":

I am weary unto death,
Oh my rose with jasmin breath,
With this longing for your beauty and your light.

Also, "Protest: By Zahir-u-Din."

Alas! Alas! This wasted night
With all its Jasmin-scented air . . .

- p. 131. *the Syrian Rose*. The Damask Rose of exquisite fragrance. In *Eothen*, 1844, when describing Damascus (chapter XXVII), Alexander William Kinglake writes of the Syrian gardens: "High, high above your head, and on every side all down to the ground, the thicket is hemmed in, and choked up by the interlacing boughs that droop with the weight of roses, and load the slow air with their damask breath. There are no other flowers." In a note he adds: "The rose trees which I saw were all of the kind we call 'damask'; they grow to an immense height and size."

- p. 131. *gloriously offend* Cf. Pope, *Essay upon Criticism*, I, 152:

Great wits may sometimes gloriously offend.

- p. 131. *because I please*. One may compare Seneca's *Hippolytus*, II, 671, &c.

Hippolytus. Magne regnator Deum

Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

Ecquando saeva fulmen emittes manu,

Si nunc serenum est? . . .

. . . me velox cremet . . .

Transactus ignis sum nocens. Merui mori.

Placui novercae.

- p. 132. *Who eat their Parents*. Montaigne, *Essais*, II, 12, *Apologie de Raimond Sebond*, has: "Il n'est rien si horrible à imaginer, que de manger son pere. Les peuples qui auoyent anciennemēt cette coustume, la prenoyent toutesfois pour tesmoignage de pieté & de bōne affection, cherchant par là à donner à leurs progeniteurs la plus digne & honorable sepulture: logeant en eux mesmes & comme en leurs moelles, les corps de leurs peres & les reliques, les viuifiant aucunesment & regenerant par la transmutation en leur chair viue, par le moyen de la digestion & du nourrissement (ed. 1588, p. 246).

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- p. 132. *dying Socrates*. Socrates wished to pour a libation from the fatal cup of hemlock, probably to Hermes *ψυχοπομπός*, but on being told that only sufficient was provided to effect its purpose, he refrained. *Phædo*, LXVI: "ταυρηδὸν ὑποβλέψας πρὸς τὸν ἄνθρωπον· 'τί λέγεις,' ἔφη, 'περὶ τοῦδε τοῦ πώματος πρὸς τὸ ἀποσπείσαι τινι; ἔξεστιν ἢ οὐ;' 'τοσούτον,' ἔφη, 'ὃ Σώκρατες, τρίβομεν ὅσον οἰόμεθα μέτριον εἶναι πιεῖν.' 'μανθάνω,' ἦ δ' ὅς."
- p. 133. *Ill lodg'd*. Cf. Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, III, 3: "O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house!"
- p. 136. *A working Sea*. Tennyson, *Lancelot and Elaine*, l. 1300: "Sea was her wrath yet working after storm."
- p. 137. *like jealous Forts*. In allusion to those forts and arsenals in the vicinity of which no stranger is permitted, and the approach of any unauthorized person would be greeted by a volley.
- p. 137. *'tis death to sleep*. The reference is to the fabled upas-tree. The word *upas* is Javanese for poison. It became familiar in England owing to the exaggerated stories in connexion with the deadly character of a tree in Java, which was supposed so to be called. There are many trees in the Malay Island producing deadly toxics, but the legend in question is attached to the tree which has been described as *Antiaris toxicaria*.

The tale of some extraordinary poison in these islands is very ancient, and is mentioned in the *Travels* of Friar Odoric. The poison was used to dip the fatal arrows of the natives, a circumstance which is recorded by Jacob Bontius, lib. V, cap. XXIII; De Bry; Sir T. Herbert (ed. 1638, p. 329); and other writers of the seventeenth century.

Dryden's attention was, no doubt, called to this poison in March, 1666, when the subject came before the Royal Society, and among a long list of subjects for inquiry in the East occur two questions pertaining to this matter. One is: *Enquiries for Suratt, and other parts of the East Indies*. "19. Whether it be true, that the only Antidote, hitherto known, against the famous and fatal *macassar-poison*, is *human ordure*, taken inwardly? And what substance that poison is made of?" *Philosophical Transactions*, vol. II, anno 1667. (Proceedings for 11 March, 1666; N.S. 1667), d. 117.

George Everard Rumpf, who died in 1693, in his *Herbarium Amboinense* (although actually the tree does not grow in Amboyna), treats the subject in considerable detail, and shows that many exaggerated stories were afloat, to some of which indeed his statements lent considerable weight. It should be noted that his great work was not printed until 1741.

The actual account of the "the Hydra Tree of death," as Darwin termed the upas (*Loves of the Plants; Botanic Garden*, II), which has crystallized the most fantastic traditions, although indeed the reality is terrible enough, is that which appeared in the *London Magazine*, 1783, and is said to have been written by a Dr. Foersch,

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of whom nothing is known save that there was a person of that name in medical service at Java about the year 1773. He speaks of the "bohon-upas," and says that "within a radius of 15 to 18 miles round the tree no human creature, no living thing could exist." Malefactors were compelled to collect the poison, and not one in ten survived the adventure. Foersch says that he witnessed executions by means of the upas-poison at Sura Natra in February, 1776. In *The Law of Java*, a play, 1822, we have:

where the Upas grows
It blasts all vegetation with its own;
And, from its desert confines, e'en those brutes
That haunt the desert most shrink off, and tremble.

- p. 137. *Rack*. This usually means a mass of clouds driven by the wind, and hence, as here, a storm (shock); stress of weather. Cf. for "shock," Gavin Douglas, *Æneis* (1513), XI, xii, 41:

Thai meyt in melle with a felloun rak.

And Walt Whitman, *Leaves of Grass* (c. 1864):

O Captain, my Captain! . . . The ship has weather'd every
rack.

- p. 139. *question ends in that*. In *The Spectator*, No. 80 (Steele), Friday, 1st June, 1711, as postscript to a good paper there is a rather silly squib: "*The just Remonstrance of affronted That*." "What great Advantage was I of to Mr. Dryden in his *Indian Emperor*,

You force me still to answer You in That

to furnish out a Rhime to *Morat?*" It may be noticed that not only is the line incorrectly quoted but given as from the wrong play.

Fielding in *The Tragedy of Tragedies* (1731), II, x, has very ridiculously attempted to parody this dialogue:

Grizzle. Ha! your every Word is Hum.
You force me still to answer you *Tom Thumb*.
Tom Thumb, I'm on the Rack, I'm in a Flame,
Tom Thumb, Tom Thumb, Tom Thumb, you love the Name.

There are other bobs at *Aureng-Zebe* in this burlesque, but they are so vapid as not to be worth the citation.

- p. 139. *I'll fond it*. A rare word, but again used by Dryden in his translation of Vergil, *Æneid*, I, 962 (1697):

The Tyrian hugs, and fonds thee on her breast.

- p. 144. *Rough-draughts*. Cf. *The Conquest of Granada*. Part I, ii, 1:

Abdalla. His Victories we scarce could keep in view,
Or polish 'em so fast as he rough drew.

- p. 145. *sounding Cymbals*. Bernier describes the extraordinary ceremonies which he witnessed at Delhi on the occasion of an eclipse of the sun

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in 1666. "Lettre à Monsieur Chapelain Touchant les Superstitions étranges façons de faire, & Doctrine des Indous ou Gentils de l'Hindoustan." Bernier, *Voyages*, tome second, Amsterdam, 1709, pp. 97-102.

In *The Sunday at Home*, No. 350, 10 January, 1861, is an illustration "Frightening away an Eclipse," which shows a number of Chinese clashing cymbals, blowing horns, and beating great gongs.

The myth of an Eclipse-monster, who devours the sun or the moon as the case may be, still prevails among many Asiatic nations.

- p. 145. *Scythian Bowe*. This is from Ovid, *Epistolæ ex Ponto*, I, i, 79:

Inque locum Scythico vacuum mutabor ab arcu.

Metamorphoseon, X, 588, he has: "Scythica sagitta"; and *Ex Ponto*, III, viii, 19:

Clausa tamen misi Scythica tibi tela pharetra.

- p. 147. *Aureng-Zebe rebound*. Remembered by Pope, *Pastorals*, Autumn, ll. 49-50:

Through rocks and caves the name of *Delia* sounds,
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.

- p. 148. *Dry mourning*. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, III, 5:

Dry sorrow drinks our blood.

- p. 148. *Give sorrow vent*. Cf. *Macbeth*, IV, 3:

Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er fraught heart and bids it break.

- p. 149. *Heartless they fought*. Disheartened; lacking courage. Cf. *London Gazette*, No. 65/1, 1666: "Their own Seamen being poor heartless fellows." Also Wordsworth, *Prelude* (1799-1805), IX, 515:

A hunger-bitten girl
Was busy knitting in a heartless mood
Of solitude.

- p. 150. *no Sex confines the Soul*. Cf. *Amboyna*, V, 1, where the English Woman cries to Harman senior, who has urged her to confess for "you are of a softer Sex," "there is no Sex in Souls."

- p. 150. *This fatal Helen*. Aeschylus, *Agamemnon*, 689, playing upon the name of Helen calls her *ἐλέναυς*, *ἐλανδρος*, *ἐλέπτολις*, which Paley adroitly retaining the clench translates: "Hell to ships, hell to men, hell to cities."

- p. 150. *The Palace*. Cf. Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, I, 2, where Miranda says of Ferdinand:

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a Temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

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p. 151. *That something.* Cf. Shakespeare *Hamlet*, III, 1: "the dread of something after death."

p. 152. *trembles to its Pole.* Cf. Pope, *Temple of Fame*, 431:

And the touched needle trembles to the pole.

p. 153. *the Screech-Owl.* Cf. Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, II, 2:

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night.

Also: *III Henry VI*, II, 6:

Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours.

Marston's *II Antonio and Mellida*, III, 3:

Now croakes the toad, and night crows screech aloud
Fluttering 'bout casements of departed soules.

The Insatiate Countess, IV:

Out, scrich-owle messenger of my revenges death!

Webster's *The White Divel*, V:

When screech-owls croak upon the chimney-tops,
And the strange cricket i' th' oven sings and hops,
When yellow spots do on your hands appear,
Be certain then you of a corse shall hear.

The Dutchesse of Malfy, IV:

Hark, now everything is still,
The screech-owl, and the whistler shrill,
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud!

Suckling, *The Goblins*, I, has:

These thoughts came to my soul
Like screech-owls to a sick man's window.

p. 154. *the mighty flaw.* Smith, *Sea Grammar*, 1627, has: "A flaw of wind is a gust, which is very violent upon a sudden, but quickly endeth."

p. 154. *Look, Dianet.* Here probably slurred as a dissyllable, *Djānet*.

p. 155. *There's nothing.* Cf. Shakespeare's *King John*, III, 4:

There's nothing in this world can make me joy.

p. 155. *Fed from the Brand.* [*Dies.* Actually Murád-Bakhsh, who had been his brother's ally and who had been honoured by him as a monarch was disgracefully betrayed. Aurangzib entered Agra on 18 June, 1658, and a week or two later when he and Murád were in the camp not many miles away a banquet was given at which appeared "a huge bottle of excellent *Chiras*-wine, and some other bottles of *Caboul* wine for a debauch." Aurangzib, flaunting his rigid Mohammedan fanaticism, withdrew, but Murád, making merry,

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caroused until he fell into the sleep of intoxication. Thereupon Aurangzib entered and feigning the greatest horror and disgust cried: "What will be said both of you and me? Take this infamous man, this Drunkard; tie him hand and foot." The plot succeeded, although with difficulty, as the army with whom Murád was popular had to be bribed heavily lest they should espouse his cause. Aurangzib protested that one who so wantonly violated the strict law of Islam must never ascend the throne, and his unfortunate brother on 5 July was secretly conveyed to the state prison of Salimgarh, opposite Delhi. A little later he was removed to the fortress of Gwalior, whence when he attempted to escape, an old charge of murder was brought up against him as a pretext for his instant execution, which took place in December, 1661.

p. 155. *the Bodies, which are carried off.* The two Bodies are those of the dead Morat, and Melesinda in a deep swoon. Owing to the structure of the apron stage the characters died before the curtain, and when this fell, after the Epilogue, the bodies would have been left in full view of the audience unless some device had been employed to convey them away, out of sight. The classic example is, of course, the Epilogue to *Tyrannick Love*, but the dramatists often displayed great ingenuity in clearing the boards of those slain during a tragedy. The whole point will be found treated at some length in my *History of the Restoration Stage*.

p. 158. [*Looks to the door.* One of the permanent proscenium doors.

p. 159. *Melesinda in white.* White being the colour worn by widows.

p. 159. *Martyrs of their Love.* The ceremony of *Suttee* or *Sati*. "The term *Suttee*, or *Sati*, is strictly applicable to the person, not the rite; meaning a pure and virtuous woman; and designates the wife who completes a life of uninterrupted conjugal happiness by the act of *Saha-gamana*, accompanying her husband's corpse. It has come in common usage to denote the act." Wilson, *History of British India*. III, p. 265.

p. 160. *pour on whole Rivers.* Cf. Shakespeare's *King John*, V, 7:

Poison'd, ill fare: dead, forsook, cast off;
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom . . .

Also Fletcher's *Valentinian*, V:

Valentinian.

Danubius

I'll have brought through my body . . .

And Volga, on whose face the north wind freezes.

p. 161. *from cares remove.* Sháh-Jahán, after the throne had been seized by Aurangzib, who entered the fortress of Agra 18 June, 1658, remained a prisoner in this palace until his death when seventy-six

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years old at the beginning of the year 1666. Bernier, however, says that Aurangzib treated his captive father with all respect and indulgence, and that he even consulted him by letter in state affairs. He never saw him more. Nothing was denied the deposed monarch save liberty. A zenána of the fairest women kept him company; dancing-girls and skilled singers enlivened his revels; whilst expert cooks tempted his senile appetite with every delicacy. In his hours of devotion holy Mullas came and read chapters of the Koran to him. It is said that he became partly reconciled to his powerful son, and at the last sent him forgiveness and his blessing.

- p. 162. *circumscrib'd by Time*. Cf. The First Prologue to *Secret Love*, 4to, 1667:

He who writ this, not without Pains and Thought,
From *French* and *English* Theaters has brought,
Th' exactest Rules by which a Play is wrought.

The Unities of Action, Place, and Time;
The Scenes unbroken; and a mingled chime
Of *Johnsons* Humour with *Corneilles* rhyme.

- p. 162. *our Target-fight*. Dryden particularly alludes to the Elizabethan tradition he has preserved, the "show" between Act I and Act II, when "a warlike Turn is play'd, shooting off Guns, and Shouts of Soldiers are heard, as in an Assault." In *Of Dramatick Poesie* he has discussed in some detail the representation of a battle upon the stage, and remarks that "our Country-men . . . will scarcely suffer combats & other objects of horreur to be taken from them. . . . For my part, I can with as great ease perswade my self that the blowes which are struck are given in good earnest, as I can, that they who strike them are Kings or Princes, or those persons, which they represent."

- p. 162. *Silk-weavers*. That is to say hostile. The allusion is to the jealousy and anger felt by the English silk-weavers in regard to the manufactures of France. A little more than a century later, in 1765, the silk weavers having long complained that the importation of French silks ruined their industry, there was introduced a bill designed to check the ingress of foreign manufactures. When this measure was rejected by Parliament, riots ensued; the high price of bread contributing to the general unrest. Numerous satires and caricatures portray the situation, such as "The Weavers in an Uproar, or a Quartern Loaf cheap at Twelve Pence"; "Pray consider the Poor Weavers"; "Rice and Potatoes are good enough for mechanicks."

- p. 162. *Play, play, play*. Scott's excellent note must be given: "Alluding to the prize-fighting with broad-swords at the Bear-Garden: an amusement sufficiently degrading, yet more manly, and less brutal than that of boxing, as now practised. We have found, in the lowest deep, a lower still."

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- p. 166. *Facile est verbum.* "Facile est enim verbum aliquod ardens, ut ita dicam, notare idque restinctis iam animorum incendiis irridere." Cicero, *Orator*, VIII. (Teubner, Vol. I, Part II, p. 320.) It will be observed that Dryden in his quotation omits "enim" and "iam."
- p. 176. *Thomas Earl of Danby.* Sir Thomas Osborne (1631–1712), successively first Earl of Danby (1674); Marquis of Carmarthen (1689); and Duke of Leeds (1694). He was the son of Sir Edward Osborne by his second marriage. In 1665 he definitely embarked on a political career when elected M.P. for York. He now joined the party of "high cavaliers" and was much under the influence of Buckingham. On 2 February, 1673, he was created Viscount Osborne in the Scottish peerage, and on the following 3 May he became a privy councillor. When Clifford, the chief of the Cabal ministry and Lord Treasurer was forced to resign Osborne succeeded him, and on 19 June, 1673, he was appointed Lord High Treasurer and became in fact the chief minister of the King, who on 27 June, 1674, promoted him to an earldom. From 1673 to 1678 the government of England lay practically in his hands. In January, 1677–8, and in March, 1678, Danby, at the King's command, sent private letters, to each of which Charles added a note of approval in his own hand, to the English ambassador at Paris with reference to monies promised on certain conditions by Louis XIV to England. Unfortunately owing to quarrels the ambassador's papers were upon his return to England seized and the Parliament impudently and illegally impeached the Lord Treasurer. The public temper was at this juncture extremely inflamed by the Oates plot, the falsity of which Danby had from the first perceived, and in spite of the King's trust and favour Danby was sent to the Tower in April, 1679. Here he remained until February, 1683–4, being persecuted all the while by the foulest libels of Oates and his vile crew. On 19 May, 1685, in the first parliament of King James II the impeachment was very justly quashed. His political activities during the reign of King James are unfortunately not so creditable, although after the Revolution his sympathies seem to have been with the exiled monarch. He died, aged 81, on 26 July, 1712, at Easton, Northamptonshire, the seat of his grandson, the Earl of Pomfret.
- p. 176. *Carmen amat.* Claudian, *In Librum de Secundo Consulatu Fl. Stilichonis, Praefatio*: 6.
- p. 177. *the Debts of the Exchequer.* At the beginning of 1672 King Charles had in his exchequer £1,400,000, lent to him by the goldsmiths who then often acted as bankers. On 2 January, at the suggestion

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of Clifford, in order to secure money for the war against Holland, payments were ceased and the interest reduced from 12 to 6 per cent. This shook public credit. Clifford, however, was created a peer, and Lord High Treasurer. When he resigned this post he was succeeded by Danby, who in the words of Hume (chapter lxvi) proved "a frugal minister; and by his application and industry, he brought the revenue into tolerable order." But "He endeavoured so to conduct himself as to give offence to no party; and the consequence was, that he was able entirely to please none."

- p. 178. *a Commonwealth*. It is curious to remark that upon the line

Not more to Noble *Brutus* could belong,

in his translation of *Persius*, 1693, V, 121, Dryden has a note: "*Brutus* freed the *Roman* People from the Tyranny of the *Tarquins*, and chang'd the Form of the Government into a glorious Common-wealth." This admiration for *Brutus* and republican Rome was a mere literary affectation which was common enough in the seventeenth century, but did not reflect upon or colour the practical politics of loyal and honest men.

- p. 178. *Felices nimium*. An adaptation from Vergil, *Georgics*, II, 458-9:

O fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint
Agricolas!

- p. 178. *their old Forefather*. Cf. *The Spanish Fryar*, V, 2:

Raymond. What treason is it to redeem my king,
And to reform the state?

Torrismond. That's a stale cheat;
The primitive rebel, Lucifer, first us'd it,
And was the first reformer of the skyes

- p. 179. *He who has often chang'd his Party*. The Earl of Shaftesbury, Anthony Ashley Cooper.

- p. 179. *your Father*. Sir Edward Osborne, of Kiveton, Yorkshire, 1596-1647, Lieutenant-General of the Royalist forces raised at York. In 1639 and 1640 Sir Edward, who as early as 11 June, 1623, had been described by Sir John Coke in a letter to Strafford as "a young man of good understanding and counsellable, and very forward to promote his majesty's service," was at Berwick and Newcastle superintending the dispatch of troops to the border to take part in the threatened war with the Scots. He died 9 September, 1647.

- p. 179. *the Earl of Lindsey*. Robert Bertie, first Earl of Lindsey (1582-1642), was appointed commander-in-chief by Charles I at the outbreak of the Great Rebellion. In the very first engagement between the King and Parliament, the battle of Edgehill, on Sunday afternoon, 23 October, 1642, he was mortally wounded whilst leading his regiment forward, pike in hand. He was carried off the field to a cottage hard by, where whilst lying on the straw he was visited by

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the Earl of Essex and other rebel officers whom he very earnestly exhorted to return to their allegiance. He was buried in the vault at Edenham, Lincolnshire. Clarendon characterizes the Earl of Lindsey as a gentleman of "great honour, sagacity, courage, and of an excellent nature." He was succeeded as second Earl of Lindsey by his son Montague Bertie, 1606?–1666. At the battle of Edgehill he made a desperate attempt to rescue his father, but when this proved impossible he voluntarily delivered himself up so that he might attend his wounded parent. For some time he was detained a prisoner in Warwick Castle, but being exchanged he was welcomed by the King at Oxford and took part in various battles, being wounded at Naseby. During the Commonwealth he lived in retirement, but at the Restoration was especially honoured by Charles II. He died 25 July, 1666, and was buried at Edenham with his father.

In 1654 Lord Danby (then Sir Thomas Osborne) married Lady Bridget Bertie, second daughter of Montague Bertie, Earl of Lindsey, by his first wife, Martha, Countess of Holderness (*née* Cockaine). Lady Bridget died 26 January, 1704.

- p. 180. *greatest wits of our nation*. Mary Herbert, *née* Sidney, Countess of Pembroke (1561–1621), according to Meres "a most delicate poet," translated in November, 1590, Robert Garnier's popular *M. Antoine*, which with some added choral lyrics of her own was published in 1578. This lady's version, *Antonie*, was issued in 1592. It is awkward, and even a little uncouth.

In 1594 Samuel Daniel issued the third edition of his *Sonnets*, addressed to Delia, and in the same volume appeared his *The Tragedie of Cleopatra*, inspired by and dedicated to the Countess of Pembroke. The poems were extremely popular, and the *Tragedie* duly had its place in the successive editions of 1599, 1601, 1605, 1607, and 1609; whilst in 1611 the *Tragedie* was printed in a separate impression. It must be confessed that Daniel's *Tragedie* is singularly undramatic and wholly without action. Even the death of Cleopatra is described by a "Nuntius." In 1599, among his poems, Daniel included *A letter from Octavia to Marcus Antonius*. For us the chief interest in Daniel's work lies in the fact that, as I believe Mr. G. Thorn-Drury was the first to point out ("Some Notes on Dryden"; *The Review of English Studies*, Vol. I, No. 1, January, 1925, pp. 79–80), Dryden in Act V of *All For Love* has made use of his predecessor's work, and echoed but enriched more than one passage from the earlier drama.

In 1598 Samuel Brandon published *The Tragi-Comædi of the Virtuuous Octavia*, 4to, dedicated to Lady Lucia Audley. The volume also contains two poetical letters of Octavia to Antony in the manner of Drayton's *Heroical Epistles*. The scene is in Rome, and the interest, such as it is, centres in Antony's forsaken wife. Actually neither Antony nor Cleopatra appears.

Thomas May's *The Tragedie of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt*,

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12mo, 1639; 4to, 1654; certainly breaks away rather more freely from the cold Senecan trammels of Daniel and Brandon. Like Jonson in *Sejanus*, May names his classical sources in the margin.

Sir Charles Sedley's heroic tragedy, *Antony and Cleopatra*, 4to, 1677, was produced at the Duke's Theatre in February of that year. On 17 March the Marquess of Worcester in a letter to the Marchioness writes that it has been "acted often." This must have been due to the extraordinary genius of Smith who appeared as Cæsar; of Betterton and his wife who were respectively Antony and Octavia; and the great tragedienne Mrs. Mary Lee who created Cleopatra. Or else the piece held so long on account of the prestige of the author's name and his reputation as a genteel wit, for of all heroic tragedies it is the meanest, the baldest and the worst. It is surprising that a writer, who although he was no dramatist, had in flashes a certain elegance and lyric quality, could have penned these malkin couplets which are not merely colourless and tame but lubberly, untractable and inept.

In the 8vo, 1702 edition of Sedley's "Miscellaneous Works, Published from the Original Manuscripts by Capt. Ayloffe," is a play called *Beauty the Conquerour, or the Death of Marc Antony*, which is an incomplete revision of *Antony and Cleopatra* reconstructed as a classical tragedy with a chorus that declaims stanzas between the acts. The thing is imperfect and might be deemed some heavily banal burlesque.

Although actually the translation of Pierre Corneille's *La Mort de Pompée* (written in 1643), by the "matchless Orinda," Mrs. Katherine Philips, *Pompey*, which was produced at Smock Alley, Dublin, 1663, and printed that year, deals with earlier events in the life of Cleopatra at the time of the struggle between Cæsar and Pompey it may not be impertinent to mention so famous a play here. *Pompée* was also translated as *Pompey the Great* "by certain Persons of Honour," acted at the private theatre, Whitehall, in January, 1662-3, and a little later given without success at Lincoln's Inn Fields, probably in December, 1663. It was published, 4to, early in 1664. The first act was Englished by Waller; the last by Buckhurst. The other "Confederate translators" were Sir Charles Sedley, Sir Edward Filmer, and Sidney Godolphin (1645-1712), who must be distinguished from his earlier namesake (1610-1643), a poet of Suckling's day.

Fletcher's *The False One* (about 1620), folio, 1647, is concerned with events of Cleopatra's youth, and the scene is laid at Alexandria, 48, 47 B.C. This play was the monopoly of the Theatre Royal, but it was not popular upon the Restoration stage.

- p. 180. *All reasonable men*. This is specifically laid down by Aristotle in the *Poetics*, XIII, 3. "ἐπειδὴ οὖν δεῖ τὴν σύνθεσιν εἶναι τῆς καλλίστης τραγῳδίας μὴ ἀπλὴν ἀλλὰ πεπλεγμένην . . . πρῶτον μὲν δῆλον ὅτι οὔτε τοὺς ἐπικεικὺς ἄνδρας δεῖ μεταβάλλοντας φαίνεσθαι ἐξ

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εὐτυχίας εἰς δυστυχίαν, οὐ γὰρ φοβερὸν σὺδὲ ἐλεεινὸν τοῦτο ἀλλὰ
μιαρὸν ἔστιν· οὔτε τοὺς μοχθηροὺς ἐξ ἀτυχίας εἰς εὐτυχίαν,
ἀτραγυδοτάτον γὰρ τοῦτ' ἔστι πάντων· . . . οὐδ' αὖ τὸν σφοδρὰ
πονηρὸν ἐξ εὐτυχίας εἰς δυστυχίαν μεταπίπτειν· . . . ὁ μεταξὺ
ἄρα τούτων λοιπός, ἔστι δὲ τοιοῦτος ὁ μῆτε ἀρετῇ διαφέρων καὶ
δικαιοσύνῃ, μῆτε διὰ κακίαν καὶ μοχθηρίαν μεταβάλλων εἰς τὴν
δυστυχίαν ἀλλὰ δι' ἁμαρτίαν τινά."

p. 181. *Plutarch, Appian, and Dion Cassius.* Dryden, however, seems to be but little indebted to Appian of whose *Roman History*, written in Greek, in four-and-twenty books, only eleven have been preserved complete. Appian, as we now have him, carries the story of the Civil Wars to the year 35 B.C., five years before the battle of Actium.

The *History of Rome* of Dio Cassius was in eighty books, and the extant portion comprises, as well as fragments and extracts (chiefly made by Xiphilinus) from the 36th book to the 54th book entire, a period covering the history from the wars of Lucullus and Cn. Pompey against Mithridates down to the death of Agrippa, 10 B.C. Dio Cassius (XLIX-LI) emphasizes the treachery of Cleopatra to Antony whom she was prepared to sacrifice in order to gain the protection of Octavius. No doubt Dryden consulted these authors although he has made little use of them. Plutarch he most certainly read with care, but it may be remarked that in several passages when Shakespeare, possibly by accident, has deviated from the ancient authority Dryden has followed Shakespeare. Thus in Plutarch's account Antony challenges Cæsar to single combat after the successful sally against the Romans. In Shakespeare the challenge is made before this event: *Antony and Cleopatra*, IV, 1:

Cæsar. He calls me boy, . . .
. . . dares me to personal combat,
Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know
I have many other ways to die.

In Dryden the challenge is also made before the sortie: *All For Love*, II:

Ventidius. I heard, you challeng'd him.
Antony. I did, *Ventidius*.
What think'st thou was his answer? 'twas so tame,—
He said he had more wayes than one to dye;

Plutarch, however, says that Antony dared Cæsar to the duello after the sally.

In Plutarch, again, the soldier who kills himself instead of killing Antony turns aside his head. Eros, *Antony and Cleopatra*, IV, 14, cries to Antony:

Turn from me then that noble countenance
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

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Ventidius, *All For Love*, V, says to Antony:

And yet I cannot look on you, and kill you;
Pray turn your face.

In the death-scene Dryden follows Plutarch, and thus differs from Shakespeare who has altered the details of the historian.

- p. 181. *necessity, or fatal ignorance.* In this Dryden follows Rymer, who lays down that any overwhelming passion or perverid desire should be shown as beyond all power to resist. In the Table of Contents prefixed to *The Tragedies of The Last Age Consider'd*, 1678, we have: "Phedra in Euripides; her love not voluntary, 79, 80." Rymer draws attention to the anger of Venus, whose altars have been slighted by Hippolytus, and who therefore avenges herself on the whole family. "To bring this about, she strikes *Phedra* with a poison'd dart, and makes her in love with this *Hippolytus*, her Son in Law." Again with regard to the legend of *Oedipus* Rymer declares: "In former times *Poetry* was another thing than *History*, or than the Law of the Land." The Poets punished the guilty, "and what a wretch made they of *Oedipus*, when the *Casuis* excus'd his *invincible ignorance*?"
- p. 181. *without Episode, or Underplot.* Aristotle, *Poetics*, XIII, 4. "ἀνάγκη ἄρα τὸν καλῶς ἔχοντα μῦθον ἀπλοῦν εἶναι μᾶλλον ἢ διπλοῦν, ὥσπερ τινὲς φασι, καὶ μεταβάλλειν οὐκ εἰς εὐτυχίαν ἐκ δυστυχίας ἀλλὰ τούναντιον ἐξ εὐτυχίας εἰς δυστυχίαν, μὴ διὰ μοχθηρίαν ἀλλὰ δι' ἀμαρτίαν μεγάλην ἢ οἰοῦ εἶρηται ἢ βελτίονος μᾶλλον ἢ χειρόνος. σημεῖον δὲ καὶ τὸ γιγνόμενον"
- p. 181. *the first Machine* The first motif. Cf. the Epilogue to *Oedipus*:

*Terrour and pity this whole Poem sway;
The mightiest Machines that can mount a Play.*

- p. 182. *'Tis true, some actions.* Rymer, *Tragedies of The Last Age Consider'd*, 1678, when reviewing *A King and No King* writes (pp. 64-65): "We find the King *drolling* and quibbling with *Bessus* and his Buffoons, and worse, that they should presume to break their little jests upon him.

This too is *natural*, some will say. There are in nature many things which *Historians* are ashamed to mention, as below the dignity of an *History*. Shall we then suffer a *Tom Coriat* in *Poetry*? Shall we on the most important day of a King's Reign, and at Court be content with such entertainment as is not above a Cobbler's shop? Might not a Poet as well describe to us how the King eats and drinks, or goes to *Stool*; for these actions are also *natural*." It was, if my memory serves, at the Phoenix revival of Webster's *The Dutchesse of Malfy* that William Archer complained that things were presented on the public stage which would not be permitted in the public street. I am uncertain whether he aimed

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at the murder of the Duchess, of the Cardinal, or some other incident.

p. 182. *Honest Montaigne. Essais*, livre II, c. 17. *De la Presumption*.

p. 182. *their Hippolitus*. In allusion to the *Phèdre* of Racine, IV, 2. In the first edition, 1677, as also in that which is appended to the collection of 1676, in the Dutch issue of 1678, and in that of 1680 (Paris), the title of this tragedy is *Phèdre et Hippolyte*. It should be remarked that the issue which was added to the 1676 collection has separate pagination, but no date and no bookseller's name, being apparently pirated from the *editio princeps*. The second edition, properly so called, 1687, has the title *Phèdre*. According to a gloss of Priscian on the *Hippolitus* of Seneca, the *Hippolitus* of Euripides was sometimes known as *Phædra*.

Phèdre was produced on Friday, New Year's Day, 1677, but it is uncertain whether the *première* was at the Hôtel de Bourgogne or at Versailles. Brossette says: "La première représentation de la *Phèdre* fut donnée à Versailles devant le Roi et Mme de Montespan." This, however, has been questioned, especially as in another place, a note on Boileau, *Épître VII*, he speaks of *Phèdre* having been played for the first time "le premier jour de l'an 1677 sur le théâtre de l'Hôtel de Bourgogne." The title-rôle was created by la Champmeslé; and Geoffroy is no doubt correct in assigning Hippolyte to Baron. (*Jugement sur Phèdre: Œuvres de Racine*: tome IV, p. 614, édition de 1808.)

p. 183. *the Hippolitus of Euripides*. Rymer has constant reference to this play, which is one of his stock examples of classical tragedy.

p. 183. *Chedreux Critiques*. Equivalent to "our fop critics." Chedreux was the most fashionable wig-maker of the day. In Etherege's *The Man of Mode; or, Sir Fopling Flutter*, 4to, 1676, III, 2, Emilia remarks that Sir Fopling "wears nothing but what are Originals of the most Famous hands in Paris," and when a moment after Dorimant asks who made "The Perriwig?" the beau replies "Chedreux." Again La Roch, the French Peruke-maker, in Shadwell's *Bury-Fair*, 4to, 1689, I, 1, boasts: "You talke o' de *Chedreux*, he is no bodee to mee; . . . If dat Foole *Chedreux* make de Peruke like mee, I vil be Hanga." The name Chedreux was often applied to the actual peruke from the inventor. There are many frequent allusions. Cf. *The Kind Keeper*, II, 1, where Woodall asks: "How fits my *Chedreux*?" and note on that passage.

p. 183. *he draws his own stake first*. The metaphor is from gaming. "Withdraws his stake."

p. 183. *But, if I come closer*. Dryden now begins to aim at Rochester, to whom he had dedicated *Marriage A-la-Mode*, 4to, 1673; but who had with his wonted freakish perversity presently shown himself inimical to the poet. The well-known *Allusion to the Tenth Satire of Horace*, Rochester's "most important attempt towards rhymed criticism," has been termed "the public statement of their separa-

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- tion." (Johannes Prinz: *John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester*, 1927, p. 69.) It is a pert and foppish set of verses, malicious and grum, and Dryden's reflections are thoroughly deserved.
- p. 184. *fly abroad*. Since Rochester's verses and many other similar lampoons freely circulated in manuscript.
- p. 184. *Rarus enim*. Juvenal, *Sat.* VIII, 73, 74.
- p. 184. *Horace. Saturarum*, I, i, 1-3.
- p. 184. *the Monarch may appear*. Scott pertinently notes: "This passage, though doubtless applicable to many of the men of rank at the court of Charles II, was particularly levelled at Lord Rochester, with whom our author was now on bad terms."
- p. 184. *Dionysius and Nero*. Dionysius the Elder, Tyrant of Syracuse, 430-367 B.C., repeatedly contended for the prize of tragedy at Athens, and in fact several times obtained the second and third places. Just before his death he won the first prize at the Lenaea with a play entitled *The Ransom of Hector*. See Diodorus Siculus, XIII, XIV, XV.

Nero, says Suetonius, *Nero Claudius Cæsar*, LII, "ad poeticam pronus carmina libenter ac sine labore composuit: nec, ut quidam putant, aliena pro suis edidit." *Ibid.*, XXI: "Tragoedias quoque cantavit personatus . . . inter cetera cantavit *Canacem parturientem, Orestem matricidam, Oedipodem excaecatam, Herculem insanum*." But, "cantante eo, ne necessaria quidem causa excedere theatro licitum erat. Itaque et enixae quaedam in spectaculis dicuntur: et multi taedio audiendi laudandique, clausis oppidorum portis, aut furtim desiluisse de muro, aut morte simulata funere elati." In the First Satire of Persius four bombastic lines are quoted (99-102):

Torva Mimalloneis implescent cornua bombis,
Et raptum vitulo caput ablatura superbo
Bassaris, et lyncem Maenas flexura corymbis
Evion ingeminat: reparabilis adsonat Echo.

The Scholiast notes: "Versus Neronis sunt."

In the *Vita Lucani* of Suetonius is preserved a hemistich of Nero: "Adeo ut quondam in latrinis publicis clariore cum strepitu ventris emissio, hemistichium Neronis magna cum sessorum fuga pronuntiarit. *Sub terris tonuisse putes*."

- p. 185. *who had thirty Legions*. Aelius Sparteanus, *Adrianus Cæsar*, XV: "Et Favorinus quidem, quum verbum eius quoddam ab Adriano reprehensum esset, atque ille cessisset, arguentibus amicis quod male cederet Adriano, de verbo quod idonei auctores usurpassent, risum iucundissimum movit. Ait enim, *Non recte suadetis, familiares, qui non patimini me illum doctiorem omnibus credere qui habet triginta legiones*." Dio Cassius and Philostratus mention a dispute between the Emperor and Favorinus, but they do not record the mot. It is improbable that the reply is actually the words of Favorinus, since he would have said *doctissimum* rather than *doctiorem*, an idiom of

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somewhat later use. Montaigne, *Essais*, livre III, VII, repeats the story. Bacon, *Apophthegms*, 26, has: "There was a philosopher that disputed with the Emperor Adrian, and did it but weakly. One of his friends that stood by, afterwards said unto him, 'Methinks you were not like yourself last day, in argument with the Emperor; I could have answered better myself.' 'Why,' said the philosopher, 'Would you have me contend with him that commands thirty legions?'"

- p. 185. *Lucan's example.* Dr. Alexander Thomson in his *Remarks on the Life and Times of the Emperor Nero* as appended to his translation of Suetonius, 1796, writes of Lucan: "Prompted by the desire of displaying his poetical abilities, he had the imprudence to engage in a competition with his imperial patron. The subject chosen by Nero was the tragical fate of Niobe; and that of Lucan was Orpheus. The ease with which the latter obtained the victory in the contest, excited the jealousy of the emperor, who resolved upon depressing his rising genius. With this view, he exposed him daily to the mortification of fresh insults, until at last the poet's resentment was so much provoked, that he entered into the conspiracy of Piso for cutting off the tyrant. The plot being discovered, there remained for the unfortunate Lucan no hope of pardon." Being permitted to choose his mode of death he had his veins opened whilst he lay in a warm bath.
- p. 185. *grinning honour.* Shakespeare, 1 *Henry IV*, V, 3: Falstaff: "I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath," who is slain on the field.
- p. 185. *there was but one way with him.* Cf. Shakespeare, *Henry V*, II, 3; when Mistress Quickly tells of Falstaff's end: "After I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way." Dryden again uses this expression, *The Spanish Fryar*, I, when Lorenzo says to Elvira: "if your eyes prove of as killing metal, there's but one way with me."
- p. 185. *Seneca assures us.* The particular allusion is to *Epistula V* (114), 4-6, (*Senecae Opera*, ed. F. Haase, Teubner, 1898, Vol. III, p. 373): Maecenas "magni vir ingenii fuerat, si illud egisset via rectiore, si non vitasset intelligi, si non in oratione diffunderet. videbis itaque eloquentiam ebrii hominis, involutam et errantem et licentiae plenam. *Maecenas de cultu suo.* Quid turpius?" Seneca proceeds to quote various phrases from Maecenas, and criticizes these very adversely. He says: "Quid? si quis

feminae cincinnos crispas et labris columbatur incipit [que] suspirans, ut cervice lassa fanatur nemoris tyranni.

. . . Non statim, cum haec legeris, hoc tibi occurret, hunc esse, qui solutis tunicis in urbe semper incesserit? . . ." At the conclusion of *Epistula 92*, Seneca remarks of Maecenas: "habuit enim ingenium

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- et grande et virile, nisi illud secunda discinxissent." Cf. also Epistula 19, 9; and for other verses of Maecenas, Epistula 101, 11.
- p. 185. *Zanies*. This is a particular sarcasm at Rochester's expense. In 1675 or 1676, after he had been repeatedly banished from Court, Rochester during a temporary but enforced absence from Whitehall set up under the name of Alexander Bendo at the Black Swan, Tower Street, and announced the arrival of a high German doctor. The story is well known. First the Town and then all the Quality flocked to this mysterious mountebank who not only dispensed infallible remedies but by the aid of astrology revealed nature's profoundest secrets and unveiled the remotest vistas of the future. Whether *Alexander Bendo's Bill*, which was printed for the first time in *Poems, etc. On Several Occasions* . . . Tonson, 1691 (p. 138), is entirely genuine may be uncertain, but it is at any rate a contemporary and by no means an exaggerated performance. The original broadside from which it was apparently printed has not (to my knowledge) been traced.
- p. 185. *Persecutors even of Horace*. A dry bob at Rochester's *Allusion to the Tenth Satire of the first Book of Horace*.
- p. 185. *Crispinus*. A poetaster to whom Horace makes contemptuous allusion, *Saturarum*, I, 1, 120, etc. Dryden follows Jonson, who identifies Crispinus as the bore encountered by Horace in the Via Sacra: *Saturarum*, I, ix. See Jonson's "*Comickall Satyre*" *Poetaster; or, His Arraignement*, acted in 1601, III, 1.
- p. 185. *Demetri, teg; Tigelli*. Horace, *Saturarum*, I, x, 90-91. The original has *discipularum*. Tigellius, a Sardinian singer, is several times mentioned by Horace, *Saturarum*, I, ii, 3, etc.
- p. 185. *his censures*. Probably here with the idea of blame. "Censure" was often used as "opinion," favourable or the reverse.
- p. 185. *Saxum*. *Æneid*, XII, 897-898; Turnus attempts to hurl this ancient rock of huge size at Æneas, but fails. The passage runs:
- saxum antiquum ingens, campo quod forte iacebat,
limes agro positus, litem ut discerneret arvis.
- p. 186. *Genua labant*. Dryden has been using a plural "miserable Translators" so this must be rendered, "Their knees give way . . ."; but actually as the lines in their context refer to Turnus alone it is "His knees give way." *Nec pertulit*; this should be *neque pertulit*.
- p. 186. *Twelve-penny Gallery*. The upper gallery of the theatres, the cheapest part, to which the price of admission was one shilling. In contemporary Prologue and Epilogue there are disdainful references to the denizens of this lofty tire. Dryden, girding at the factions of the day in the Prologue to Nahum Tate's *The Loyal General*, produced at Dorset Garden in the fall of 1679, has:

Remove your Benches, you apostate Pit,
And take Above, twelve penny-worth of Wit.

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- p. 186. *Son of Sternhold*. Thomas Sternhold, who died 23 August, 1549, joint versifier of the Psalms with John Hopkins (died 1570), was the type and module of all pitiful and sorry rhymesters. According to Strype, Sternhold sang psalms to his organ for his own "godly solace." The first edition, dedicated to Edward VI, of these metrical versions has nineteen psalms, and although undated is not earlier than 1547: "Certayne Psalmes chose out of the Psalter of Daud and drawe into Englishe Meter by Thomas Sternhold, groome of y^e Kinges Maiesties Roobes." The text in all editions subsequent to 1556 follows the Genevan version. In 1562 there was a full edition with additions by Hopkins. There were also other contributors, and the book was reprinted in 1563. It has been said that at least six hundred editions were issued between 1549 and 1828. There are constant allusions to Sternhold as the most beggarly cobbler of rhyme. Dryden himself in *Absalom and Achitophel*, II, 1682 (402-403), has:

Poor Slaves in metre, dull and adle-pated,
Who Rhime below ev'n *David's* Psalms translated.

Again, *Religio Laici*, 1682 (453-456):

And this unpolish'd, rugged Verse I chose;
As fittest for Discourse, and nearest Prose:
For while from *Sacred Truth* I do not swerve,
Tom Sternhold's or *Tom Sha[dwe]ll's* Rhimes will serve.

- p. 186. *subscribe his Name to his censure*. The *Allusion to the Tenth Satire of the first Book of Horace* had circulated in manuscript anonymously, and also when first printed no writer's name was attached, but Dryden was of course perfectly well aware who was the author of the verses.
- p. 186. *the Lyons Skin*. In allusion to the old fable of the Ass, who thought to win respect and fearful homage by disguising himself in a lion's hide, but who was discovered owing to his loudly complacent braying, and so shamed and scorned.
- p. 186 *the Magistrates whom he has elected*. Rochester's *Allusion* . . . concludes thus:

I loath the Rabble, 'tis enough for me,
If S[edley], S[hadwell], S[heppard], W[icherley],
G[odolphin], B[utler], B[uckhurst], B[uckingham],
And some few more whom I omit to name,
Approve my sense, I count their censure Fame.

"Censure" here is "favourable opinion"; "praise."

- p. 186. *Vellem in amicitia*. Horace, *Saturarum*, I, iii, 41-42.

- p. 186. *a slow man hasty*. Dryden refers to these lines in Rochester's *Allusion*:

Of all our Modern Wits none seems to me,
Once to have toucht upon true Comedy,
But hasty S[hadwell], and slow Wicherley. }

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Pope, *First Epistle of the Second Book of Horace*, 1737, has (81-85):

In all debates where Criticks bear apart,
Not one but nods who talks of *Jonson's* Art,
Of *Shakespear's* Nature, and of *Cowley's* Wit;
How *Beaumont's* Judgment check'd what *Fletcher* writ;
How *Shadwell* hasty, *Wycherley* was slow . . .

Shadwell hasty, *Wycherley* was slow.] Nothing was less true than this particular. But this paragraph has a mixture of irony, and must not altogether be taken for Horace's own Judgment, only the common Chatt of the pretenders to Criticism; in some things right, in others wrong: as he tells us in his answer,

Interdum vulgus rectum videt, est ubi peccat.

(Pope's note.)

At Dryden himself Rochester, pert and malicious, amongst other sneers thus very ridiculously girds in the *Allusion*:

Five hundred Verses ev'ry Morning writ,
Proves you no more a Poet than a Wit.

p. 186. *Canibus pigris*. Juvenal, VIII, 34-37.

p. 186. *Nigra μελίχροος ἐστ*. Lucretius, *De Natura Rerum*, IV, 1160 and 1164. Dryden himself translates these lines, *Second Poetical Miscellany*, 1685:

The Sallow Skin is for the Swarthy put,
And Love can make a Slattern of a Slut; . . .
She stammers; oh what grace in lisp'ing lyes!
If she says nothing, to be sure's she's wise.

p. 186. *ad Æthiopem Cygnum*. Juvenal, VIII, 33. Dryden has inserted "*Ad*"; for the original (32-33) runs:

nanum cuiusdam Atlanta vocamus:
Æthiopem, cygnum.

Id est, hominem turpem, nigrum, eadem figura vocamus candidissimum.

p. 187. *ought to be our Masters*. Although Rymer does not actually say this in so many words Dryden accurately sums up in one sentence the whole theme and tenour of "The Tragedies Of The Last Age Consider'd and Examin'd By The Practice of the Ancients, And By The Common sense of all Ages. In A Letter To *Fleetwood Shepheard*, Esq; By Thomas Rymer, of *Grays-Inn*, Esquire." The title-page has date 1678, but the book was licensed 17 July, 1677, and is in the *Term Catalogues*.

Rymer throughout, in his criticism of *Rollo, Duke of Normandy*, *A King and No King*, and *The Maid's Tragedy*, appeals to Aristotle as well-nigh infallible, and takes as his canon Aeschylus, Sophocles who "gave (in *Aristotle's* opinion,) the utmost perfection to Tragedy,

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and Euripides." Rymer having occasion to mention Socrates, who "set up for *Morality*," adds "*Camerades* with him, and Confederates in his worthy design were *Sophocles* and *Euripides*." He allows "that the English want neither *genius* nor *language* for so great a work" as the writing of tragedy, "And, certainly, had our Authors began with Tragedy, as *Sophocles* and *Euripides* left it; had they either built on the same foundation, or after their *model*; we might e're this day have seen Poetry in greater Perfection, and boasted such *Monuments* of wit as *Greece* or *Rome* never knew in all their glory."

- p. 187. — *Vos exemplaria Græca*. Horace, *Ars Poetica*, 268–69.
- p. 187. *Oedipus Tyrannus*. It would appear that Dryden was already considering a tragedy upon this subject. It will be remembered that in treating the story Dryden remarks: "Custom likewise has obtain'd, that we must form an under-plot of second Persons, which must be depending on the first."
- p. 187. *the Divine Shakespeare*. Cf. Pope, *First Epistle of the Second Book of Horace*, 1737, 69–70:
- Shakespear* (whom you and ev'ry Play-house bill
Style the Divine, the Matchless, what you will) . . .
- p. 187. *Ben Jonson*. In allusion to Ben Jonson's famous line in the 1623 folio, "*though thou hadst small Latine, and lesse Greeke*—" It may be noted that W. Towers in his commendatory verses to Cartwright's *Comedies, Tragi-Comedies, With other Poems*, 1651, changes the words to "little Latin and no Greek."
- p. 187. *the difference of Stiles betwixt him and Fletcher*. Dryden treated this subject in his essay *The Grounds of Criticism in Tragedy*, contained in the Preface to *Troilus and Cressida*; or, *Truth Found too Late*, 4to, 1679, where he submits both Shakespeare and Fletcher to the authority of ancient critics and dramatists.
- p. 188. *PROLOGUE to Anthony and Cleopatra*. Dryden probably had intended to give the name *Anthony and Cleopatra* to his tragedy, and in his *A Parallel of Poetry and Painting* he uses this title: "I never writ anything for myself but *Anthony and Cleopatra*." Dr. Johnson admirably observes: "Of this play the Prologue and the Epilogue, though written upon the common topics of malicious and ignorant Criticism, and without any particular relation to the Characters or Incidents of the drama, are deservedly celebrated for their elegance and spriteliness."
- p. 188. *Tonyes*. There is a punning allusion to Antony. "*Tony*, a silly Fellow, or Ninny": *The Dictionary of the Canting Crew*. It has been suggested that the word may be derived from Middleton's famous tragedy, *The Changeling* (1623), I, 2, where Antonio, disguised as an idiot, gives his name to the play. When he is brought to the asylum, "What is his name?" asks the doctor's man. "His name is Antonio," comes the reply. "Marry, we use but half to him, only

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- Tony." "Tony, Tony, 'tis enough, and a very good name for a fool. What's your name, Tony?" Cf. Goldsmith's Tony Lumpkin in *She Stoops to Conquer*, 1773.
- p. 188. *Like Hectors*. This is a frequent word with Dryden for "a blustering bully," and it was in very common use from the middle of the seventeenth century. *The Dictionary of the Canting Crew* defines: "*Hector*, a Vaporing, Swaggering Coward." The Hectors seem to have arisen about 1648-50, and there were actual organizations of these roystering bullies. A pamphlet, 1652, *A Notable and Pleasant History of the Famous renowned Knights of the Blade, commonly called Hectors, or St. Nicholas Clerkes* gives a full account of the origin and practices of these swashes. A comedy, 4to, 1656, *The Hectors: Or the False Challenge*, "Written in the year MDCLV," "The Scene, London," has three characters, Had-Land, Caster, Slur, who are described as Hectors. In Act II, 1, Had-Land says to Caster: "Come, are you not ashamed to abuse your brother *Hector* thus?" "You a *Hector*," retorts Caster, who presently is compelled to admit: "I do confesse . . . thou art a terrible child of war; so thou wilt let me alone, thou shalt be no more *Dick Hadland* but be furious *Hector Achilles*, any thing what thou wilt." Old Jack Tope in Shadwell's *The Scurviers*, Theatre Royal, December, 1690, I, cries: "Why I knew the Hectors, and before them the *Muns* and the *Titire Tu's*, they were brave fellows indeed; in those days a man could not go from the *Rose Tavern* to the *Piazza* once, but he must venture his life twice."
- p. 190. *Another Priest*. His name, Myris, is given at the commencement of Act I, the first stage direction. He has only four lines to speak.
- p. 191. *Phocæ*. Seals; sea-calves; Ovid's "deformes phocæ," *Metamorphoseon*, I, 300. The pure Latin is *vitula Marina*. With the present passage compare *Metamorphoseon*, II, 265-68:
- Ima petunt pisces; nec se super aequora curvi
Tollere consuetas audent delphines in auras.
Corpora phocarum summo resupino profundo
Exanimata iacent.
- "*Phocæ*, vituli aut boves marini. Vocantur *deformes*, et apud Verg. G. IV, 395 *turpes*, ob faciem foedam, quanquam nec odor eorum gratus est: vide Hom. Od. Δ."
- p. 191. *Sea-Horses*. Hippopotami. "Maior altitudine in eodem Nilo bellua hippopotamus editur: ungulis bifidis, quales bubus; dorso equi, et iuba, et hinnitu." Pliny, *Historia Naturalis*, VIII, xxv.
- p. 191. *Start up*. Since the Folio, 1701, misprints "starts up" it seems necessary to remark that "start up" is the preterite
- p. 191. *the Boy-King*. The youngest son of Ptolemy Auletes, who although a mere lad, was after the death of his elder brother Ptolemy XII appointed by Cæsar to reign jointly in Egypt with his sister Cleopatra, whom he was to wed and with whom he was equally to share

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the power. Both his marriage and regal title were something less than nominal, and in 43 B.C. Cleopatra contrived his death.

- p. 192. *holy Luxury*. Cf. Dryden's *Troilus and Cressida; or Truth found too Late*, 4to, 1679, V, 2:

Troilus. Priesthood, that makes a Merchandise of Heav'n. . . .

Thersites. Nay cheats Heav'n too with Entrails and with Offals:
Gives it the Garbage of a Sacrifice,
And keeps the best for private Luxury.

- p. 192. *who can most*. An archaism. Cf. Spenser, *The Faerie Queene*, Book II, Canto III, xvi:

Thou litle wotest what this right-hand can.

- p. 193. *O, she dotes*. Cf. Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, I, 1:

and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

- p. 195. *influence*. In the astrological sense so often affected by Dryden, the power exerted by a celestial body upon some terrestrial or upon some other celestial bodies. Cf. Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*, III, 1:

Reason thus with life:

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyey influences,
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st
Hourly afflict.

- p. 197. *Lye there*. A blunder in the Third Quarto, 1696, carried on in the Folio, 1701, has led to some errors here. The folio which prints the stage direction "Ant. *having thrown himself down*" as "[Ant. *having thrown himself down*," places it in the margin, an arrangement by which "Lye there, thou shadow of an Emperor;" (folio: "Lie there, . . .") continues the speech of Ventidius. Accordingly before the line "Give me some Musick; . . ." the folio introduces a speech-prefix: "Ant."

The Third Quarto, 1696, places the stage direction "[Ant. *having thrown himself down*" in the margin, so that the speech of Ventidius continues to "Runs at my foot." It is thus followed by a couple of lines with speech-prefix: "*Ven.*" Later editions, 1735, 1740, supply a correct text so far as the speeches are assigned.

- p. 197. *the Crocodile will weep*. Cf. *The Indian Emperour*, IV, 4:

More cruel than the Tiger o're his spoil;
And falser than the weeping Crocodile.

Also *The Conquest of Granada*, Part II; II, 2:

I'll sooner trust th' hyena then your smile;
Or, then your tears, the weeping Crocodile.

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p. 197. *I'm now turn'd wild.* Dryden seems to have had in mind the well-known passage describing "the melancholy Jaques" in Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, II, 1, 25-63. These are verbal similarities too close to be accidental

p. 198. *My Mother comes afresh.* Cf. Shakespeare's *King Henry V*, IV, 6; Exeter when relating the deaths of Suffolk and York:

The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd;
But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears.

p. 198. *The big round drops.* Cf. Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, II, 1, 38-40:

the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase.

p. 199. *The Hag that rides my Dreams.* The nightmare was popularly supposed to be caused by an evil hag who squatted on the chest of the sleeper as though she were riding him. Grose in his *Provincial Glossary*, 1787, says that "A stone with a hole in it (a natural perforation), hung at the bed's head will prevent the nightmare; it is, therefore called a hagstone, from that disorder which is occasioned by a hag or witch sitting on the stomach of the party afflicted."

p. 200 *kill'd, like Tully.* Cicero, being pursued by the soldiers whom Antony had sent to slay him, was being carried down from his villa at Formiae to the seaside in order to embark when he was overtaken. His servants prepared to fight, "but Cicero commanded them to set him down, and to make no resistance: then looking upon his executioners with a presence and firmness which almost daunted them, and thrusting his neck as forwardly as he could out of the litter he bade them do their work, and take what they wanted. Upon which they presently cut off his head and both his hands, and returned with them in all haste and great joy towards Rome, as the most agreeable present which they could possibly carry to Antony." Conyers Middleton, *Life of Cicero*, Section XI. Cicero was killed on 7 December, 43 B.C.

p. 200. *Parthian Marches.* The Parthian borders. P. Bassus Ventidius had in 39 and 38 B.C. inflicted two signal defeats on the Parthians.

p. 200. *chopt hands.* Cf. Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, I, 2: "the rabblement shouted and clapped their chopped hands."

p. 200. *lower Syria.* Coele Syria, ἡ κοίλη Συρία, the low-lying part between Libanus and Antilibanus in the valleys of the upper Orontes and the Lita; afterwards the name was extended so as to include the country east of Antilibanus up to, and beyond, Damascus.

p. 201. *I have never us'd.* I have never accustomed.

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- p. 203. *You speak a Heroe*. Pope remembered this line in his translation of the *Iliad* (1715), III, 208:

She moves a Goddess, and she looks a Queen.

- p. 204. *May taste fate to e'm*. The metaphor is taken from the office of the taster, *praegustator*, one who tastes the meats and drinks before they are served at the table of princes or great personages. Cf. Shakespeare and Fletcher, *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 4to, 1634, V, 4, when Palamon and his Knights are being led to execution:

3 Knight.

Come; who begins?

Palamon. Ev'n he that led you to this banquet, shall

Taste to you all.

Also Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, 4to, 1601, IV, 1, where Phantaste says: "As a waiting-woman I would taste my lady's delights to her."

- p. 204. *And bears a tender heart*. Cf. Shakespeare, *Julius Cæsar*, V, 1: "He bears too great a mind" (l. 113).

- p. 207. *The most deliberate fighter!* This speech of Antony's is said to have glanced obliquely at Louis XIV, whose "goût des sièges, pour y montrer sa bravoure à bon marché" is remarked by Saint-Simon in his *Memoirs*, I, 10. Gossip ill-naturedly tattled that when Louis XIV had been assured by his most trusted and skilful generals that the fall of a town was imminent, he would repair to the place and in person accept the submission of the beleaguered. It was then officially announced that the genius of the royal Son of Mars had reduced the siege.

- p. 207. *more wayes than one to dye*. The answer actually was that Antony, not Cæsar, had many ways to die. Plutarch, *Antony*, 75: πολλὰς ὁδούς Ἀντωνίῳ παρεῖναι θανάτων. Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*, IV, 1, has been misled by an ambiguity in North's translation of Plutarch.

Cæsar. He calls me boy, . . .

. . . dares me to personal combat,

Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know

I have many other ways to die.

"Cæsar answered him, that he had many other ways to dye then so" (North). Dryden has followed Shakespeare.

- p. 208. *I bore this Wren*. Cf. *The Conquest of Granada*, Part II, V, 2:

Almanzor. You've raised my soul; and if it mount more high,
'Tis as the Wren did on the Eagle fly.

See note on that passage. The birds agreed to crown as their king him who could fly the highest. The eagle mounted almost to heaven, and only stayed when he was acclaimed as king by all the feathered fowls. At this moment the wren who had been concealed among the eagle's plumes issued forth and soared to the very gate of

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heaven, then claiming the victory. The story may be found newly related in the *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* of the brothers Grimm, cxxi.

- p. 208. *False Crocodile*. "*Crocodilus humani corporis avidissimus propterea flere se simulat in Nilo ut commiserantes viatores appropinquent quasi ipsi auxiliaturi: ore Aquam in lapides expuit ut eo facilius accedentes illabantur. Moralitas. Meretrices designantur ex hoc, quae Crocodili ementitis lachrimis stolidos amatores fascinant.*" Archibald Simson, *Hieroglyphica Animalium* . . . 1622 (*Hieroglyphica Natatiliū*, p. 7).

- p. 209. *blewēst Plagues*. Blue here is almost equivalent to *livid*; since the body of those afflicted with the plague is blotched and discoloured. Cf. Nahum Tate's *The History of King Lear*, 4to, 1681, II:

Lear. Blood! Fire! here—Leaprosies and blewēst Plagues!

Also Blair's *The Grave*, 1742; 628:

Racking pains
And blewēst plagues, are thine.

- p. 210. *I have wash'd an Æthiope*. A not infrequent phrase for any work undertaken in vain.

- p. 212. *Fulvia dy'd*. The ambitious spirit of Fulvia had raised a war in Italy in 41 B.C. "*Uxor Antonii Fulvia, nihil muliebre, praeter corpus gerens omnia armis tumultuque miscebat.*" Velleius Paterculus, II. Jealous of the power of Octavianus, and anxious to withdraw Antony from the East, she induced L. Antonius, the husband of her brother, to take up arms against Octavianus, whom, however, Lucius proved powerless to resist, and was obliged to surrender at Perusia. Fulvia fled to Greece, and died at Sicyon in the course of B.C. 40.

- p. 217. *Phlegræan Plains*. Phlegra, afterwards called Pallene, was a district of Macedonia where the giants are fabled to have been struck down by lightning when fighting with the gods. Vergil, *Culex*, 28, has:

Phlegra Giganteo sparsa est quo sanguine Tellus.

Seneca, *Hercules Furens*, 444-45:

Post monstra tot perdomita, post Phlegram impio
Sparsam cruore.

On which Farnaby glosses: "*Phlegram*. Vallem Thessaliæ, in qua Gigantes cum diis pugnare. *Impio*. Gigantum impiorum." Statius, *Thebaidos*, II, 595 sqq.:

Non aliter (Geticae si fas est credere Phlegrae) . . .

Upon which Barthius comments: "*Phlegra* Civitas Thracis, quam *Pallenen* postea nominatam Eudoxus scripsit, auctore Stephano. *Campi illi Gigantum pugnis* celebres non alia causa in fabulam venerunt, quam ob fertilitatem nemo non praepotens ceteris ibi vellet habitare."

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Ovid, *Metamorphoseon*, X, 149-151:

Iovis est mihi saepe potestas
Dicta prius: cecini plectro graviore Gigantas,
Sparsaque Phlegræis victricia fulmina campis.

"Phlegræi campi, terra sulfurea prope Cumas, ubi Iupiter, adiutus et a reliquis diis et ab Hercule, Gigantas sparsis fulminibus debellavit; vide Apollodorus, I, vi, 1. . . Hos campos alii in ea parte Macedoniae, quae postea Pallena dicta est; alii in Thessalia; in Campania alii statuunt, ubi Forum Vulcani." *Phlegræi campi* is the name given to the plain between Puteoli and Naples, the modern *Solfatara*. Silius Italicus, *Punica*, VIII, 539-41, has:

illic, quos sulfure pingues
Phlegræi legere sinus, Misenus, et ardens
Ore giganteo sedes Ithacesia Baii.

- p. 217. *like Vulcan*. The reference is to the familiar story in Homer; *Odyssey*, VIII, 266-366.
- p. 217. *There's no satiety*. Dryden remembered Shakespeare's *Antony*, and *Cleopatra*, II, 11, 240 sqq.:

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety. . . .

- p. 218. *my Father Hercules*. "Now it had bene a speeche of old time, that the familie of the Antonii were discended from one Anton, the sonne of Hercules, whereof the familie tooke name." North's *Plutarch; Antony*.
- p. 219. *Whom Cæsar loves*. Concerning Augustus Cæsar see Suetonius, *D. Octav. Cæsar Augustus*, lxviii: "Prima iuventa variorum dedecorum infamiam subit. Sex. Pompeius ut effœminatum insectatus est. M. Antonius adoptionem avunculi stupro meritum. Item Lucius Marci frater, quasi pudicitiam delibatam a Cæsare, A. etiam Hirtio in Hispania CCC millibus nummum substraverit: solitusque sit crura suburere nuce ardenti, quo mollior pilus surgeret. Sed et populus quondam universus ludorum die, et accepit in contumeliam eius, et assensu maximo comprobavit versum in scena pronuntiatum de Gallo matris deum tympanizante,

Videsne ut cinædum orbem digito temperet?"

For a similar character of Antony see Cicero's the *Second Philippic*, 18: "Sumpsisti virilem, quam statim muliebrem togam reddidisti. Primo vulgare scortum, certa flagitii merces, nec ea parva; sed cito Curio intervenit, qui te a meretricis quæstu abduxit et, tamquam stolam dedisset, in matrimonio stabili et certo collocavit. Nemo unquam puer emptus libidinis causa tam fuit in domini potestate quam tu in Curionis!"

- p. 220. *Menial Kings*. North in his translation of Plutarch's *Marcus Antonius* has marginal notes: "Antonius power against Oct. Cæsar.

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Antonius had eyght kings, and their power to ayde him." The text is: Antonius "had with him to ayde him these kinges and subjects following: Bocchus king of Libya, Tarcondemus king of high Cilicia, Archelaus king of Cappadocia, Philadelphus king of Paphlagonia, Mithridates king of Comagena, and Adallas king of Pont. All the which were there every man in person. The residue that were absent sent their armies, as Polemon king of Pont, Manchus king of Arabia, Herodes king of Iury: and furthermore, Amyntas king of Lycaonia, and of the Galatians: and besides all these, he had the ayde of the king of Medes sent unto him." Cf. Shakespeare's *Anthony and Cleopatra*, folio, 1623:

Anthony. Authority melts from me of late. When I cried hoa,
Like Boyes vnto a musse, Kings would start forth,
And cry, your will.

- p. 221. *Cydnos.* The Cydnus is a river of the Cilician plain. It is described by Strabo as having its source not far above Tarsus, passing through a deep ravine, and then immediately flowing down to Tarsus. The stream is cold and rapid. The distance from Tarsus to the present outlet of the river is at least twelve miles, through a level and well-cultivated country. It was in ancient times navigable as far as Tarsus.

- p. 222. *While I wear this.* Antony points to his head. Dryden perhaps remembered Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, II, 2, where Polonius says:

Take this from this, if this be otherwise.

- p. 223. *some grudgings.* A grudging is a slight symptom of an illness that may be to come, or a trace of some sickness that is past and recovered; a "touch" of pain. So Dr. Dee enters in his *Diary* (Camden Society), 1588: "June 19th. I had a grudging of the ague." Cf. Philemon Holland, *Suetonius*, 1606 (p. 251): "Some light motions and grudgings of his sicknesse."

- p. 223. *Octavia.* The beauty of this lady was considered greater than that of Cleopatra, and her virtue excited universal respect even in an age of increasing licentiousness. Augustus was most warmly attached to his sister; he adopted her son M. Marcellus (by her first husband, C. Marcellus) and intended him to succeed to the throne. The youth, however, died 23 B.C. Octavia died 11 B.C.

- p. 223. *confess a man.* If you have any claim to manhood. If you admit that you are a man. The object being a reflexive pronoun is suppressed. For a similar construction retaining the pronoun, cf. Shakespeare's *Pericles* (1608), V:

I here confess myself the King of Tyre.

- p. 226. *all His Children.* Octavia alludes to the three children of Antony by Cleopatra: Alexander and Cleopatra, who were twins, born in 40 B.C., and Ptolemy surnamed Philadelphus.

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- p. 226. *Agrippina*, or *Antonia (Maior)*, married L. Domitius Ahenobarbus, and became the grandmother of the emperor Nero. The younger daughter *Antonia (Minor)* was married to Drusus, the brother of the emperor Tiberius. She was the mother of Germanicus, the father of Caligula; of Livia (Livilla); and of the emperor Claudius. She died A.D. 38, shortly after the accession of her grandson, Caligula. It may be noted that Tacitus (*Annales*, IV, 44; XII, 64) calls *Antonia*, the grandmother of Nero, the younger sister. Suetonius and Plutarch, however, contradict Tacitus; and Muretus suspects that there is an error in the text of the *Annals*.
- p. 227. *who knows no joys*. Quarto, 1696, and the folio, 1701, which was printed from this quarto, read: "Who know no joys." But the two earlier quartos are doubtless correct, as the construction may be paralleled. Cf. Shakespeare's *Love's Labour Lost*, 1598, V, 2: "To make me proud that jests."
- p. 231. *Enter Ventidius above*. In one of the permanent balconies over the proscenium doors.
- p. 232. *That Porcpisce*. The eunuch Alexas being represented as a black, sleek and pury, the allusion has double point. In *Notes and Observations on The Empress of Morocco*, 4to 1674, to which pamphlet Dryden lent a hand, we have: "Syrens appeare not like Porcpisses before a Storme or in it." R. Inwards, *Weather Lore*, 1898, Third Edition, p. 171 writes: "When porpoises and whales spout about ships at sea, storms may be expected. Porpoises in harbour indicate coming storm. When porpoises swim to windward foul weather will ensue within twelve hours. Dolphins, as well as porpoises, when they come about a ship and sport and gambol on the surface of the water, betoken a storm: hence they are regarded as unlucky omens by sailors." Thus in *Eastward Hoe*, Chapman, Jonson, and Marston, 4to, 1605, a Blackfriars play, probably first given in the spring of that year, III (3), the Drawer warns Sir Petronell: "here's one of your water men come to tell you it will be flood these three houres; and that t'will bee dangerous going against the tyde, for the skie is overcast, and there was a porcpisce even now seene at London bridge, which is alwaies the messenger of tempests, he sayes." Stow, *Annals* (ed. 1615, p. 880), notices: "The 19th of January (1605), a great *porpus* was taken alive at Westham," and in Jonson's *Volpone*, acted in 1605, II, 1, Sir Politique Would-Bee inquires of these and other strange happenings from Peregrine, who is newly arrived in Venice:

Politique. Fearefull! Pray you sir, confirme me,
Were there three porcpisses seene, about the bridge,
As they giue out?
Peregrine. Sixe, and a sturgeon, sir.
Politique. I am astonish'd.

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Vergil, Ovid, and Propertius. His poems are unhappily lost, but Servius tells us that he wrote amatory elegies in four books, the principal subject of which is his love for Cytheris whom he celebrated under the name of Lycoris. (See Vergil, *Eclogue*, X.) See Ovid, *Tristia*, II, 445:

Nec fuit opprobrio celebrasse Lycorida Gallo.

According to Apuleius, the real name of Delia, the mistress of Tibullus, was Plania. "Eadem opera accusent C. Catullum quod Lesbiam pro Clodia nominavit . . . et Tibullum quod ei sit Plania in animo, Delia in versu." *Apologia*, X.

- p. 236 *Thessalian Charms*. Thessaly Lucius, the ancient home of all witchcrafts and sorcery. Thus in the *Metamorphoseon*, II, 1, of Apuleius, "Nimis cupidus cognoscendi quae rara miraque sunt, reputansque me media Thessaliae loca tenere, quo artis magicae nativa cantamina totius orbis consono ore celebrentur . . . suspensus alioquin et voto simul et studio curiose singula considerabam." Vergil, *Eclogue*, VIII, 69, has:

carmina vel caelo possunt deducere Lunam.

- p. 237. *Sea-green Syrens*. Probably Dryden had Ovid in mind; *Heroides*, V, Oenone Paridi, 57:

Utque celer venies virides Nereidas oro.

Cf. Horace, *Carminum*, III, xxviii, 9, 10:

Nos cantabimus invicem

Neptunum et virides Nereidum comas.

Cf. also the song of the two Syrens in *King Arthur*, IV:

Two Daughters of this aged Stream are we;

And both our Sea-green Locks have comb'd for thee . . .

- p. 237. *Night steals upon the Day*. One may remember the famous lines of Callimachus upon Heracleitus, a poet of Halicarnassus, which have been so exquisitely translated by the author of *Ionica*.

ἐμνήσθην δ' ὅσσ' αἰὶς ἀμφότεροι

ἥλιον ἐν λείσχη κατεδύσαμεν

- p. 238. *My Cleopatra?* Langbaine did not fail to record that Dryden has copied this phrase from Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing*, III, 2. "That our Author has nearly imitated *Shakespeare* is evident by the following Instance. In the Comedy call'd *Much Ado About Nothing* the Bastard accuses *Hero* of Disloyalty before the Prince, and *Claudio* her Lover: who (as surpris'd at the News,) asks, Who! *Hero?* *Bast.* Even she, *Leonato's Hero*, your *Hero*, every Mans *Hero*." Langbaine then quotes from *All for Love*. Because Dryden has very aptly echoed a phrase from a comedy which was a stranger to the Restoration stage it is altogether unfair sweepingly to accuse him of wholesale imitation of Shakespeare. But such was Langbaine's way.

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- p. 239. *Chaldeans*. Astrologers and magicians. See Montague Summers, *The Geography of Witchcraft*, pp. 13-15. Juvenal, VI, 552-4, has:

Chaldaeis sed maior erit fiducia: quidquid
Dixerit Astrologus, credent a fonte relatum
Hammonis, quoniam Delphis oracula cessant.

- p. 240. *Divine Octavia!* Under the empire *divinus* was an epithet often applied to the emperors.

- p. 240. *Meroe*. A large and celebrated island of the Nile, in Ethiopia, now the province of Atbar. It is described by Heliodorus in the Tenth Book of his famous romance. Pliny, *Historia Naturalis*, II, lxxiii, speaks of "Meroe insula, quae est caput gentis Aethiopum," a passage to which allusion is made in Milton's *Paradise Regain'd*, 1671, IV, 70-71:

and where the shadow both way falls,
Meroe, Nilotic Isle.

- p. 243. *The rowling Stone*. "Non exsuperabile saxum," Vergil, *Georgics*, III, 39, in allusion to the doom of Sisyphus. For "the gnawing vulture" cf. Horace, *Carminum*, III, iv, 77-79:

incontinentis nec Tityi iecur
reliquit ales, nequitiae additus
custos.

It should be noted that this Ode is addressed to Augustus whose victories are described, and there can be little doubt that the fallen foe is Antony who had perished in the meshes of Cleopatra.

- p. 244. *Secure of injur'd Faith*. Cf. Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus*, II, 1; 4to, 1594: "Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash."

- p. 245. *Thin Cobweb Arts*. Cf. Pope, *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, 1734:

Who shames a Scribler? break one cobweb thro',
He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew;
Destroy his Fib or Sophistry; in vain,
The Creature's at his dirty work again.

- p. 246. *your Spurn*. In the sense of a literal kick; a stroke with the foot. Cf. Christopher Nesse, *A Distinct Discourse And Discovery Of The Person And Period Of Antichrist*, 8vo, 1679: "is not this like one of the spurns or kicks of the beast?" Chapter V, 93 (p. 46).

- p. 247. *But I can keep my breath*. This is physiologically impossible, but in some romantic literature suicide has been imagined to be achieved this way. Thus in Luigi da Porto's novella (about 1530) of Romeo and Giulietta the heartbroken heroine, awakening from her trance in the tomb before her husband expires, falls over his body and finishes her life by stopping her breath. One may remember Shelley's *The Cenci*, 1819, V, 2:

Officer. Marzio's dead.
Judge. What did he say?

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Officer Nothing. As soon as we
Had bound him on the wheel, he smiled on us,
As one who baffles a deep adversary;
And holding his breath, died.

Also the same poet's *Hellas*, 1822:

Hassan. A third exclaim'd: "There is a refuge, tyrant,
Where thou dar'st not pursue, and can'st not harm,
Should'st thou pursue; there we shall meet again."
Then held his breath, and, after a brief spasm,
The indignant spirit cast its mortal garment
Among the slain—dead earth upon the earth!

p. 249. *Egypt has been*. Vergil, *Æneid*, II, 325–326:

Fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium et ingens
Gloria Teucrorum.

p. 250. *Which, like a Snow-ball*. One is reminded of the simile preserved for us by Stobæus from the Ἀχιλλέως ἔρασται of Sophocles:

νόσημ' ἔρωτος τοῦτ' ἐφίμερον κακόν·
ἔχοιμ' ἂν αὐτὸ μὴ κακῶς ἀπείκασαι,
ὅταν πάγου φανέντος αἰθρίου χεροῖν
κρύσταλλον ἀρπάσῃσι παῖδες ἀσταγῇ.
τὰ πρῶτ' ἔχουσιν ἡδονὰς ποταινίους,
τέλος δ' ὁ χυμὸς οὐθ' ὅπως ἀφῇ θέλει
οὐτ' ἐν χεροῖν τὸ κτῆμα σύμφορον μένειν.
οὕτω γε τοὺς ἐρῶντας αὐτὸς ἡμερος
δρᾶν καὶ τὸ μὴ δρᾶν πολλάκις προίεται.

p. 251. *He was a Bastard of the Sun*. Cf. Ovid, *Metamorphoseon*, I, 422–429:

Sic ubi deseruit madidos septemfluus agros
Nilus, et antiquo sua flumina reddidit alveo,
aetheroque recens exarsit sidere limus;
plurima cultores versis animalia glebis
inveniunt; et in his quaedam modo coepta, sub ipsum
nascendi spatium; quaedam imperfecta, suisque
trunca vident numeris: et eodem in corpore saepe
altera pars vivit, rudis est pars altera tellus.

Which Dryden thus translates, "The First book of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*" (ll. 565–572), *Examen Poeticum*, 1693:

Thus when the Nile from Pharian Fields is fled,
And seeks, with Ebbing Tides, his ancient Bed,
The fat Manure with Heav'nly Fire is warm'd;
And crusted Creatures, as in Wombs are form'd:
These, when they turn the Glebe, the Peasants find:
Some rude, and yet unfinish'd in their Kind:
Short of their Limbs, a lame imperfect Birth;
One half alive; and one of lifeless Earth.

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- p. 255. *We might at least thrust out our paws.* Cf. Shakespeare's *Richard II*, V, 1:

Queen. The lion dying thrusteth forth his paw
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd.

- p. 255. *To stand by my fair Fame.* Cf. Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, V, 2:

Hamlet. O God! Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me.
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.

- p. 256. *Pray turn your face.* Dryden here follows North and not Plutarch, *Antony*, 76, since the historian represents Eros as "turning his head at one side"; ἀποστρέψας δὲ τὸ πρόσωπον αὐτὸν ἀπέκτεινε.

- p. 256. *I plaid booty with my life!* To play booty is to play into the hands of confederates in order afterwards to share the gain with them, thus victimizing another player; and hence the phrase means to play or act falsely so as to obtain some desired end or object. Antony implies that Cæsar will suspect him of a feigned attempt at suicide to win compassion from the conqueror. Cf. Mabbe's translation of *Guzman d'Alfarache*, 1622, I: "We are three of vs, let vs all play booty, and joyne together to coozen the Cardinall."

- p. 258. *Notes of dying Swans.* Cf. Aeschylus, *Agamemnon* (Headlam and Pearson, Cambridge, 1910), 1445-47, where Clytemnestra says of Cassandra:

ἦ δὲ τοι, κύκνον δίκην
τὸν ὕστατον μελψασα θανάσιμον γόον,
κέϊται.

Pliny, *Historia Naturalis*, X, xxiii, makes reference to this belief: "Olorum morte narratur flebilis cantus: falso, ut arbitror, aliquot experimentis." Cicero, *Tusculanae Disputationes*, I, xxx, has: "Cygni, qui non sine causa Apollini dicati sunt, sed quod ab eo divinationem habere videantur, quia providentes quid in morte boni sit, cum cantu et voluptate moriuntur." Cf. Aristotle, *Historia Animalium*, IX, 12; Ælian, *Varia Historia*, Book I, 14, and Hyginus in his *Fabularum Liber*. Ovid very beautifully thus commences *Epistola VII* (Dido Æneæ) of the *Heroides*:

Sic, ubi fata vocant, udis abjectus in herbis,
ad vada Mæandri concinit albus olor.

- p. 259. *'Tis sweet to die.* As has been mentioned in the Note on the Source of this play, Mr. G. Thorn-Drury was the first to point out in print that several passages in this final scene seem to have been suggested by lines in Daniel's *The Tragedie of Cleopatra*, folio 1601. With this line one may compare Daniel's: "Tis sweete to die when we

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are forc'd to lue," Cleopatra's first speech (ed. Grosart, 74. My quotations from Daniel are from the folio 1601, but for convenience sake in reference I give the numbers of the lines as they appear in Grosart's edition).

- p. 259. *Dull, that thou art!* Cf. Daniel's:

Glittering in all her pompous rich aray
Great *Cleopatra* sate, as if sh' had wonne
Cæsar, and all the world beside this day:
Euen as she was when on thy cristall streames,
Cleere *Cydnos* she did shew what earth could shew.
When *Asia* all amaz'd in wonder, deemes
Venus from heauen was come on earth below.
Euen as she went at first to meete her Loue,
So goes she now againe to find him.
But that first, did her greatnes onely proue,
This last her loue, that could not lue behind him.

Nuntius, *Actus quintus, scena secunda* (1474-1484, Grosart).

- p. 260. *Hail, you dear Relicks.* Cf. Daniel's:

And you deare reliques of my Lord and Loue
(The sweetest parcels of the faithfull'st liuer,)
O let no impious hand dare to remoue
You out from hence, but rest you here for euer.
Let Egypt now giue peace vnto you dead,
That liuing gaue you trouble and turmoile.

Cleopatra's speech, *Actus quartus* (1106-1111).

- p. 260. *Thou best of Thieves.* Cf. Daniel's:

Better then Death, Deaths office thou dischargest,
That with one gentle touch canst free our breath:
And in a pleasing sleepe our soule inlargest
Making our selues not priuie to our death. . . .
Therefore come thou, of wonders wonder chiefe
That open canst with such an easie key
The doore of life,—come gentle cunning thiefe,
That from our selues so steal'st our selues away.

Nuntius, *Actus quintus, Scena secunda* (1517-1520, and 1533-1536).

Pope has borrowed from Dryden: *Imitations of Horace; The Second Epistle of the Second Book*, 72-73:

Years follow'ng years, steal something ev'ry day,
At last they steal us from ourselves away.

- p. 260. *Coward Flesh.* Cf. Daniel's:

False flesh (saith she) and what dost thou conspire
With *Cæsar* too, as thou wert none of ours.

Nuntius, V, 2 (1596-1597).

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p. 260. *But bring my self my Soul.* Cf. Daniel's:

Ile bring my soule my selfe, and that with speede,
My selfe will bring my soule to *Antony*.

Cleopatra's speech, *Actus quartus* (1186-1187).

p. 260. *I go with such a will.* Cf. Daniel's:

She went with such a will.

Nuntius (1648).

p. 261. *Cæsar, thy worst.* Cf. Daniel's:

And now prowde Tyrant *Cæsar* do thy worst.

Nuntius (1626).

p. 261. *Charmion, is this well done?* Cf. Daniel's

Charmion, is this well done? saide one of them.
Yea, well saide she, and her that from the race
Of so great Kings descends, doth best become.

Nuntius (1672-1674).

Cf. also Shakespeare's *Anthony and Cleopatra*, folio, 1623:

Enter the Guard rustling in, and Dolabella.

1 *Guard*. Where's the Queene?

Char. Speake softly, wake her not . . .

1 What worke is heere *Charmian*?

Is this well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a Princesse

Descended of so many Royall Kings.

Ah Souldier.

Charmian dyes.

p. 261. *Th' impression of a smile.* Cf. Daniel's:

And in that cheere th' impression of a smile,
Did seeme to shew she scorned Death and *Cæsar*,
As glorying that she could them both beguile,
And telling Death how much her death did please her.

Nuntius (1643-1646).

p. 262. *Mr. Bays*. An allusion made with most admirable nonchalance. Thus in *The Vindication of the Duke of Guise*, 4to, 1683, Dryden writes: "Much less am I concern'd at the noble name of *Bayes*; that's a *Brat* so like his own Father, that he cannot be mistaken for any other body: they might as reasonably have call'd *Tom Sternhold*, *Virgil*, and the resemblance would have held as well." Again in the Dedication of the *Satires of Decimus Junius Juvenalis*, folio, 1693, he says: "I answered not the *Rehearsall*, because I knew the Author sat to himself, when he drew the Picture, and was the very *Bays* of his own Farce."

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- p. 262. *Writ of Ease*. A certificate of discharge from employment. Cf. the Epilogue to *The Wild Gallant*, when revived, 4to, 1669:

Things well consider'd, 'tis so hard to make
A Comedy, which should the knowing take,
That our dull Poet, in despair to please,
Does humbly beg by me his writ of ease.

Also the Prologue to Tuke's *The Adventures of Five Hours*, folio, 1663:

But if through his ill Conduct, or hard Fate,
This Forein plot (like that of Eighty Eight)
Should suffer Shipwrack in your Narrow Seas,
You'll give your modern Poet his Writ of Ease.

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- p. 264. *Κῆν με φάγῃς* The Greek Anthology. *Anthologia Palatina*, IX, 75, "Epigrammata Demonstrativa." Parisiis, Editore Ambrosio Firmin Didot, 1872, Volumen Secundum, p. 15. This epigram is by Evenus of Ascalon. The vine speaks.

*Κῆν με φάγῃς ἐπὶ ρίζαν, ὅμως ἔτι καρποφορήσω
ὅσσον ἐπισπείσαι σοὶ, τράγε, θυομένῳ.*

It has thus been turned in Latin:

Rode caper vitem, tamen hinc cum stabis ad aras,
In tua quod spargi cornua possit, erit

Thus translated by Merivale:

Though thou shouldst gnaw me to the root,
Destructive goat, enough of fruit
I bear, betwixt thy horns to shed,
When to the altar thou art led.

- p. 264. *Hic nuptarum*. Horace, *Sermonum*, I, 4. Lines 27 and 33. Dryden has adapted l. 27 which runs:

hic nuptarum insanit amoribus, hic puerorum.

- p. 269. *John Lord Vaughan*. 1640–1713; the eldest surviving son of Richard, Earl of Carbery. He succeeded his brother in the courtesy title of Lord Vaughan in 1667, and his father as Earl of Carbery in 1686. He had been created a Knight of the Bath at the coronation of Charles II, and was sometime Governor of Jamaica. On 30 November, 1686, he was elected President of the Royal Society, which office he filled until 30 November, 1689. The latter part of

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- his life he devoted to literature and study, dwelling in retirement at a house which he had built at Chelsea, and here he died 12 January, 1712-13. He was thrice married, but left an only daughter, Anne, who after her father's decease in 1718 married Charles Paulet (Powlett), Marquis of Winchester, afterwards Duke of Bolton.
- p. 269. *Great Plot*. Oates' plot; the so-called "Popish Plot." *Mr. Limberham, or The Kind Keeper* appears in *The Term Catalogues* for Michaelmas (November), 1679.
- p. 269. *Cicero*. Schwabe (*Quaest.* p. 126) thinks that Catullus wrote this poem as an acknowledgement of Cicero's services in defending M. Caelius Rufus, the paramour and afterwards the enemy of Clodia against the charge of *vis* brought against him by L. Sempronius Atratinus at her instigation. The speech *Pro Caelio* was delivered early in 56 B.C., and the poem may belong to the same period.
- p. 269. *his Latin*. Dryden alludes to Flecknoe's *Relation of Ten Years' Travels* in which is a letter addressed to Cardinal Barberini, the first sentence whereof is writ in Latin, and the remainder in English. Langbaine under Richard Flecknoe writes: "He has publisht several Pieces both in Prose and Verse, which I have seen; and he hath others in print, which I could never obtain a view of: as in particular, that Epistle Dedicatory, to a Nobleman, which Mr. Dryden raillys so severely in his Dedication of *Limberham*."
- p. 269. *a worse Poet*. Malone has a note: "The meaning here is somewhat obscure. I suppose Richard Flecknoe died in the summer of 1678: but to assert gravely that our author was a worse poet than Flecknoe, seems very strange."
- p. 269. *Patriarchs*. Jacob who served fourteen years for Rachel, Leah the elder daughter having been given him by a trick after the first seven years, in place of her for love of whom the seven years "seemed unto him but a few days." (Genesis xxix.)
- p. 270. *another part of the World*. Lord Vaughan was appointed governor of Jamaica, and sailed out thither early in December, 1674. He is said to have "made haste to grow as rich as his government would let him." He was superseded by the Earl of Carlisle in March, 1678. See further Bridges, *Annals of Jamaica*, Vol. I, pp. 273-81.
- p. 270. *a Noble-man can be a Friend to Poetry*. "This complaint of the illiteracy of noblemen seems to have originated in our author's rupture with Lord Rochester, which gave birth to the *Essay on Satire*, written in 1675, as Lord Mulgrave informs us in his *Works*, but not published till November, 1679. The time of the publication of that *Satire* is ascertained by the following passage in a letter of Rochester's to Henry Savile, which from a circumstance mentioned in it must have been written on the 21st of November, 1679: 'I have sent you herewith a libel, in which my own share is not the least. The King, having perused it, is in no way dissatisfied with it. The author is apparent, Mr. D—— [ryden], his patron, L—— M—— [Lord Mulgrave], having a panegyrick in the

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midst.' " Malone, *Prose Works of John Dryden*, vol. II, 1800, p. 35.

- p. 271. *Castum esse decet*. Catullus, XVI, the indignant reply of the poet to Aurelius and Furius who had remonstrated with him on the effeminate tone of his poetry (*quod sint molliculi*). The defence put forward by Catullus has often been made. Ovid, *Tristia*, II, 353, *sqq.*

Crede mihi, mores distant a carmine nostro.

Vita verecunda est, Musa iocosa mihi.

Magnaue pars operum mendax et ficta meorum
Plus sibi permisit compositore suo.

Martial, I, xxxv, 3-5:

Sed hi libelli

Tanquam coniugibus suis mariti

Non possunt sine mentula placere.

Ibid., 10-11:

Lex haec carminibus data est iocosus

Ne possint, nisi pruriant, iuvare.

XI, xv, 3:

Hic totus volo rideat libellus.

Ibid., 13:

Mores non habet hic meos libellus.

Pliny, *Epistolae*, IV, 14, 4, writes: "Si nonnulla tibi paulo petulantiora videbuntur, erit eruditionis tuae cogitare summos illos et gravissimos viros qui talia scripserunt non modo lascivia rerum sed ne verbis quidem nudis abstinuisse: quae nos refugimus, non quia severiores (unde enim?) sed quia timidiore sumus. Scimus alioqui huius opusculi illam esse verissimam legem quam Catullus expressit:

Nam castum esse decet pium poetam

ipsum, versiculos nihil necesse est:

qui tunc denique habent salem et leporem,

si sunt molliculi et parum pudici.

Pliny, again, *Epistolae*, V, 3, when it was objected that his hendecasyllabics were wanton numbers replied: "Facio nonnumquam versiculos severos parum, facio; etiam comoedias audio et specto mimos et lyricos lego et Sotadicis intellego; aliquando praeterea rideo, iocor, ludo: utque omnia innoxiae remissionis genera breviter amplector, homo sum." He proceeds to defend himself by many noteworthy examples.

- p. 271. *omitted in the Press*. Malone, *Prose Works of John Dryden*, vol. I, Part I, 1800, p. 118, speaking of *Limberham* writes: "Much of what displeased on the stage, we are told, was either altered or omitted in the print. This comedy is, however, I believe, yet extant in its original state; for some years ago I saw a manuscript copy of

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it, which had been found by Lord Bolingbroke among the sweepings of Pope's study, in which a pen had been drawn through several exceptionable passages, that do not appear in the printed play." See further in the Introduction, pp. cii-civ.

- p. 271. *Tartuffe*. "Cette pièce, dont trois actes avaient été joués en 1664, devant le roi, avec approbation de celui-ci, fut jouée cette même année tout entière devant le prince de Condé, et aussitôt attaquée violemment par les dévots faux ou vrais. Molière n'osa pas la jouer et se contenta de la lire dans les compagnies. En 1667 il obtint du roi une permission verbale de la jouer, et il la joua. Dès le lendemain de la première représentation le premier président du Parlement l'interdit. Molière multiplia les prières et les plaintes auprès du roi, et la pièce, enfin autorisée authentiquement, fut jouée le 5 février 1669 et eut, chiffre extraordinaire pour l'époque, quarante représentations consécutives." Emile Faguet.
- p. 271. *any single man*. It is generally believed that Lauderdale was aimed at as Limberham. Malone is inclined to think that Dryden has Shaftesbury particularly in view.
- p. 273. *Prologue*. In the first 4to, 1680, the Prologue on a separate leaf follows the Epilogue. The omission was evidently an error, rectified at the last minute after the play had been printed off, and accordingly I have ventured to insert the prologue in its correct place.
- p. 273. *dipt in Show*. A play upon the two meanings of "dipt" *The Dictionary of the Canting Crew* has: "*Dipt*, engag'd or in debt, Land pawn'd or mortgag'd." The spectacular operas which were put on, generally at Dorset Garden, although nominally a success and playing to crowded houses, were actually so expensive to produce that even if they did not result in a loss, as was often the case, they brought no profit. Downes remarks upon *The Fairy Queen*, given at Dorset Garden in 1692: "The Court and Town were wonderfully satisfy'd with it; but the Expences in setting it out being so great, the Company got very little by it."
- p. 273. *Clouds*. Clouds were greatly used for effect in Restoration operas. In the final scene—"a Heav'n"—of Shadwell's *Psyche*: "Below the Heav'ns, several Semi-circular Clouds, of the breadth of the whole House, descend. In these Clouds sit the Musicians, richly Habited. On the front-Cloud sits *Apollo* alone." In *The Rehearsal*, produced at the Theatre Royal, 7 December, 1671, Act V, Buckingham had already burlesqued these nubilar appearances. "*The two right Kings of Brentford descend in the Clouds, singing, in white garments; and three Fiddlers sitting before them, in green.*" Rochester, also, in the Epilogue (spoken by Joe Haines) to Sir Francis Fane's *Love in the Dark; or, The Man of Bus'ness*, Drury Lane, April-May, 1675, jeered similar splendours:

Players turn Puppets now at your desire,
In their Mouth's Nonsense, in their Tail's a Wire,
They fly through Clouds of Clout, and Showers of Fire.

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- p. 273. *Machining Lumber*. Particularly in allusion to the "new scenes, new machines, new cloaths" and gorgeous *mise-en-scène* of Shadwell's opera *Psyche*, which was produced at Dorset Garden, 27 February, 1674-5. At the commencement of Act V "The *Scene* represents Hell" where appear Pluto, Proserpine, and others; at the conclusion of the Act "The SCENE *changes to a Heav'n*." Hence Dryden's "And you no longer care for Heav'n or Hell." Revivals of *Psyche*, although very costly, had not proved so attractive when the novelty was gone.
- p. 273. *Sturbridge Fair*. This Fair, which lasted a fortnight, and was under the control of the University of Cambridge, was held on the 19 September (for cheese, hops, and household goods), near the river between Chesterton and Cambridge. The old distich runs:
- At Stourbridge Fair are hops and skips,
And whores that kiss with flattering lips.
- Thomas Becon, *Worckes*, London, 1563-4, folio, writes: "A new master, a new and hang up the old, as the porters cry in Stirbridge Fair" (228). In *Northward Hoe*, by Webster and Decker, 4to, 1607, I, Bellamont says: "I tell you, gentlemen, I have observed very much with being at Sturbridge; it has afforded me mirth beyond the length of five Latin comedies." He proceeds to give a long description of the humours of the fair.
- p. 273. *Locust*. In reference to the removal of the eighth plague of Egypt. "And the Lord turned a mighty strong west wind, which took away the locusts and cast them into the Red sea; there remained not one locust in all the coasts of Egypt." *Exodus* x, 19 (A.V.).
- p. 274. 2. *Woodall*. His name in the original script was Stains.
- p. 274. 7. *Mrs. Saintly, an Hypocritical Fanatick*. Thus in Thomas Jevon's *The Devil of a Wife; or, A Comical Transformation*, 4to, 1686; produced at Dorset Garden on Thursday, 7 March, 1685-6; Noddy is "A Hypocritical Phanatick Parson, who loves to eat and cant," and he is jeered by the Butler as "a plaguy *Non-con-Parson*." Lady Lovemore is "A Proud Phanatick"; and Norris acted "The Ladies Father. *Of the old Strain. A Phanatick*."
- p. 274. 8. *Mrs. Tricksy*. She was originally called Damaris.
- p. 275. *An open Garden-House*. A Garden-House was a summer-house. See note below, p. 562.
- p. 275. *Morning Exercise*. A common term amongst the Puritans for worship; a sermon or extemporary prayer. As early as 1574, Whitgift (later Archbishop of Canterbury) speaks of the "exercises" of "praying, singing of psalms, interpreting and prophesying." Cf. Davenant's *The Wits*, I, 1, 4to, 1636:

I am a new man Luce; thou shalt find me
In a Geneva band . . .
And squire thy untooth'd aunt to an exercise.

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And also the same author's *News from Plymouth*, I, 1, folio, 1673; licensed 1635:

Two disciples to St. Tantlin,
That rise to long exercise before day.

St. Tantlin is St. Antholin's (St. Anthling's), Budge Row, Watling Street, which was long a stronghold of puritanism and notoriously frequented by fanatics and extremists. The church was burned down in the Great Fire.

Mayne in *The City Match*, IV, v, 4to, 1639, says of a puritan:

she will out-pray
A preacher at St. Antlin's, and divides
The day in exercise.

In Mrs. Behn's *The Roundheads; or, The Good Old Cause*, II, 1, 4to, 1682, Lady Desbro remarks to her lover: "You know my leisure Hours are when my Honourable Lord is busied in Affairs of State, or at his Prayers; from which long-winded exercise I have of late withdrawn my self: three Hours by the Clock he prays extemporary."

p. 275. *trepan'd*. The *Dictionary of the Canting Crew* has: "*Trapan*. he that draws in or wheedles a *Cull*, and *Bites* him. *Trapan'd*, Sharpt, ensnar'd." The word is common.

p. 276. *Bishop*. Christoph Bernhard Von Galen, Bishop of Munster, 1650-78, a most notable secular as well as ecclesiastical ruler, had impressed himself upon European politics by his energy and vigour. He compelled the rebellious city of Munster, after a long siege, to acknowledge his sovran rights. He succeeded in clearing his territory of foreign troops. On 13 June, 1665, he made a private treaty with Charles II, and in August of that year invaded Holland. In 1674-5, during the war with Sweden, he overran Pomerania, and gained parts of the Archdiocese of Bremen and the Diocese of Verdun. At home he restored Church discipline and established an excellent school system throughout his domain. In Shadwell's *Epsom-Wells*, produced 2 December, 1672; 4to, 1673; during the drinking-scene which opens Act IV, Kick proposes: "Here a health to the Bishop of *Munster*." Upon this the rustic brute Clodpate rejoins: "Excuse me, Sir, he's a Popish Bishop, and I'll drink ne're a Papiſts Health on'em all; he a Clergy-man, and run up and down souldiering and fighting! truly he may be asham'd on't; and he were a godly man, he'd stay at home and preach; I hate a lazy Bishop that won't preach; but here's my Cup."

p. 277. *The Art of Kissing close*. Cf. *The Honest Man's Fortune*, Beaumont and Fletcher, folio, 1647, V.

Montague. Your ladyship cannot tell me when I kiss'd her.

Lamira. But she can, sir.

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Montague. But she will not, madam;
For when they talk once, 'tis like fairy-money,
They get no more close kisses.

Lamira. Thou art wanton.

Also in *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, 4to, Overreach's instructions to his daughter, III, 11:

Overreach. If thou art my true daughter, not a bastard,
Thou wilt venture alone with one man, though
he came

Like Jupiter to Semele, and come off too;
And therefore, when he kisses you, kiss close.

Margaret. I have heard this is the strumpets' fashion, sir,
Which I must never learn.

Overreach. Learn any thing,
And from any creature, that may make thee great.

- p. 277. *Covent-Garden Church.* S. Paul's, Covent Garden, the design of which is attributed to Inigo Jones, was commenced in 1631, and having been built at the charge of the Earl of Bedford, was consecrated by Dr. Juxon, Bishop of London, 27 September, 1638. The Rev. William Bray, Vicar of S. Martin's-in-the-Field, claimed it as a chapel of ease, but in 1645 it was constituted a separate parish. There are very many allusions to the fashionable congregation of Restoration days, and in Otway's *The Atheist*, produced at Dorset Garden in the autumn of 1683, I, among the daily businesses of London are mentioned "Assignations at *Covent-Garden Church*."

- p. 277. *lewdly.* Foolishly; stupidly. Cf. Chaucer, *The Canterbury Tales*, "The Seconde Nonnes Tale"; 428-430:

'Ye han bigonne your question folily,
Quod she, 'that wolden two answeres conclude
In oo demande; ye axed lewedly.'

- p. 278. *Cordial-Water.* Spirits; some strongly invigorating drink. Cf. De Foe, *Robinson Crusoe*, 1719 (ed. 1858), XVIII: "He had brought me a case of bottles full of excellent cordial waters." Cf. also Milton, *Comus*, 1634, 672:

And first behold this cordial Julep here
That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds
With spirits of balm, and fragrant Syrops mixt.
Not that *Nepenthes* which the wife of *Thone*,
In *Egypt* gave to *Jove*-born *Helena*
Is of such power to stir up joy as this.

- p. 279. *Before George, a proper Fellow.* Otway in *The Souldier's Fortune*, I, produced in 1680; 4to, 1680; remembered this scene when old Sir Jolly meets Courtine and cries: "A pretty fellow, odd a very pretty

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- fellow, and a strong dog I'll warrant him . . . he has a notable Nose, a hard brawny Carle—true and trusty, and mettle I'll warrant him." William Smith was the original Courtine, and there is little doubt that it was he who played Woodall. Anthony Leigh was Sir Jolly, and he was old Aldo.
- p. 279. *bumble*. A rare slang term for to copulate with; to vault; "the culbatizing exercise" as Urquhart has it. Cf. "to bum"; "to bumfiddle"; "to bumfiddle dumdict"; all used with the same meaning.
- p. 279. *a true Trojan*. This phrase is still in use as signifying a stout lusty fellow.
- p. 279. *written in his forehead*. Sir Paul Rycaut, *The Present State of the Ottoman Empire*, London, folio, 1687 (printed as an appendix to *The Turkish History*, by Richard Knolles, Sixth Edition, 2 vols., folio, 1687), Book II, Chapter VIII (p. 57), "*The Nature of Predesination according to the Turkish Doctors*," writes: "They are of opinion, that every man's destiny is writ in his forehead, which they call *Nasip*, or *Tadîr*, which is the Book writ in Heaven of every man's fortune, and is by no contrary endeavours, counsels or wisdom to be avoided."
- p. 279. *a two-handed Whore*. Two-handed here signifies "strapping," "stalwart," "bouncing." So *The Dictionary of the Canting Crew* defines: "*Strapping-Lass*, a swinging two-handed Woman." Fielding, *Tom Jones*, 1749, IX, 111: "This Susan was as two-handed a wench (according to the phrase) as any in the country."
- p. 280. *a Lover of the Game*. *The Dictionary of the Canting Crew* has: "*Game*, . . . at a Bawdy-house, Lewd Women. *Have ye any Game Mother?* Have ye any whores Mistress Bawd." The phrase is also in Grose, 1785.
- p. 280. *I am tender-natur'd*. So Sir Jolly in *The Souldier's Fortune*, I, 1: "All's gone with me, Gentlemen, but my good Nature."
- p. 280. *I am indeed a Father to 'em, and so they call me*. In *The Souldiers Fortune*, I, 1, the three Whores meeting Sir Jolly in the Mall accost him as "Dad" and "Papa." 1. *Whore*. Oh *Papa, Papa!* where have you been these two days, *Papa?* 2. *Whore*. You are a precious *Father* indeed, to take no more care of your *Children*; we might be dead for all you, you naughty *Dady*, you.
- p. 280. *Land-Pyrats*. Here, "Constables." But more generally as *The Dictionary of the Canting Crew* explains: "*Land-pirates*. Highwaymen or any other Robbers."
- p. 280. *cram'd Chickens*. A great delicacy. So in Wycherley's *The Gentleman Dancing-Master*, produced in March, 1672, I, when Flirt and Flounce are ordering a costly supper the French scullion inquires: "En voulez vous de Cram Schiquin?" Among the luxuries desired by Sir Humphrey Scattergood and his friends were "Capons, Ducks, with Geese so cramb'd as to be drown'd in fat; squab Pidgeons, Chickens in the Grease, fat Swans." Shadwell's *The Woman-Captain*, I, 1, produced in the autumn of 1679.

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- p. 280. *smuggle*. To cuddle; to fondle. Cf. To snuggle. In Farquhar's *Love and a Bottle*, Drury Lane, December, 1698; I, 1, Mrs. Trudge fondles her baby, "Oh, the little Lips!—and 'tis the best natur'd little dear—[*Smuggles and kisses it.*]" Ned Ward, *Works*, 1709, I, p. 68, has: "You may smuggle and grope. . . . But must pay for the ultimate favour."
- p. 280. *pat 'em down, and pur over 'em*. So Sir Jolly in *The Souldier's Fortune*, Act I: "Odd I love to know how matters go through now and then, to see a pretty Wench and a young Fellow Towze and Rowze and Frouze and Mowze."
- p. 281. *Jack-Call*. As one who drudges for another. The word was formerly (and is even now in certain dialects) stressed on the second syllable. The obsolete form Jack-Call shows an association with the proper name *Jack* and animals containing it. Cf. Addison, *Guardian*, 71 (1713): "A lion, or a master-spy hath several jack-calls under him who are his retailers in intelligence."
- p. 281. *Balcony*. One of the permanent stage balconies over a proscenium door.
- p. 281. *Dog and Bitch-Yard*. One of the low purlicus of Drury Lane, a well-known resort of prostitutes. So in *The Wild Gallant* when Constance asks the ladies whereabouts their lodgings may be the Second Whore replies: "In *Dog and Bitch Yard*, an't please your Ladyship." After the riots in which many brothels had been destroyed by the prentices on 2 April, 1668, Evelyn notes: "Amongst other libertine libels, there was one now printed, and thrown about, a bold petition of the poore whores to Lady Castlemaine." This pasquil purported to be signed by two notorious bawds of the day, Mother Cresswell and Damaris Page "in the behalf of our Sisters and Fellow-Sufferers (in this day of our Calamity) in *Dog and Bitch Yard, Lukeners Lane, Saffron-Hill, Moor-fields, Chiswell-street, Rosemary-Lane, Nightingale-Lane, Ratcliffe-High-Way, Well-close, Church-Lane, East-Smithfield, &c.*" So it will be remarked that Dog and Bitch Yard heads the list of the most notorious quarters of ill fame. Granger says: "The daughters of iniquity were much more numerous than the mothers. They were dispersed through every quarter of the town, but Moor-fields, Whetstone's Park, Lukener's Lane, and Dog and Bitch Yard, were their capital seraglios."
- p. 281. *right*. A right woman was a cant phrase for a whore. Don Diego in *The Gentleman Dancing-Master*, III, angrily says to Mrs. Caution, "Come leave your sensorious prating, thou hast been a false right Woman thy self in thy youth, I warrant you." "I right! I right!" retorts the lady in a great heat, "I scorn your words, I'de have you to know, and 'tis well known. I right! no 'tis your dainty Minx, that Jillflirt your Daughter here that is right, do you see how her Hankerchief is ruffled and what a heat she's in?"
- p. 281. *a two-pil'd Punk*. Two-piled is applied to velvet in which the loops of the pile-warp are formed by two threads, producing a pile of

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double thickness. Cotgrave, 1611, has: "*Poil, Velours à deux poils*," two-pile velvet.

- p. 281. *a Punk of two Descents*. This was originally "Very punk of very punk," but great exception having been taken to the phrase Dryden altered it to the present form.
- p. 281. *Walsingham*. A very popular old English song relating to the Priory of Walsingham, Norfolk, long famous as a place of pilgrimage to the sacred Shrine of Our Lady. The Priory was destroyed, and the Shrine robbed in 1538 by Henry VIII. It has been suggested that the air is of an earlier date. It was a favourite with our old English composers and many sets of variations, especially for the virginals, exist. The title "Have with you to Walsingham" may or may not refer to a different song. In *The Honest Man's Fortune*, V, Beaumont and Fletcher, folio, 1647, the third Servant says:

When he brings in a prize, unless it be
Cockles, or Calais sand to scour with,
I'll renounce my five mark a-year,
And all the hidden art I have in carving,
To teach young birds to whistle Walsingham.

In Ned Ward's *London Spy*, folio, 1698-1700, the account of Bridewell, he speaks of a lusty ruffian beating hemp who when asked for what offence he was tied to this labour, "Why, Mr. *Tickletail*," says he, "taking me, as I believe, being in Black, for some Country Pedagogue, I was committed hither by Justice *Clodpate*, for saying I had rather hear a Black bird Whistle *Walsingham*, or a Peacock Scream against Foul Weather, than a Parson talk Nonsense in a Church, or a Fool talk Latin in a Coffee House."

- p. 282. *Noble Hephestion*. Hephaestion, who was beloved by Alexander the Great, is an important character and a gallant amoroso in Lee's *The Rival Queens, or, the Death of Alexander the Great*, which had been produced at Drury Lane in March, 1676-7, with extraordinary success. The rôle was created by Thomas Clarke, a young actor of great merit and popularity. Hephaestion also appears in Banks' *The Rival Kings: Or The Loves of Oroondates and Statira*, acted at the Theatre Royal, in the early summer of 1677; 4to, 1677. In this heroic drama we have: "*Alexander the Great*" and "*Ephestion*, a Youth extreemly belov'd by him."
- p. 282. *supernaculum*. "Drinking super nagulum, a devise of drinking new come out of Fraunce; which is, after a man hath turnd vp the bottom of the cup, to drop it on his naile & make a pearle with that is left; which if it shed, & he cannot make stand on, by reason thers too much, he must drinke againe for his pennance." Nash, *Pierce Penilesse*, [E4], 1592. See note in *The Mistaken Husband*.
- p. 282. *little finger*. This piece of gallantry which appears to have been common at the time is referred to in Shadwell's *The Humorists*, 4to, 1671, towards the end of the Third Act where Mrs. Friske boasts

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"There was another Person of Quality came to me, and told me I was a pretty Nymph, and he was a Satyr, and invited me to drink a bottle of Rhenish and Sugar, and I protest and vow he would not drink one drop, till I had dipt my Finger in the Glass." "It seems he lov'd to drink with a Toast," Theodosia replies.

- p. 282. *tory rory*. Boisterously merry; rowdy. Cf. Cotton's *Scarronides*, *Virgil Travestie*, IV:

She found him set among his Mates,
The rest o' th' *Trojan* Runagates,
Puff'd like a Foot-ball with Vain-glory,
Roaring and drinking tory-rory.

The phrase is of somewhat obscure origin; probably a rhyming expansion of "rory." It has no connexion with Tory, although after 1680 it is often linked up for the sake of the obvious jingle and application.

- p. 282. *Lilly-white Smock*. Major Richardson Pack, "Some Memoirs of William Wycherley, Esq.," *Miscellanies in Verse and Prose*, London, 1719, has the following anecdote: "I cannot forbear to mention (just for the Oddness of the thing) one Piece of Gallantry, among many others, that Mr. Wycherley was once telling me they had in those Days. It was this: there was an House at the Bridge-Foot, where Persons of better Condition used to resort (you see how distant the Scene then lay to what it doth now) for Pleasure and Privacy. The Liquor the Ladies and their Lovers used to drink at these Meetings was Canary; and among other Compliments the Gentlemen paid their Mistresses, this it seems was always one, to take hold of the bottom of their Smocks, and, pouring the Wine through that Filtre, feast their Imaginations with the thought of what gave the Zesto, and so drink a Health to the Toast."

- p. 282. *gloting*. To glote, more frequently "to glout" is to make eyes at; to ogle. Woodall's aside refers to the amorous glances Mrs. Tricksy is throwing in his direction. Cf. the Prologue, written by Otway, spoken by Mrs. Barry to Mrs. Behn's *The City-Heiress*, produced at Dorset Garden 15 May, 1682:

Ye go to Church to glout and ogle there.

Also Orrery's *Guzman*, produced at the Duke's House, Friday, 16 April, 1669 (4to, 1693): "*Guzman* glouts at her, sighs, and folds his arms." In *The Plain-Dealer*, II, 1, Olivia declares: "I cou'd not glote upon a man when he comes into a Room, and laugh at him when he goes out."

- p. 283. *hank*. A hank is literally a loop of anything flexible; a skein of yarn. Hence "a hold" upon anyone to curb or restrain that person. Thus Farquhar, *The Recruiting Officer*, produced at Drury Lane, 8 April, 1706; 4to, 1706, II, 2, where Worthy says to Ballance who has torn up Melinda's letter: "Dear Sir, let me pick up the pieces of

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this Letter, 'twill give me such a hank upon her Pride, to have her own an Intimacy under her hand." Cf. *Westminster Drollery*, 1671, "A Song on the Declensions" for a pun:

Yet she'l have a *hanc* on every man.

- p. 283. *Lorrain and Crequy*. François Créquy de Blanchefort (1624–1687), Marshal of France, one of the greatest generals of the day. By his capture of Luxemburg he was largely instrumental in bringing about the peace of Nimwegen (1679). In the Epilogue to Lee's *Theodosius; or, The Force of Love*, produced at Dorset Garden in 1680; 4to, 1680; we have:

*Pox on the French King, uds-bud let him come:
Give me ten thousand Red Coats, and alloo,
We'll firke his Crequi and his Conde too.*

In the Prologue, spoken by Clarke, to Edward Howard's *The Man of Newmarket*, 4to, 1678, are the following lines:

*And thus with Wits and Poets runs the strife,
'Tis thought may last at least this Ages life.
Or like the long disputes 'twixt France and Spain,
Besides their Allies, and the wrong'd Lorain.*

- p. 284. *Scaramouch and Harlequin*. The Italian players were well known in England also which they frequently visited from Paris. Thus on 21 April, 1673, a troupe is spoken of as but "newly arrived" (*Calendar State Papers, Treasury Books*, 1672–5, 119), and on 4 September of that year the King ordered "to be prepared & deliuered vnto Scaramouchi and Harlekin vnto each of them a Medall & Chayne of Gold." Not long after they left England but in 1675 they returned, and Marvell in a letter dated 24 July of that year speaks of Scaramuccio acting daily in . . . Whitehall and all sorts of people flocking thither, and paying their money as at a common play-house." The leader of this company was Tiberio Fiorilli, a famous scaramuccio. They paid another visit to England in 1678 and left in February, 1678–9. In the summer of 1683 they were performing at Windsor.

The leading member of the Italian theatre in Paris from 1660–1668 was Giuseppe-Domenico Biancolelli, a celebrated Harlequin. When he died on 2 August, 1688, he was succeeded by another great Harlequin, Evariste Gherardi. There are allusions to Biancolelli and Fiorelli, "the Fam'd Harlequin and Scaramouch" in the Prologue to Ravenscroft's "Comedy After the Italian Manner," *Scaramouch a Philosopher, Harlequin A School-Boy, Bravo, Merchant, and Magician*, produced at Drury Lane in May, 1677.

- p. 285. *Pug*. Pug as a term of endearment was indifferently applied to either sex. So in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602, II, 1 (to a lad):

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- "Hah, Catzo, your master . . . calls for your diminutive attendance. . . . Good pugge give me some capon." Catzo (cazzo) is an obscene ejaculation. In Otway's *The Souldier's Fortune*, 4to, 1681, I, Sir Davy says sarcastically to Beaugard: "How melancholy the Monkey stands now? Poor Pug, hast thou lost her?" Pug also meant a whore and in the Epilogue Limberham plays on this double signification.
- p. 286. *mon foy*. So in *The Rehearsal*, Theatre Royal, December, 1671, II, 2, when the two Kings of Brentford enter the First King says: "You must begin, *Mon foy*," to which the Second King replies: "Sweet, Sir, *Pardonnez moy*." "Mark that," cries Bayes, "I makes 'em both speak *French* to shew their breeding." *Mon foy* is an intentionally gross solecism to heighten the jest.
- p. 286. *hansello*. He means "hansel" ("handsell") from the Dutch *hansel*, earnest money. A hansel is a gift at the beginning of the New Year, or on entering on new circumstances, or commencing any fresh business.
- p. 286. *Naunt of Fairies*. The reference is to the chousing of Dapper by Subtle and Face who persuade him that the "Queene of Faerie" (impersonated by the punk Doll Common) is his aunt and is about to enrich him with most marvellous bounty.
- p. 287. *danc'd in a Net*. To dance in a net is to do some thing undetected. Cf. *Sir Martin Mar-All*, IV, 1, where Lord Dartmouth says to Warner: "I see I have not danc'd in a Net before you," i.e. "I see that you are well aware of all that has been happening."
- p. 287. *Chedreux*. Chedreux was one of the most fashionable perruquiers of the day, and his wigs were called after him.
- p. 287. *Maremaid's on a Sign-Post*. The allusion will be clear to those who have seen the straight-combed wooden locks of a mermaid as painted on the old shop-signs.
- p. 287. *Journey-work*. The work of a journeyman, i.e. one who labours on behalf of another; a mere hireling.
- p. 287. *Crimp*. To crimp is to force or decoy men to serve at sea; or more generally to entrap men for service in the army, navy, or merchant-service. The usual form of this substantive "crimp" is "crimping." The Dutch were widely accused of kidnapping for their navy and trade vessels. It is possible that here "crimp" is used for "cheating," "double-dealing," as in the slang of the day.
- p. 287. *Rinaldo and Armida*. Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*, particularly Canto XVI, of which I quote stanza 19, as translated by J. H. Wiffen, describing the dalliance of the amorous pair who are perceived by Carlo and Ubaldo:

His hungry eye-balls, fixt upon her face,
For her dear beauty pine themselves away;
She bows her head, and in a fond embrace,
Sweet kisses snatches, betwixt war and play,

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Now of his just touched eyes, in wilder prey
 Now of his coral lips; therewith he heaves
 Sighs deep as though his spirit winged its way
 To transmigrate in her: amidst the leaves,
 This amorous dalliance all each watchful knight perceives.

p. 288. *the lusty German Boys*. Caleb Trenchfield, *A Cap of Gray Hairs for a Green Head*, 12mo, 1671, says that "the Germans did bear away the bell for drinking," and it was popularly supposed that they were such hard toppers as to commence any business or operations in peace or war with a swinging sacrifice at the shrine of Bacchus. Iago's reference in Shakespeare's *Othello*, II, 3, will be readily remembered.

p. 288. *a Wormwood Lecture. Women's Sharpe Revenge* (1640): "And now lately one or two of the sonnes of Ignorance have pen'd three severall . . . ill favoured Pamphlets . . . called Lectures, as the Juniper Lecture, the Crabtree Lecture, and the Wormwood Lecture, wherein they have laid most false aspersions upon all women generally." Cf. Martin Parker's "A brief sum of certain wormwood lectures, which women used to sing and say, Unto their husbands every day" (printed 1682).

p. 289. *Maids Tragedy*. The conclusion of the Masque in Act I:

Cynthia. Which way wilt thou go? say.

Night. I'll vanish into mists.

Cynthia. I into Day.

[*Exeunt*.

p. 289. *cross day*. The Cross Days are the Rogation Days, that is to say the 25 April, called Major, and the three days preceding the Feast of the Ascension, called Minor. The Feast of S. Mark 25 April has no connexion with the Major Rogation, and it was indeed fixed for this date at a later period. The Rogation Days were generally known in England as "Cross Days" or "Gang Days" on account of the Rogation Procession. The observance of this continued even to the thirteenth year of Queen Elizabeth, 1571, when one of the ministers of the Established Church sharply inveighed against the Rogation Processions, or Gang Days, of Cross Week.

p. 290. *You had best preach*. I suspect that Dryden wrote:

"You had best peach," i.e. "You had best blab."

p. 290. *I'll go into a Nunnery*. Sedley has very closely imitated this in *Bellamira, or The Mistress* (much of which is probably Shadwell's), 4to, 1687, I, 1:

Keepwell. Did not you say you cou'd renounce this *Isabella*, and all the World for me?

Merryman. Yes, rather than lose your Settlement.

Bellamira. I did; and will, my Dear! I can go into a *Cloyster*,

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since I have lost my power with you, I care not for the rest, I'll to a *Monastery*, and there I'll Pray for you.

Keepwell. I scorn to be out-done in kindness: I will go into the Country for a day or two, and let *Dangerfield* do his worst. Go into a *Monastery*! I had rather hold the Door my self.

Merryman. When she's a *Nun* I'll be a *Fryer*: They all say as much.

Keepwell. But, if she shou'd, where shou'd I have such another Dear, Pretty, Sweet Rogue?

Merryman. There are hundreds as fine Women to be had, by the day, by the week, or how you will.

Keepwell. 'Tis not the first Time she has threatened to go into a *Monastery*, upon discontents between us: I was forced to give her a New Bed, the last Summer, and Plate for her Chamber, or I had lost her.

It will be remembered that Dryden's own mistress, the beautiful Mrs. Ann Reeve, retired from the stage and took the veil in 1675, a circumstance to which there are many contemporary allusions.

- p. 290. *She can digest 'em.* Cf. Jonson, *Every Man in his Humour*, first acted, 1598, III, 1: *Stephen.* I could eat the very hilts for anger! *Ed. Kno'well.* A signe of good digestion! you have an ostrich stomach, cousin.
- p. 291. *dust.* "*Dust*, money, *down with your Dust*, deposit your Money, pay your Reckoning." *Dictionary of the Canting Crew.* Fuller, *Church History*, 1655, VI, 299: "My lord, quoth the king, presently deposit your hundred pounds in gold, or else no going hence all the daies of your life. . . . The abbot down with his dust, and glad he escaped so, returned to Reading."
- p. 292. *Lambeth Palace.* Alluding to the red and black, or red and blue, brickwork of the Hall and Tower, then quite new.
- p. 292. *Tuscan order.* The Tuscan is the simplest and rudest of the five orders of architecture. Sir Henry Wotton, *The Elements of Architecture*, 4to, 1624, says: "The Tuscan is a plain, massie, rurall Pillar, resembling some sturdy well-limb'd Labourer, homely clad."
- p. 292. *Traitor's scull upon a pole.* It was the ancient custom to expose the severed heads of executed criminals, particularly traitors, upon long poles which surmounted the gateway of old London Bridge.
- p. 294. *Here's a Chest.* The third novella of the Third Decade of Cinthio's *Hecatommithi* has: "Bice ascose Messere lo Giudice con tutti i suoi panni in un cofano, ch'ella haveva in casa, ch'era di un suo vicino."
- p. 295. *Inckle.* Inckle is stout linen tape, which was formerly used for many purposes. The top of the chest was crossed with inckle bands.
- p. 295. *Hiccius Doctus.* A form of nonsense words used by jugglers in performing their tricks. Often "*hiccius doctus*," perhaps *hicce est doctus*; "here is the learned man": or possibly mere jingling gibberish. Cf. "*Hey presto*." So in *The Country-Wife*, III, 2,

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Sparkish says: "Burlesque is a *Hocus-Pocus* trick, they have got, which by the virtue of *Hiſtius doctius*, topsey turvey, they make a wise and witty Man in the World, a Fool upon the Stage."

- p. 298. *there is Witchcraft betwixt his Lips.* So in Congreve's *The Way of the World*, 1700, V, Lady Wishfort when Mirabell addresses her sighs: "Oh, he has Witchcraft in his Eyes and Tongue."

- p. 298. *Re-enter Woodall.* It is plain that there has been some excision. Woodall as the script now stands here makes his first entry in Act III, and the direction "*Re-enter*" would not be technically employed unless he had made a previous appearance in this act, and that not long before he enters with Tricksy, Mrs. Brainsick, Judith, and Musick. The musick is a term for the fiddlers who came on to the stage to accompany the Song.

- p. 299. *Like a Swan.* Pliny, *Historia Naturalis*, X, xxxii, 23, has: "Olorum morte narratur flebilis cantus (falso, ut arbitror) aliquot experimentis." Ovid, *Heroides*, VII, Dido *Æneae*, commences:

Sic, ubi fata vocant, udis abiectus in herbis,
Ad vada Meandri concinit albus olor.

Upon which Borchardus Cnipplingius glosses: "Cygnus vicinus morti, solet flebiliter cantare."

- p. 299. *Simagres.* Simagrées: grimaces; leering. Dryden also uses this word in his translation from Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, XIII, *The Story of Acis, Polyphemus, and Galatea* (*Ovid's Metamorphoses*, "Translated by the most Eminent Hands," Dedication signed S. Garth, folio, 1717, p. 471):

Now in the Crystal Stream, he looks, to try
His Simagres, and rowls his glaring Eye.

The original, *Metamorphoseon*, XIII, 766-67, runs:

Iam libet hirsutam tibi falce recidere barbam
Et spectare feros in aqua et componere vultus.

- p. 299. *a new Isle of Pines.* "The ISLE of PINES, or, A late Discovery of a fourth ISLAND near *Terra Australis, Incognita*, by Henry Cornelius Van Sloetten. *Wherein is contained*, A True Relation of certain *English* persons, who in Queen *Elizabeths* time, making a Voyage to the *East Indies* were cast away, and wracked near to the Coast of *Terra Australis, Incognita*, and all drowned, except one Man and four Women. And now lately *Anno Dom. 1667.* a *Dutch* Ship making a Voyage to the *East Indies*, driven by foul weather there, by chance have found their Posterity, (speaking good *English*) to amount (as they suppose) to ten or twelve thousand persons. The whole Relation (written, and left by the Man himself a little before his death, and delivered to the *Dutch* by his Grandchild) Is here annexed with the Longitude and Latitude of the Island, the

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situation and felicity thereof, with other matter observable. [Rule] Licensed *July 27, 1668*. [Rule] *LONDON*, Printed for *Allen Banks* and *Charles Harper* next door to the three Squerrills in *Fleet-street*, over against St. *Dunstons* Church, 1668." This curious little story is the work of Henry Neville, 1620-94, the son of Sir Henry Neville of Billingham, Berkshire. Henry Neville in 1635 matriculated at Merton College, Oxon; whence he passed to University College. In 1645 he was recruiting in Abingdon for the Parliament. Yet in 1654 this erratic politician who was something of a doctrinaire boutefeu made himself very objectionable to Cromwell and was actually banished from London. After the usurper's death he was returned to Parliament for Reading, 1658, not without strong opposition on account of his subversive opinions. In May, 1659, he became a member of Harrington's Rota Club. In October of the same year he was arrested on strong suspicion of being concerned in the "Yorkshire rising" and sent to the Tower. Released in 1660 he found it better to withdraw from the public arena, and dwelt in retirement until his death in September, 1694. Perhaps the chief interest in *The Isle of Pines* is that we find many of Defoe's devices not unskilfully employed before Defoe came. George Pine and four women are shipwrecked upon an island, and Pine uses three of the women as his wives, and the fourth, a negress, as a concubine. They all lived to an extreme old age in a patriarchal community, and when Pine attains eighty ripe years his endeavours have been so successful that on the fifty-ninth anniversary of his landing the island boasts one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine inhabitants, "English Pines." It would seem that on the continent Neville's narrative was taken as a true history, and it was actually translated into several languages.

- p. 299. *Governor of Covent-Garden*. Covent Garden was made a parish by ordinance of 7 January, 1645, confirmed by an Act of 12 Charles II, anno 1660. The Governors were the parochial overseers, the parish church being S. Paul's on the west side of the market. Curiously enough Covent Garden parish is encompassed by the parish of S. Martin's-in-the-Fields. In her novel, *The Adventure of the Black Lady* (i.e. brunette) Mrs. Behn feelingly refers to the parochial officers as "the Vermin of the Parish (I mean, the Overseers of the Poor, who eat the Bread from 'em)."
- p. 300. *Argiers Man*. A pirate. From the year 1530 when Khair-ed-Din founded the pashalik of Algiers, this coast became the chief seat of the Barbary pirates. Repeated attempts were made to destroy these pests and in 1816 the city was bombarded by a British squadron under Lord Exmouth assisted by Dutch men-of-war, and the corsair fleet burned. Nevertheless the Algerians returned to their piracy, which continued until 1830. On 4 July in that year a French army under General de Bourmont attacked the city, which capitulated on the following day.

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- p. 300. *Rooks*. Jackal Cheats, as drawing in others to play and be choused.
- p. 300. *the Dogs in Covent-Garden*. The rakehell gallants and wenches of the town. One cannot but remember the jest of Rabelais, "*How Panurge served a Parisian Lady a trick that pleased her not very well*" so that above six hundred thousand and fourteen dogs pursued the scent.
- p. 300. *Husbands of the first Head*. Cuckolds. "Of the first head" is said of a deer at the age when antlers are developed. Goldsmith, *Natural History*, 1774, II, v (ed. 1862): "The buck is called . . . the fifth year, a buck of the first head."
- p. 300. *the Spirit of Prophecy*. In allusion to the fact that Pleasance is supposed to be a fanatic, and these canting humbugs often claimed to be inspired by the Spirit in their actions and utterances.
- p. 300. *John among the Maids*. A cant term for a wench.
- p. 303. *piddee buss*. Pri'thee kiss me.
- p. 303. *Pallas*. The story of the birth of Pallas Athene from the head of Zeus is related by Apollodorus the Grammarian in his *Bibliotheca* Pindar in his Seventh Olympian (35) tells that she leaped forth fully armed and uttering a great shout.

ἀνίχ' Ἐφαιστού τέχναισιν
χαλκελάτῳ πελέκει πα-
τέρος Ἀθαναΐα κορυφὰν κατ' ἄκραν
ἀνορούσαισ' ἀλάλα-
ξεν ὑπερμάκει βοᾷ.
Οὐρανὸς δ' ἔφριξέ νιν καὶ Γαῖα μήτηρ.

Thus translated by Myers: "where sometime the great king of gods rained on the city golden snow, what time by Hephaistos' handi-craft beneath the bronze-wrought axe from the crown of her father's head Athene leapt to light and cried aloud with an exceeding cry; and Heaven trembled at her coming, and Earth, the Mother."

- p. 303. *a cast of his Office*. "Cast" being used as a "specimen," a "taste," particularly in this phrase. Cf. Sanderson, *Sermons* (on *Psalm* cvi, 30), 1625: "Do not show a cast of thy office for the promise or hope of a reward."
- p. 303. *Sa, fa*. Sa is the French exclamation *sa, sa*, formerly used by fencers when delivering a thrust. Thus in Farquhar's *The Constant Couple*, Theatre Royal, winter of 1699, IV, Sir Harry Wildair says to Standard: "Fight for a Woman! . . . You shall draw your Sword, I'll draw my Snush-Box . . . you shall *sa, sa*, and I'll *coupee*"; "*fa*" was merely a reduplication for effect. Thus in Shadwell's *The Libertine*, V, Dorset Garden, June, 1675, Jacomo appears armed "practising to run people through the bodies," and soliloquizes: "Thou art wise, honest *Jacomo*, to arm thy self, I take it. *Sa, sa, sa, . . . Sa, sa, sa, . . .* That was a fine thrust in tierce."

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- p. 304. *tro?* I trow; an expression which often occurs thus at the end of a sentence. The sense is, 'I suppose,' 'I ween.' Cf. Jonson *Every Man in his Humour*, in folio *Works*, 1616, III, 5, where Cash goes in and out calling: "Gasper, Martin, Col: 'heart, where should they be, trow?"
- p. 304. *Voluntiers*. Great thumping lies, told deliberately. Cf. Mrs. Griffith, *A Series of Genuine Letters between Henry and Frances*, 2 vols., 1757: "I think myself vastly obliged to dear Harry for his obliging voluntier."
- p. 304. *Cater-Cousins*. Both the derivation and original meaning of this term are very doubtful. The phrase cannot, as was once thought, be derived from *quatre-cousin*, an impossible combination. Possibly it signified those who were catered for or who boarded together; companions. The word was applied rather indefinitely to those who although not cousins by blood were distant relatives, or friends intimate enough to share the same interests and a community of life which led them to dub each other coz. The term is not uncommon from the middle of the sixteenth century until the end of the seventeenth, and it is still known from its Shakespearean use in *The Merchant of Venice*, II, 2: "His master and he . . . are scarce cater-cousins."
- p. 305. *coming in*. The Restoration. Pepys, Monday, 2 April, 1660, notes: "This morning comes Mr. Ed. Pickering, like a coxcomb as he always was. He tells me that the King will come in, but that Monk did resolve to have the doing of it himself or else to hinder it."
- p. 305. *Baptist*. Woodall has just come from France, and therefore Battist must be the famous Jean Baptiste de Lully (Giovanni Battista Lulli) the musician pre-eminent in the foundation of French opera. Lully was born at or near Florence in 1633; and died in Paris 22 March, 1687. He was naturalized as a Frenchman in 1661, and became master of the court music to Louis XIV.
- Baptist in contemporary English reference more often alludes to Giovanni Battista Draghi, an Italian musician who settled in London about the middle of the seventeenth century. Draghi on the death of Lock in 1677 succeeded him as organist to Queen Catherine. In 1675 he composed the act-tunes and some other instrumental music to Shadwell's *Psyche*. Draghi, who was one of the most admired musicians of the day, is spoken of by Pepys as "the Italian Signor Baptista" (12 February, 1666-7). In *The Man of Mode; or, Sir Fopling Flutter*, Dorset Garden, 11 March, 1676; 4to, 1676; IV, 2, there is a reference to Draghi. The song "*How Charming Phillis is, how fair!*" is read, and Sir Fopling remarks: "Sing it, sing it, man, it goes to a pretty new tune which I am confident was made by *Baptist*." A recent editor of *Etherege*, not being very familiar with Restoration literature or phrase, appends a note upon Lully! He further blunders badly by attributing to Lully the song "Tell me no more I am deceiv'd" which *Etherege* wrote for

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- Tate's *A Duke and No Duke* (1685). This was "set to Music by Signior Baptisi" Draghi.
- p. 305. *the last Opera*. Since *The Kind Keeper* was produced in March, 1677-8, if any particular allusion is intended it is to Lully's *Isis*, "tragédie en cinq actes," given at Paris in 1677. The libretto was the work of Philippe Quinault, and the opera aroused much interest, not to say scandal, since, as Reynier tells us (*Thomas Corneille, sa vie et son théâtre*): "on crut reconnaître Mme de Montespan sous les traits de Junon poursuivant la tendre Io de sa haine."
- p. 305. *the Circle*. Defined by Dr. Johnson as "an assembly surrounding the principal person" as at Court. The noblemen and courtiers most intimate with the King, and forming his entourage at the Drawing-room or Levée.
- p. 305. *S. Andre*. There are many contemporary allusions to this famous dancer, and his name heads the list of a dozen dancers who appeared when Crowne's elaborate masque *Calisto; or, The Chaste Nymph* was given at Court early in 1675. Shadwell in the Preface to his opera *Psyche*, Dorset Garden, 27 February, 1674-5; 4to, 1675, tells us: "*The Dances were made by the most famous Master of France, Monsieur St. Andree*." Sir Fopling in *The Man of Mode*, acted in 1676, IV, says: "I am fit for nothing but low dancing now, a Corant, a Borée, or a Minnuet: but *St. André* tells me, if I will but be Regular in one Month I shall rise agen." Oldham, *An Imitation of Horace, Book I, Satyr IX, Written in June, 1681*, has:

Next for the Dancing part I all surpass,
St. Andrew never mov'd with such a grace.

Dryden, *Mac Flecknoe*, 1682, writes:

St. André's feet ne'er kept more equal time,
Not ev'n the feet of thy own *Psyche's* rhyme.

The author of *A Comparison between the Two Stages*, 1702, has an anecdote regarding St. André, which I cannot but consider suspicious, or at least exaggerated, as the French dancer certainly achieved a great success, although I make no doubt that Hart and Mohun could not be for a moment displaced, however attractive and highly patronised the novelty: "The late *Duke of Monmouth* was a good judge of dancing, and a good Dancer himself; when he returned from *France*, he brought with him *St. Andre*, then the best master in *France*: the *Duke* presented him to the Stage, the Stage to gratifie the *Duke* admitted him; and the *Duke* himself thought he wou'd prove a mighty advantage to 'em, tho' he had no body else of his Opinion: A Day was publish'd in the Bills for him to dance, but not one more besides the *Duke* and his Friends came to see him; the reason was, the Plays were then so good, and *Hart* and *Mohun* acted 'em so well, that the Audience wou'd not be

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interrupted for so short a time tho' 'twas to see the best master in *Europe*."

- p. 306. *My Phillis is Charming*. In Etherege's *The Man of Mode; or, Sir Fopling Flutter* (1676), IV, 2, there is a song, set by Draghi, "*How Charming Phillis is, how fair!*"

- p. 306. *Succuba*. A succubus is a demon who assumes the form of a female and so copulates with man. Collin de Planey, *Didionnaire Infernal* (6^{me} édition, 1863), has: "Succubes, démons qui prennent des figures des femmes. On trouve dans quelques écrits, dit le rabbin Élias, que, pendant cent trente ans, Adam fut visité par des diablesses, qui accouchèrent de démons, d'esprits, de lamies, de spectres, de lémures et de fantômes . . . les cabalistes ne voient dans les démons succubes que des esprits élémentaires." Jules Bois in *Le Satanisme et la Magie*, Paris, 1895, Livre II, chapitre 5, deals with "Les Incubes et les Succubes." In Middleton's *A Mad World, my Masters*, 4to, 1608, a succubus plays a not unimportant rôle. Balzac's succubus in the *Contes Drolâtiques* will be familiar to all. In England, in the seventeenth century, the term succubus came to mean nothing worse than a whore. Thus in *The Alchemist*, acted in 1610, II, 2, Sir Epicure describing his delights of venery magnificently boasts:

Then, my glasses,
Cut in more subtile angles, to disperse,
And multiply the figures, as I walke,
Naked betweene my *succubæ*.

The word became a term of abuse equivalent to "Old witch" In Farquhar's *The Constant Couple*, Theatre Royal, winter 1699, IV, where the Butler explains to Lurewell: "Here is an old *Succubus*, Madam, that has stole two silver Spoons, and says, she's your Nurse."

- p. 306. *Quelque chose*. One may compare the dialogue in Lee's *The Princess of Cleve*, I, 1, produced at Dorset Garden in the winter of 1681, but not printed until several years later, 4to, 1689. *Poltro*. Why look you Sir, this is one of my chief ones, and I'll assure your Grace, 'twas much sung at Court too;

O, to Bed to me, to Bed to me,—&c.

Nemours. Excellent, incomparable!

Poltro. Why is it not, my Lord? This is no Kickshaw, there's Substance in the Air, and Weight in the Words.

- p. 307. *Virgil*. In the year 19 B.C. Vergil set out to travel in Greece and Asia, intending to devote three years to the completion and correction of the *Æneid*. At Athens he met Augustus returning from the East and decided to go back with the Emperor. Being seized with illness on a visit to Megara, he none the less persisted in his voyage and died at Brundisium on 21 September, a few days after he had

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- landed. Before leaving Italy he had requested Varius, his literary executor, to burn the MS. of the *Æneid* in the event of his death. In his last hours he also repeatedly asked for it, that he might burn it himself. Fortunately Varius and Tucca saw that the truest friendship would be shown by disregarding his request.
- p. 307. *graft him.* Cuckold him. To graft, literally meaning to insert a scion of one tree into a different stock.
- p. 307. *Bilbo* This is one of the commonest swashbuckling terms for a sword, from Bilbao (corrupted in English to Bilboa) in Spain, famous for excellent rapiers.
- p. 307. *with a Note for each.* A prompter's direction to signify that each actress must be provided with a letter for the business of the ensuing scene.
- p. 307. *Orange Gloves.* In Shadwell's *The Virtuoso*, Dorset Garden, May, 1676; 4to, 1676; toward the end of Act III when Sir Samuel Hearty presents himself disguised in petticoats as a vendor of lady's tires, washes, and perfumes, he announces: "I have choice of good Gloves, Amber, Orangery, Genoa, Romane, Frangipand, Neroly, Tuberose, Jessimine, and Marshal." Orangery was one of the most fashionable perfumes of the day. In Etherege's *The Man of Mode; or, Sir Fopling Flutter*, Duke's Theatre, 1676, Sir Fopling, the cream of *bon ton*, when asked by Lady Townley and Emilia concerning his gloves: "The Gloves?" replies: "Orangerii: You know the smell, Ladies."
- p. 307. *did you bring those you wear from Paris?* Perfumed gloves were originally introduced into England from Italy by Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, on his return from that country in the fifteenth year of Queen Elizabeth, during whose reign, and indeed for a century and a half more afterwards, they were very fashionable. Monday, 25 January, 1668-9, Pepys tells us that W Batelier brought out of France "a great many gloves perfumed, of several sorts"; and showed them to Mrs. Pepys, "but all too big by half for her, and yet she will have two or three dozen of them, which vexed me, and made me angry. So she, at last, to please me, did come to take what alone I thought fit, which pleased me."
- p. 307. *Mine are Roman.* Mr. Littlegad, a beau, in Carle's *The Fortune-Hunters; or, Two Fools well met*, produced at Drury Lane in the spring of 1688-9, III, 3, boasts that he bought his gloves at Rome and went there for that purpose. In D'Urfey's *The Richmond Heiress; or, A Woman once in the Right*, produced at Drury Lane in the spring of 1692-3, I, Tom Romance showing the various favours he has received from his mistresses, triumphantly flourishes "A Roman Glove from sweet Lady *Susanna Simple* in *St. James's Square*." There is a contemporary recipe for "*The Roman and Milanese Perfume for Gloves*. Wash the gloves gently in warm white wine, sprinkle them over with rose-water and dry them in the shade. When you have smoothed them well, then scent them with oil of jessamine, cloves, nutmeg and labdanum, which scent com-

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pound of a scruple of each of these; then take musk, ambergris and civet, of each four grains. Mix them well together in a stone mortar, covering it closely to keep the scent from flying out, and putting in a few drops of oil of spikenard and mucilage of gum tragacanth. Lay a small quantity at a time on the glove, and chafe it with a very clean hand, and by degrees go over all, and it will leave a very rich and lasting perfume, the scent of which will greatly refresh and cherish the vital spirits."

- p. 307. *Now to put in my Billet doux!* In Shadwell's *The Virtuoso*, Dorset Garden, May, 1676, towards the end of Act III, Sir Samuel Hearty, who is disguised in feminine dress as a vendor of necessary things for the ladies, wishing to convey a note to Miranda says: "I'll put this Note into a Glove, and that will do my business. . . . Be pleased to try on this Glove, Madam." "What this? a Note within it?" exclaim the lady, and the company forthwith assail the *soi-disant* milliner as "A down-right Bawd."
- p. 308. *Numerical*. Identical. Cf. Steele's *The Funeral*, Drury Lane, December, 1701, I, Lord Brumpton: "Am I really alive? Am I that Identical, that Numerical, that very same Lord *Brumpton*?" Although obsolescent this sense of "Numerical" is in use to-day and is not rare.
- p. 310. *Catter-wauling*. "Men and Women desirous of Copulation, a Term borrowed from Cats." *Dictionary of the Canting Crew*.
- p. 310. *'tis my Landlady*. To-day "our Landlady" or "the Landlady" would be more usual. So in *Mansfield Park*, vol. I, c. xviii, 1816, Julia speaking to her brothers and sister cries: "My father is come!" A little earlier when Tom and Edmund Bertram are speaking of their father and discussing plans together Edmund says: "I am convinced that my father would totally disapprove it," and Tom rejoins: "Nobody is fonder of the exercise of talent in young people, or promotes it more, than my father."
- p. 311. *our Teacher*. A teacher is a dissenting minister, or an officer appointed by the minister to instruct. The term was particularly employed by the puritans of New England Congregational assemblies. Barnes, *On Romans*, XII, 7 (1834), explains: "The churches in New England had, at first, a class of men who were called teachers . . . distinct from pastors." Rochester has some verses "Upon Six Holy Sisters that met at a Conventicle to alter the *Popish* Word of Preaching," which commence:
- Six of the Female Sex, and purest Sect,
Had Conference of late to this Effect;
How they might change the *Popish* Name of Preaching;
Then quoth the *first*, it shall be called *Teaching*; . . .
- p. 311. *Mirabilis*. Aqua mirabilis, a well-known invigorating cordial to which there is frequent reference. Cf. Mrs. Behn's *Sir Patient Fancy*, IV, acted in 1678, when Sir Patient in great disorder cries:

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"But oh, I'm sick at Heart, *Maundy*, fetch me the Bottle of *Mirabilis* in the Closet." For a receipt for Aqua Mirabilis see note, *Marriage A-la-Mode*, vol. III, pp. 545-6.

- p. 311. *quops*. A later and dialect form of "quap," to beat, throb, palpitate. Now obsolete except in provincial and local use, where it is still very common. Wright gives instances from many counties, *English Dialect Dictionary*. Chaucer, *Troilus and Criseyde*, III, 57, has:

And, lord, so that his herte gan to quappe . . .

In a ballad *On the Duke of Monmouth* . . . *Bagford Ballads*, ed. Ebsworth, II, 800, there is an allusion to Falstaff, who

[F]led Harry M[onmouth]—by Instinct,
Reveres a Buckram Prince of Wales,
His great Heart quops, his Courage fails.

- p. 311 *Oh the Old Woman in the Oven*. John Withals in his *Dictionary in English and Latin*, London, 4to, 1521 (Wynkyn de Worde), has: "Qui fuit in furno socium sibi quaerit in illo" (ed. 1586); and John Clarke, *Paræmiologia Anglo-Latina . . . or Proverbs English and Latin*, 8vo, 1639, gives: The mother would never seek her daughter in the oven, had not herself been there first. An ancient and frequent saw. So in *The Two Angrie Woman of Abington*, 4to, 1599, Nicholas, whose every word is a proverb, when he is asked "Where have ye been a-whoring thus late, ha?" rejoins: "Master Richard, the good wife would not seek her daughter in the oven, unless she had been there herself." In *The Gentleman Dancing-Master*, 4to, 1672, II, 1, Mrs. Caution cries: "Set your old Woman still to grope out an Intrigue, because you know the Mother found her Daughter in the Oven." The Fourth Letter, written by Shamela to her mother, *An Apology for the Life of Mrs. Shamela Andrews*, 1741, commences: "Marry come up, good Madam, the Mother had never looked into the Oven for her Daughter, if she had not been there herself." T. Adams, *Works*, London, folio, 1629 (p. 193), quotes a similar saying: "The matron of the cloister would never have sought the nun in the vault if she had not been there herself."

- p. 312. *out lying*. As living in the suburbs; suburban: see note below, pp. 557-8.

- p. 312. *Doily*. A woollen stuff for summer wear introduced in the seventeenth century by one Doily (Doyley or Doyly), who kept a linendraper's shop in the Strand, a little west of Catherine Street. Sir Hans Sloane in *Philosophical Transactions*, XXXIV, 222, has: "Mr. Doyly (who was a great Searcher after Curiosities and gives his name to a Sort of Stuff worn in Summer)."

- p. 312. *Mournival*. In glee, "A Mournival is either all the Aces, the four Kings, Queens, or Knaves," in one hand. Cotton, *The Compleat*

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Gamester, 1674, chapter VII, "*The Game at GLEEK*." Hence a mournival is a set of four; four of anything.

- p. 312. *Mrs. Overdon*. Mistress Overdone, the bawd, in Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*, who had nine husbands "Overdone by the last" will be readily remembered.
- p. 313. *the filthi'st old Goat*. Pliny, *Historia Naturalis*, XXXVII, 60, calls the goat, "foedissimum animalium." Cf. Plautus, *Mostellaria*, I, 39: "fu oboluiſti allium, Germana inluyies, ruſticus [?], hircus, hara ſuis"; and *Mercator*, III, 3, 13: "Ieiunitatis plenus, anima foetida, Senex hircosus, tu auscolare mulierem?" Suetonius tells us that in a popular farce Tiberius was alluded to as a filthy old goat, and the audience took up the point with loud applause. "Nota in Atellanis exodio proximis ludis assensu maximo excepta, percubuit: Hircum vetulum capreis naturam ligurrire." *Tiberius*, 45. See also Catullus, XXXVII; 3-5:

Solis putatis esse mentulas vobis?
Solis licere, quicquid est puellarum,
Confuturare, et putare ceteros hircos.

Further, Ramirez del Prado on Martial, III, XCIII, 11. The *Supplementum et Index Lexicorum Eroticorum Linguae Latinae*, 1911, has: "Hircus. Pro cunnilingis, propter oris foetorem illorum," which bears out del Prado's view

- p. 313. *Mrs. Pad*. "Pad, the High Way, and a Robber thereon." *Dictionary of the Canting Crew*.
- p. 313. *the heavy Hill*. Writing in the *Observer* with reference to the exact route taken by the hangman's cart from Newgate to Tyburn Mr. Erroll Sherson says: "The last execution at Tyburn took place in 1783, and up to that date the first part of the way lay through narrow streets, which were all swept away in after-years by (1) the making of Skinner Street in 1802 and (2) the construction of the Holborn Viaduct. It is usually said that the route, after leaving St. Sepulchre's Church, was direct to Snow Hill, and so to the Oldbourne Bridge over the Fleet river. But the little street from St. Sepulchre's Church to Snow Hill was far too narrow for the cart and escort, and I believe the cortège turned up Giltspur (otherwise called Knight-riding) Street, passing Cock Lane and Hoxier Lane, both also too narrow for its passage, right across the open space of Smithfield to its north-west corner, and then down a crooked but wider thoroughfare called Cow Lane, at the bottom of which was the Oldbourne Bridge, thence up Holborn Hill ("The Heavy Hill") the other side, and so into Holborn." Holborn Hill extended from Fetter Lane to Farringdon Street. It disappeared when the Viaduct was constructed in 1869. There are innumerable references. Cf. Jonson, *Bartholomew Fair* (1614), Act II, where Knockem says to Ursula: "What! my little lean *Ursula*! my she-bear! art thou alive yet. . . ." To which she retorts: "Yes, . . . to hear you

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groan out of a cart up the heavy Hill——” “Of *Holborn, Ursula* mean'st thou so?” Also Congreve, *Love for Love*, II, Lincoln's Inn Fields, 1695, where Sir Sampson rates Valentine: “Sirrah, you'll be hang'd; I shall live to see you go up *Holborn-Hill*— . . . a has a damn'd *Tyburn-face*, without the benefit o' the Clergy.”

- p. 313. *Justacorps*. A sort of jacket called a *justacorps* came into fashion in Paris about 1650. According to M. Quicherat, a pretty Parisienne, the wife of a *maître de comptes* named Belot, was the first who appeared in it. On Friday, 26 April, 1667, Pepys saw the Duchess of Newcastle “naked-necked, without any thing about it, and a black just-au-corps.” In Mrs. Behn's *The False Count*, 4to, 1682, I, Franciso threatening his daughter bawls: “Wou'd your old Mother were alive, she wou'd have strapt your Just-au-corps, for puleing after Cavaliers and Noblemen.”
- p. 314. *young Caster*. Caster was a term in gaming. Cotton, *The Compleat Gamester*, chapter I: “If the house find you free to the box and a constant caster, you shall be treated with suppers at night ” Caster and Slur are two “*Rooking Gamesters*” in *The Heftors: or, The False Challenge*, 4to, 1656.
- p. 314. *Palming and Topping*. Cotton, *The Compleat Gamester*, 1674, chapter I, explains: “Another way the Rook hath to cheat, is first by *Palming*, that is he puts one Dye into the Box and keeps the other in the hollow of his little finger, which noting what is uppermost when he takes him up, the same shall be when he throws the other Dye, and which runs doubtfully any cast. Observe this, that the bottom and top of all Dice are seven, so that if it be 4 above, it must be a 3 at bottom; so 5 and 2, 6 and 1. Secondly by *Topping*, and that is when they take up both Dice and seem to put them in the Box, and shaking the Box you would think them both there, by reason of the ratling occasioned with the screwing of the Box, whereas one of them is at the top of the Box, between his two forefingers, or secur'd by thrusting a forefinger into the Box.”

Phillips, 1700, has: “*Palmer* . . . one that deceitfully cozens or cogs at Cards or Dice, by keeping some of them in his hand unseen.”

The Dictionary of the Canting Crew has: “*Top*, to Cheat or Trick any one; also to Insult. *What do you Top upon me?* do you stick a little Wax to the Dice to keep them together, to get the Chance?”

In Shadwell's *The Humorists*, Lincoln's Inn Fields, early in 1671, III, Raymund rallies Brisk: “Nor is it five Moneths since I saw you strut most Majestically in the Hall, and inveagle a third man at Six-penny In and In, and by the help of a dozen men, chastize one poor Topper or Palmer.” Cotton, *The Compleat Gamester*, describes *Inn and Inn*, “a game very much used in an ordinary . . . play'd with four dice.” (Chapter XXXII.)

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- p. 314. *a Chip in Porridge*. John Ray, *A Collection of English Proverbs*, 1678 (p. 234), has: "Like a *chip* in a pottage-pot, doth neither good nor harm." So in Shadwell's *The Virtuoso*, 4to, 1676, IV, 2, when Lady Gimcrack and Hazard are mocking husbands as "a Clog, a Dog in a Manger," the lady defines a spouse as "A Body without a Soul"; "A Chip in Porridge," rejoins the gentleman.
- p. 315. *he can take up no more*. To take up is to borrow at interest. Cf. Henry Brooke's *The Fool of Quality* (1760-72): "He took up all the money he could, at any interest."
- p. 315. *die in Shoreditch*. In allusion to the mythical fate of Jane Shore. That Shoreditch was so called after the famous mistress of Edward IV is an old and persistent error. The earliest form of the name is Soersditch, the derivation being altogether uncertain. Shoreditch was formerly notorious for the number of loose women who resided there, so Nashe, *Pierce Penilesse*, 1592 (*Works*, ed. McKerrow, I, p. 217), speaks of "Lais, Cleopatra, Helen . . . with the rest of our vncleane sisters in *Shoreditch*, the *Spittle*, *Southwarke*, *Westminster*, & *Turnbull Streete*." It was in Shoreditch, next door to The Gun, a well-known inn, that there resided Mrs. Millwood, who ruined George Barnwell.
- p. 315. *Forkers and Ruine-tail'd*. The metaphors are from partridge-hunting. "Gingling with my bells" alludes to the falcon. *The Dictionary of the Canting Crew* has: "*Covey of whores*, a well fill'd Bawdy-house; also of *Partridges*, a Nest or Brood." A forker in Suffolk is an unpaired partridge. R. Lijon, *Barbadoes*, 1657, speaks of flying fish which "flye as far as young partridges, that are forkers." A ruin-tailed, or rowen-tailed partridge, is one frequenting a field of rowen grass or hay: Rowen is the second growth or crop of grass or hay in a season. Richard Blome in his *Gentleman's Recreation*, 1686, II, says: "There are several names or distinctions of Partridges; . . . the fourth [are called] Ruintayles, and then they are full summed and hand set." Nicholas Beeton, *Fantastickes* (*Works*, ed. Grosart, II), has: "Bucks now are in season, and Partridges are Rowen-taild."
- p. 315. *Persepolis*. This great and magnificent city was burned after the Macedonian conquest. Alexander, the story goes, during a revel set fire to the palace with his own hands at the instigation of the courtesan Thais, 331 B.C.
- p. 315. *Suburbians*. Whores. The suburbs long had a very ill repute. In Heywood's *The Rape of Lucrece*, 4to, 1608, Valerius sings "a song of all the pretty suburbians." Cf. Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*, folio, 1623, I, 2, where Pompey informs Mistress Overdone, the bawd, "All houses of resort in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down." And later in the same play, II, 1, Elbow arraigns Pompey as "a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman, whose house, sir, was, as they say, plucked down in the suburbs." In Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, produced at the Hope,

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- 31 October, 1614, II, Ursula, the pig-woman, jeers the gallants who are laughing at her: "Ay, ay, gamesters, mock a plain, plump, soft wench of the suburbs, do, because she's juicy and wholesome."
- p. 316. *Gascoins*. In 1726 N. Bailey's (?) *Dictionary Rusticum* (3rd edition) has: "*Gascoin* the hinder Thigh of a Horse which begins at the Stiffle and reaches to the Ply or bending of the Ham." The term is very rarely, and only banteringly, used of persons. It seems to be cognate with "Gaskins," a word earlier than Galligaskin and connected by a false analogy. Dr. Johnson in his *Dictionary* (1735) defines: "*Gaskins*. Wide hose, wide breeches . . . An old ludicrous word."
- p. 316. *Geneva Testament*. The Geneva Testament was published in 1557, and was the work of a number of extremists who found it convenient to be absent from England during the reign of Queen Mary I. Among these were Knox, Miles Coverdale, and Calvin's brother-in-law, William Whittingham. They settled in Geneva, and there with the aid of Calvin and Beza, after two years work, completed a translation of the New Testament. Three years later, in 1560, the whole Bible was published. It was dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, whilst the handy form and other attractive features of the book rendered it so popular that between 1560 and 1644 at least 140 issues were published. It was the first English Bible divided into verses, and the first to print in italics all the words not actually expressed in the original. It largely follows Tyndale and the Great Bible, but is unreliable, various passages being coloured by the views of the fanatics who ushered it into the world. In Otway's *The Souldiers Fortune*, Dorset Garden, early in 1680, V, 1, Courtine "*bound on a Couch in Sylvia's Chamber*" ruminates: "But where the Devil am I? Sincerely in a Bawdy-House: Fogh! what a smell of sin is here! Let me look about; if there be ever a *Geneva Bible* or a *Practice of Piety* in the room, I am sure I have guest right."
- p. 317. *Queen Dido in the Ballad*. There was no more popular ballad than *Queen Dido* as it was commonly called, and it is to be found in all the notable collections, Roxburghe, Bagford, Pepys (two copies), Jersey, Douce, etc. "A proper new Ballad, intituled The Wandering Prince of Troy. The Tune is, *Queen Dido*." In the Second Part, after Aeneas had fled and Dido has slain herself, whilst he is dwelling "in an Isle In Grecia" the phantom of the Carthaginian queen scares him:

And streight appeared in his sight
Queen *Dido's* Ghost, both grim and pale,
Which made this valiant Souldier quail.

"Aeneas," quoth this grisly Ghost,
"My whole delight while I did live
Thee of all men I loved most,

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My fancy and my will did give:
For entertainment I thee gave,
Unthankfully thou digg'st my Grave."

Wherefore prepare thy fleeting Soule
To wander with me in the ayre,
Where deadly grief shall make it howle,
Because of me thou took'st no care.
Delay no time! thy glass is run
Thy date is past, and Death is come."

The Roxburghe Ballads, vol. VI, ed. J. W. Ebsworth, pp. 545-551.

- p. 317. *Uds Niggers*. A ridiculous old oath. In Rowley's *A Match at Midnight*, 4to, 1633, II, 1, Alexander, introducing Sue Shortheels, the whore to his silly brother Tim, grandiloquently proclaims: "Linda-brides' her name," upon which Tim gasps out: "Niggers, I have read of her in the Mirror of Knighthood." "Udds nigs, that's a good one indeed," says the bumpkinly Country Gentleman in Shadwell's *The Sullen Lovers; or, The Impertinents*, V, Lincoln's Inn Fields, May, 1668. In D'Urfey's *Don Quixote*, Part I, produced at Dorset Garden in 1694, Act I, Mary the Buxom, Sancho's rude, clownish, hoyden daughter, seizing hold of her father, bawls out: "Gads-niggers, I'll hold fast by this Arm." "Uds Niggers Noggers," swears Simpkin in *The Humours of Simpkin*, ed. 1673.
- p. 317. *Rappers*. A "rapper" is anything forcible or vehement, especially a sounding oath. So in Otway's *The Atheist*, 4to, 1684, II, Courtine remarks: "He rattled the Box with a great deal of Grace, and swore half a dozen Rappers very youthfully."
- p. 317. *Clary*. A very potent tippie. "Clary-Water is composed of brandy, sugar, clary-flowers and cinnamon, with a little ambergrise dissolved in it." Chambers, *Cyclopaedia*, 1751. In *The Way of the World*, IV, Mirabell making terms with Millamant banishes all strong-waters from her Tea-Table, and especially "the most noble Spirit of Clary."
- p. 317. *Westphalia Ham*. Moryson in his *Itinerary*, III, 3, 148, praises Westphalian bacon far above English. In Webster's *The White Devil*, 4to, 1612, V, 1, Flamineo says: "And yet amongst gentlemen, protesting and drinking go together, and agree as well as shooe-makers and West-phalia bacon: they are both drawers on; for drinke drawes on protestation; and protestation drawes on more drinke." The shoemaker draws on shoes, and salt bacon induces thirstiness. Since the Prussian province of Westphalia was famous for its breed of swine and cattle one of the dishes at the dinner given to Queen Anne, 16 August, 1709, by young Lord Buckhurst was "1 West-phalia Ham and five fowls" which cost £1 6s. See *Knole and the Sackvilles*, 1923, p. 159.

In Jevon's *A Devil of a Wife, or, A Comical Transformation*;

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Dorset Garden, March, 1685-6; 4to, 1686; Noddy, the fanatic levite, demands breakfast. The Cook says: "I have a couple of cold Chickens, some *Westphalia* Bacon, and *Christmas* Pyes." Noddy rejects the Christmas pies as popish, but he directs "*John* Cook send up those Chickens." "What both?" asks the Cook. Noddy: "Yea both, with some *Westphalia* Bacon."

- p. 317. *Ombre*. Charles Cotton, *The Compleat Gamester*, 1674, Chapter VIII, gives an ample account of "*L'Ombre, a Spanish Game*." It was extremely popular for many years after the Restoration, and is said to have been introduced into England by Queen Catherine of Bragança. Whether or no this was actually the case it was certainly her favourite card-game, and Waller has an epigram "Written on a Card that Her Majesty tore at Ombre." Pope in his *Rape of the Lock* has immortalized the game of ombre, an episode which was added in the second edition of the poem. Ombre can be played by three or by two persons. Quadrille is a variety of ombre played by four. The Ace of Spades, called Spadille, is the first Honour in all suits; the Ace of Clubs, called Basto, is the third Honour in all suits; when Diamonds or Hearts are Trumps, the Seven, when Spades or Clubs are Trumps the Deuce is second Trump, called Manille. There is an elaborate treatise on this excellent game by Lord Aldenham, Third Edition, 1902, Privately Printed for the Roxburghe Club.
- p. 317. *pricking up and down here upon a cold scent*. To prick is the technical term for to trace or track a hare by its footprints. *Craven Glossary*, 1828 (second edition), defines: "*Prick*, to trace a hare by its foot-steps."
- p. 318. *Sir Cranion*. Drayton in his *Nymphidia*, XVII (folio 1627), of Queen Mab's *cortège* writes:
- Her Chariot ready straight is made,
Each thing therein is fitting layde,
That she by nothing might be stayde,
For naught must be her letting,
Foure nimble Gnats the Horses were,
Their Harnasses of Gossamere,
Flye Cranion her Chariottere,
Upon the Coach-box getting.
- p. 318. *Green-sickness*. Chlorosis. Cf. The Song in Act II of Shadwell's *The Miser*, Theatre Royal, January, 1672. Also Greene, *Mamillia*, 1583 (*Works*, ed. Grosart, II, 36): "His daughter beeing at the age of twentie yeares, would fall into the green sickness for want of a husband."
- p. 319. *Belswagger*. A lewd whore master. (Thought to be a contracted form of Belly+Swagger; a man given over to bodily pleasure.) Ash, *Dictionary*, 1775, has: "Belswagger, a whoremaster." A later use is given by Grose: "Bellswagger, a noisy bullying fellow."

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- p. 321. *n'one Dears*. N'one is a variant of *own* through a wrong division of *my own, thyn own*; afterwards used with *your, her*, etc. Cf. note on *Marriage A-la-Mode*, III, 2: "did I wrong none, *Rhodophil*." Also Shadwell, *The Sowerers*, Theatre Royal, winter of 1690; 4to, 1691, I, 1, where Sir William Rant says to Sir Humphry Maggot: "But come I know you have some wise Lecture from nown Daddy, or some such business, come out with it, I stand fair."
- p. 321. *Children, and Fools*. James Howell in his *Παροιμιογραφία, Proverbs, Or, Old Sayed Sawes & Adages*, folio, 1659, p. 3, has: "Children and fools tell truth." John Ray, *A Collection of English Proverbs*, Second Edition, 1678 (p. 113), notes: "*Children* and fools speak truth. The *Dutch* proverb hath it thus, You are not to expect truth from any but children, persons drunk or mad. *In vino veritas*, we know. *Enfans & fols sont Divins, Gall*."
- p. 321. *Mulligrubs*. The spleen. "*Mulligrubs* or *Mumps*, a Counterfeit Fit of the Sullens." *Dictionary of the Canting Crew*.
- p. 321. *Vol. Cotton, The Compleat Gamester*, 1674, Chapter VIII; "*L'Ombre, a Spanish Game*" explains: "If you win all the tricks in your hand or the *Voll*, they likewise are to give you one counter apiece, but then you are to declare before the fifth trick that you intend to play for the *Voll*, that so they keep their best cards, which else, seeing you win five tricks (or the game) they may carelessly cast away."
- p. 322. *Potozi*. The story is well known of the manner in which the mines of Potosí were discovered by an Indian who pulled a bush out of the ground to the fibres of which were attached quantities of silver globules. The mine was registered in 1545, when Gonzalo Pizarro was at Charcas busily engaged in exploring those rich veins whose silver fountains (says Prescott), just brought to light, were soon to pour such streams of wealth over Europe. Augustin de Zarate, in his *Conquista del Peru*, lib. VI, c. 4, says that the mines of Potosí were so rich that all other veins were comparatively deserted in order to work this, whilst Garcilasso (*Commentario Reale*, Parte I, lib. VIII, c. 24) declares that in ten years from the discovery of Potosí an iron horseshoe throughout the district was worth its weight in silver.
- p. 322. *Perbole's*. An aphetic form of hyperbole.
- p. 322. *Longs*. This may be either the tavern of that name in the Haymarket, or the one in Covent Garden. These two famous ordinaries were kept by two brothers and they are continually referred to by contemporaries in play, letter, and poem. Cf. *The Man of Mode*, 4to, 1676, I:

Bellair. Where do you dine?
Dorimant. At *Longs*, or *Lockets*.
Medley. At *Longs* let it be.

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- p. 322. *Garden-house*. A summer-house. So Defoe, *Secrets of the Invisible World*, 1727 (ed. 1735), "As he was sitting alone in a Summer-House as we call it, or Garden-House as they more properly call it there [Leipsick]."
- p. 323. *two-hand Fox*. A fox is a very common name for a sword, and a two-hand fox would be an old-fashioned weapon of unusual size. Cf. *The White Devil*, 4to, 1612, V:

O what blade is't?
A Toledo, or an English fox.

- In *The Way of the World*, V, Sir Wilfull threatens Fainall: "I have an old Fox by my Thigh," and is answered: "You may draw your Fox if you please, Sir, and make a *Bear-garden* Flourish somewhere else."
- p. 323. *the Still-house*. In later use "still-room." *Archaeologia*, XLVIII, 151: "In the still house chamber, one standing bedstead" (1624). From Tricksy's reference to a galley-pot, "You'll find him up in the Chimney, or behind the Door; or, it may be, crouded into some little Galley-Pot," it is clear this still-house was used for the preparation of cosmetics, essences, and pomatums.
- p. 323. *I have won the party and revenge*. The party (*partie*) is a match in a game; a game. The term is still in use, as also is "revenge" for a return game. Cf. Swift, *Polite Conversation* (1731-8), Dialogue III; where after a game of quadrille at which she has won Miss says to Lady Smart; "Well, my lady Smart, I'll give you revenge whenever you please."
- Tout* is a particular term for a specially successful result in certain card games Sedley, *Bellamira*; or, *The Mistress*, 4to, 1687; IV, 2, where Cuninghame says: "I did not throw one Main in two hours, I lost three sets at Back-Gammon, and a Tout at Trick-track, all ready Money." Cf. Littré, *s.v.*, *Tout*, 47, has: "Tout à bas, se dit au trié-trac quand, avec les deux dames prises à la pile, on joue les deux nombres qu'on a amenés. Tout d'une, on dit quand on joue ces deux nombres avec une seule dame."
- p. 323. *Macbeth*. Downes in the *Roscius Anglicanus* has: "The Tragedy of *Macbeth*, alter'd by Sir William Davenant; being drest in all it's Finery, as new Cloath's, new Scenes, Machines, as flyings for the Witches; with all the Singing and Dancing in it: THE first Compos'd by Mr. Lock, the other by Mr. Channell and Mr. Joseph Preist; it being all Excellently perform'd, being in the nature of an Opera, it Recompenc'd double the Expence; it proves still a lasting Play." See my edition of the *Roscius Anglicanus*, and the note on this passage. The praises Pepys gives to *Macbeth* and his admiration of Betterton in the title-rôle will be very familiar. Cibber tells us that Mrs. Betterton excelled as Lady Macbeth, and was unrivalled even by Mrs. Barry who succeeded her in the part. Davenant's *Macbeth* kept the stage until Garrick revived Shakespeare's tragedy at Drury Lane, 7 January, 1744.

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- p. 324. *the old Dog-trick.* "He play'd me a Dog-trick, he did basely and dirtily by me." *Dictionary of the Canting Crew.*
- p. 325. *Styx.* Hesiod in the *Theogony* tells how any god who swears falsely by the inviolable Styx is smitten with a baneful stupor and banished from the company of Olympus for ten long years. Cf. Statius, *Thebaidos*, VIII, 30-31:

Styx periuria divum

Arguit.

And Silius Italicus, *Punica*, XIII, 568-70:

At, magnis semper Divis regique Deorum
Iurari dignata palus, picis horrida rivo,
Fumiferum voluit Styx inter sulfura limum.

- p. 326. *Zookers.* A very common abbreviation of Gadswookers. In this oath the "sookers" is unmeaning or corrupt.
- p. 326. *the Spoils of Brainsick.* [*Exeunt.* A MS. note by Malone in his copy of Baker's *Biographia Dramatica*, 1782 (Bodleian Library), vol. I, p. 178, preserves from the Wilson manuscript a portion of dialogue in Act IV which was for some reason afterwards excised. It will be remembered that Woodall was originally Stains.

Act IV.

Stains. T will be time to marry at threescore when I have enough but for one woman: to engage before, would be the direct way to sin. I cannot confine my appetite to Manna yet.

Ger. And then you will be past tasting it.

Stains. I warrant thee. Our family is good winter fruit. Were bon Chretien. My fathers an example of it. Marry me now and I shall beget an offspring of young rouges [*sic*] to supplant my place sure as I do his.

It is difficult to see why this fragment of dialogue between Stains (Woodall) and Gervase should have been deleted.

- p. 327. *New-Exchange.* The New Exchange was a kind of bazaar or arcade with two double galleries of shops, one above the other, situate on the south side of the Strand, built out of the stables of Durham House, the site of the present Adelphi. The first stone was laid 10 June, 1608, and the new building was named by James I, "Britain's Bourse." It was an immensely popular resort, and there are innumerable references to its shops, its sempstresses and haberdashers. Langbaine tells us that Thomas Duffett, the writer of burlesques, was "before he became a Poet, a Milliner in the New Exchange."

I have counted more than one hundred allusions to the New Exchange in Pepys. The New Exchange was demolished in 1737.

In many plays we find scenes laid in the New Exchange. Sir George Etherege's *She Wou'd if she Cou'd*, produced at Lincoln's

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Inn Fields, Thursday, 6 February, 1668, has "Act III. Scene I. Scene, The New Exchange. *Mistress Trincket sitting in a shop. People passing by as in the Exchange.* Mrs. *Trinc.* What d'ye buy? what d'ye lack, Gentlemen? Gloves, Ribbons, and Essences; Ribbons, Gloves, and Essences!" Among the *Dramatis Personae* are "*Mrs. Gazette and Mrs. Trincket, Two Exchange Women.*" In Otway's *The Atheist*, produced at Dorset Garden in the autumn of 1683, Act II is laid in the New Exchange, and among the characters is Mrs. Furnish, "*An Exchange-Woman*" who cries "Gloves or Ribbands . . . Choice of fine Essences." Again, among the *Dramatis Personae* of Carlile's *The Fortune-Hunters; or, Two Fools well met*, produced at Drury Lane in 1689, are "Mr. *Spruce, an Exchange-Man*," acted by Nokes, and "Mrs. *Spruce, the Exchange-Man's Wife*," acted by Frances Maria Knight. Act II, Scene 2, "*The Exchange. Discovers Mrs. Spruce in her Shop.*" Presently Sophia and Maria enter, whereupon "Mrs. *Spruce.* Ribbons or Gloves, Madam; Gloves or Ribbons." So in Pierre Corneille's comedy, *La Galerie du Palais, ou, L'Amie Rivale* (1635), the scene is laid in the Palace Gallery, which was very similar to the New Exchange.

- p. 327. *Hare before her Muse* Like a frightened hare. Muse is here used in the sense of something that alarms or affrights.
- p. 327. *speak Brother, speak.* Judith parodies the popular Song by the Witches introduced into the Restoration versions of *Macbeth* at the end of the Second Scene in the Second Act:
1. Witch. Speak, sister, speak! is the deed done?
 2. Witch. Long ago, long ago;
About twelve glasses since have run.
- p. 328. *Indian Gown* An ornate undress. In *The Gentleman Dancing-Master*, 4to, 1673, V, towards the conclusion of the play Monsieur complains that now if a lady is taken into keeping she expects "variety of new Gowns, and rich Petticoats, with her Dishabilée or Flame-colour Gown called *Indian* and Slippers of the same." In Shadwell's *Bury-Fair*, Theatre Royal, spring of 1689; 4to, 1689; II, the fair scene, the *Indian Gown-man* cries: "Fine morning Gowns, very rich *Indian* stuffs; choice of fine Atlases; fine morning Gowns."
- p. 329. *bobb'd.* "*Bob'd, Cheated, Trick'd, Disappointed, or Baulk'd*"—*Dictionary of the Canting Crew.*
- p. 329. *Ascendant.* Technically an astrological term; a favourite word with Dryden.
- p. 329. *S. George for merry England.* On the night of the marriage of the Princess Mary to William of Orange, 4 November, 1677, Charles II according to the old custom saw the bride and bridegroom bedded, and drawing to the curtains cried out to them lustily: "Hey! nephew! hey, niece! St. George for merry England! hey!"

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- p. 330. *mad as a March Hare*. During March, the breeding season, hares are notably wilder, hence the simile which occurs in Chaucer, *The Freres Tale*, 1327 (Skeat): "For thogh this Sumnour wood were as an hare." Skelton, *Garland of Laurel*, 632, has: "As mad as a March hare he ran like a scut"; and *Replication against Certayne Young Scholars* (1520), 35: "I saye, thou madde March hare." In Shadwell's *The Sullen Lovers*, 4to, 1668, IV, the Country Gentleman remarks of Ninny and Woodcock who are reciting and singing: "These Gentlemen are as mad as March-Hares, Madam, as the saying is." The March Hare of *Alice in Wonderland* is immortal.
- p. 330. *Maggot*. Whim, caprice.
- p. 330. *Bet'lem*. Bedlam.
- p. 330. *Baron Tell-clock*. Tom Brown in his second *Dialogue Of Mr. Bays Changing his Religion* makes Bayes (Dryden) say: "Likewise he [Cleveland] having the misfortune to call that domestic animal a cock,

The Baron Tell-clock of the night,

I could never, 1gad, as I came home from the Tavern, meet a watchman or so, but I presently asked him: 'Baron Tell-clock of the night, pry'thee how goes the time?'" The allusion is to Cleveland's *To the State of Love*:

Hark how the sprightly chanticleer,
(That Baron Tell-clock of the night,)
Sounds boutesel to Cupid's knight.

Boutesel is a trumpet call warning knights to be up and in the saddle. In the Prologue, spoken by Mrs. Barry, to Southerne's *The Maid's Last Prayer; Or, Any, Rather than Fail*, Drury Lane, January, 1692-3; 4to, 1693; we have:

To you, fair sirs (for I must call you so,
Since art, in spight of nature, makes a beau)
Who in side box, in seeming judgement sit,
Like barron tell-clocks to attend the pit,
In all humility he does submit.

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- p. 331. *my dear Padron*. It will be remembered that Dryden commences a letter to Pepys, dated 14 July, 1699, with: "Padron mio" and subscribes "My Padrons most obedient servant." The original letter is in the Pepysian Library.
- p. 331. *Time is past*. In allusion to the story of Friar Bacon who with Friar Bungay designed to wall England round about with brass. With great pains they framed a head of brass and then conjured a spirit who bade them fume the head with the smoke of curious simples and watch all the while until it spoke and told them how England might be encircled as they desired. For six weeks they wrought and watched until they were heavy with sleep. Friar Bacon then called

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his man Miles and bade him watch whilst they rested, strictly charging him to rouse them if the head spoke. Presently then they slumbered and Miles kept ward. After some while the Head spoke: *Time Is*. Miles, deeming his master would be angry to be awakened for a matter of two words refrained from stirring the friars. After half an hour the Head spoke again: *Time Was*. But Miles paid no heed. Then at length when another half-hour had gone the Head spoke once more: *Time is Past*, and straightway brake in pieces whilst loud claps of thunder were heard and flames of fire flashed forth amazedly. The two friars woke at the din, and learning what had chanced were overcome with anger and sorrow since by the folly of Miles their great design for the protection of England had come to naught and their labours were all in vain.

This old legend forms a principal scene in Greene's *The Honourable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, 4to, 1589. In oral tradition and in chap-book it was widely popular throughout the land.

- p. 333. *smoak for't*. As we say "pay for it." So in *The Wild Gallant*, I, where Frances Bibber cries: "We must have wherewithal, as they say; and pay for what we take; and so shall you, or some shall smoak for 't." See the note on that passage. Cf. Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus*, IV, 2, where Aaron says of his blackamoor babe:

This maugre all the world will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

- p. 335. *Artemidorus*. Who lived at Rome in the reigns of Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius (A.D. 138-180) and wrote a work on the interpretation of dreams, *Ὀνειροκριτικά*, in five books which is still extant. Editions by Reiff, Leipzig, 1805; and by Hercher, Leipzig, 1864.
- p. 336. *I answer you not, but with my Leg*. Woodall is quoting a well-known phrase from Jonson's *Epicæne; or, The Silent Woman*, acted in 1609, and immensely admired in the Restoration theatre. Morose who hates all noise repeatedly bids his servant, Mute, "Answer me not but with your leg" (*i.e.* by making a bow). When Cutbeard the barber visits him Morose, asking a question, enjoins: "Answer me not but with your leg." At the conclusion of the play when Morose has been tricked by his nephew Dauphine, the young gentleman acknowledging Cutbeard's help in his plot cries: "Cutbeard, I'll make your lease good," and laughingly adds, "Thank me not but with your leg, Cutbeard." "To make a leg" as meaning "to bow" is a very common phrase and persisted late. It occurs in *Edwin Drood*, c. XVIII: "'I beg pardon,' said Mr. Datchery, making a leg."
- p. 337. *Under the Rose*. Early modern Dutch, *onder de roose*. M. L. G. *under der rosen*. G. *unter der rose*. The phrase, which possibly originated in Germany, is found as early as the reign of Henry VIII (1546).

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A rose is sometimes found carved on old confessionals as the emblem of secrecy and silence. Cf. *Beggar's Bush*, Beaumont & Fletcher, folio, 1647, II:

And still would Wolfort were an honest man!
Under the rose I speak it!

- p. 337. *Phaeton*. Rochester has lines "Spoken extempore upon receiving a Fall at Whitehall Gate by attempting to kiss the Duchess of Cleveland as she was stepping out of her Chariot."

By Heaven's! 'twas bravely done!
First, to Attempt the Chariot of the Sun,
And then to Fall like *Phaeton*.

- p. 338. *Whetstone's Park!* A narrow roadway, of which the name still remains, between the north side of Lincoln's Inn Fields and the south side of Holborn. In the reign of Charles II this district was infamous, and the haunt of the lowest kind of strumpet. There are innumerable references.

- p. 339. *Ballum Rankum*. *Lexicon Balatronicum*, 1811, defines: "Balum Rancum. A hop or dance, where the women are all prostitutes. N.B. The company dance in their birth-day suits." An Adam and Eve ball. In Otway's *The Atheist*, 4to, 1684, III, Daredevil when mysteriously carried off with Beaugard to the strange house surmises: "I'll be hang'd if 'tis not a bawdy Dancing-School: some better Whores than ordinary designing a private *Ballum rancum* have pitcht upon our two proper Persons for the bus'ness; we are like to have a swinging time on't, *Beaugard*."

- p. 339. *cross the Cudgels*. "To forbear the contest, from the practice of cudgel-players to lay one over the other." Dr. Johnson. Cf. *Hudibras* (1678), III, ii, 40.

- p. 342. *Pugs*. Pug although often used as a term of endearment sometimes meant a whore, and Cotgrave (1611) defines: "Saffrette . . . a flirt, queane, gixie, pug, punke." *Dictionary of the Canting Crew* has: "*Pug, Pugnasty, a meer Pug, a nasty Slut, a sorry Jade, of a Woman; also a Monkey.*"

- p. 342. *Padders*. The substantive "pad" signifies a path or highway, and "padders" are thieves who take a purse on the highway. Bailey (1730-6) has: "To Pad . . . to rob on the road on foot." *Dictionary of the Canting Crew* notes: "*Pad, the High Way, and a Robber thereon; also a Bundle. Rum Pad, a daring or stout Highway-man. Goes upon the Pad, or a Padding. Robbs upon the High-way.*"

- p. 342. *Smithfield Horse*. The old proverb runs: "Who goes to Westminster for a wife, to Paul's for a man, and to Smithfield for a horse, may meet with a whore, a knave, and a jade." So Falstaff says of Bardolph, who has gone to Smithfield to buy him a horse, "I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived."

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II Henry IV, I, 2. In *The Country-Wife*, 4to, 1675, I, Horner remarks: "Marrying a Country Wife is like refusing a deceitful pamper'd *Smithfield* Jade, to go and be cheated by a Friend in the Country." A little later Harcourt says of Pinchwife and his wife: "He's as jealous of her, as a *Cheapside* Husband of a *Covent-garden* Wife." "*The Smithfield Jockey: Or, the Character and Original of A Horse-Courser, With the Tricks and Rogueries Of An Ostler*," 1677, a little pamphlet of twenty-nine pages, very amply exposes the horrid cheats of the fraternity and concludes "A man almost may as safely trade with Satan for Salvation, as to buy of a Jockey a sound Horse and a good pennyworth." In *Enigmaticall Characters*, by R. F., 1665 (p. 44), "CHARACTER. *Of a School of young Gentlewomen*" concludes (pp. 45-6): "they learn nothing there befitting *Gentlewomen*, but onely to be so *gentle* at last as commonly they run away with the first *Serving-man* or younger Brother makes *love* with them: when their *Parents* finde (to their cost) that all their cost was cast away, and their *Husbands* after a while find too, how to that old saying of choosing a *Horse* in *Smithfield*, and a *Serving-man* in *Pauls*; you might as well add the choosing of a wife out of one of these *Schools*, and you shall be fitted all alike."

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- p. 344. *Hi proprium decus. Æneid*, V, 229-230.
 p. 344. *Vos exemplaria Græca. Ars Poetica*, 268-269.
 p. 344. *Sophocles*. The great Greek poet was born at Colonus, a village about a mile to the north-west of Athens, in the year 495 B.C. His father, a man of some wealth, gave him the best education, intellectual and physical. As a boy he was so accomplished in music and gymnastics that he gained public prizes. Moreover he was so comely and fair that in his sixteenth year his beauty and grace in dancing caused him to be chosen to lead, naked and with ivory lyre in hand, the choir in celebration of the victory of Salamis (Athenæus, I, 20 ef; Teubner, 1890). In 468 B.C. he first appeared as a tragic dramatist in rivalry with Æschylus. The growing fame and glorious promise of youth were already widely bruited, but the supremacy of the older poet had as yet been unchallenged. The day of contest was no less than a national occasion, and party feeling ran so high that Apsephion, the Archon Eponymus, whose duty it was to select the judges, chose as umpires men of highest dignity, the general Cimon and his nine colleagues who had newly returned from Scyros, bringing with them the bones of the Attic hero, Theseus. Cimon awarded the victory to Sophocles (Plutarch, *Cimon*, VIII), whilst Æschylus received the second prize. The tragedies given on this occasion are

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lost; even their titles cannot be known with any certainty. In 440 B.C. after the production of the *Antigone* Sophocles, on account of his political wisdom, was elected one of the ten generals associated with Pericles in the expedition to Samos. So honoured was he for probity and just moderation that his fellow-citizens in 413 B.C. appointed him one of the ten commissioners of Public Safety, πρόβουλοι, after the failure of the Syracusan expedition. It may be mentioned that many authorities now deny that the dramatist was the Sophocles who gave assent to the formation of the governing council of the Four Hundred, 411 B.C., remarking that the measure although not good was the best in bad circumstances. One of the most famous incidents in the life of Sophocles is connected with the *Œdipus Coloneus*. When he was an old man his son Iophon, who was by Athenian law his rightful heir, accusing him of wishing to alienate his property to the child of his natural son Ariston, involved him in a lawsuit. The boy in question, Sophocles by name, was the darling of his later years. The jury, as was the custom, consisted of citizens of his native burgh. Iophon set up a plea of undue influence and senile incapacity. The poet, with that calmness and repose which were habitual to him, rising to his feet recited the famous chorus which tells the praise of Colonus. As the words died away the judges left their seats and with all honour conducted him to his house, refusing for a moment to consider so frivolous and idle an accusation. (Plutarch, *An Seni Respublica Gerenda sit.*) Shortly afterwards, in 406 B.C., Sophocles died at the age of ninety.

- p. 351. *the greatest Wit*. It is perhaps superfluous to remark that "Wit" is used in the modern sense of "genius."
- p. 351. *Master-piece*. Yet there is a tradition, which dates at least from the second century B.C., to the effect that when Sophocles produced the *Oedipus Tyrannus* he was defeated for the first prize by Philocles, a poet of whose work nothing is known. The writer of a prose *ὑπόθεσις*, Διὰ τι Τύραννος ἐπιγέγραπται, says: "χαριέντως δὲ Τύραννον ἅπαντες αὐτὸν ἐπιγράφουσιν, ὡς ἐξέχοντα πάσης τῆς Σοφοκλέους ποιήσεως, καίπερ ἡττηθέντα ὑπὸ Φιλοκλέους, ὡς φησι Δικαίαρχος." The Dicaearchus who wrote *ὑποθέσεις* on the dramas of Euripides and Sophocles is generally identified with Dicaearchus of Messana, the Peripatetic, a pupil of Aristotle and a friend of Theophrastus. He may be dated about 310 B.C., and he survived 296 B.C. If these *ὑποθέσεις* are to be attributed to the grammarian Dicaearchus of Lacedaemon, a pupil of Aristarchus, the date will be later, about 140 B.C.

The poet Philocles was a nephew of Aeschylus, and if the tradition be true he achieved, as Aristeides the rhetorician remarked (II, 256), an honour which even his uncle had failed to obtain.

- p. 351. *the Seven*. The extant tragedies of Sophocles are: *Antigone*; *Electra*; *Trachiniae*; *Oedipus Tyrannus*; *Ajax*; *Philoctetes*; and *Oedipus Coloneus*. This last was brought out, after the death of the poet,

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by his grandson. One hundred and thirty plays are ascribed to Sophocles.

- p. 351. *Aristotle*. In the *Poetics* Aristotle has frequent references to the *Oedipus Tyrannus* which he cites as a typical masterpiece—"ἔστι δὲ περιπέτεια μὲν ἢ εἰς τὸ ἐναντίον τῶν πραττομένων μεταβολή, καθάπερ εἴρηται, καὶ τοῦτο δὲ ὥσπερ λέγομεν κατὰ τὸ εἶκος ἢ ἀναγκαῖον ὅλον ἐν τῷ Οἰδίποδι ἔλθων ὡς εὐφρανῶν τὸν Οἰδίπουν καὶ ἀπαλλάξων τοῦ πρὸς τὴν μητέρα φόβου, δηλώσας ὅς ἦν, τοῦναντίον ἐποίησεν." (xi). Aristotle further lays down that the structure of the ideal tragedy should not exhibit the virtuous falling from good to ill fortune, for that is shocking; nor yet the wicked in transition from ill fortune to good, for that is neither edifying, nor piteous, nor fearful; nor yet again even the utterly abandoned falling from success to failure, since though edifying such a plot would be neither piteous nor fearful. The hero, then, should be the mean between the two characters. "ὁ μεταξὺ ἄρα τούτων λοιπός." Such a one is neither a paragon of virtue and integrity, nor yet a villain whose misfortunes are due to his moral depravity, but rather one whose fate is owing to some mistake or blind error of the kind committed by men of highest rank and fortune such as Oedipus, Thyestes, and the like great and noble princes. "The disclosure of mistaken identity" or "recognition," ἀναγνώρισις, is contrived in the best way and proceeds without any violation of probability from the inevitable trend of events in the story. "πασῶν δὲ βελτίστη ἀναγνώρισις ἢ ἐξ αὐτῶν τῶν πραγμάτων τῆς πλέξεως γινομένη δι' εἰκότων, οἷον ἐν τῷ Σοφοκλέους Οἰδίποδι." (XVI). Again the plot of *Oedipus* is so constructed that one who merely hears the story will be moved to tears and shudder without any actual exhibition of tragic circumstances essential to it (i.e. the exposure of the child, the killing of Laius). "ἔστι μὲν οὖν τὸ φοβερόν καὶ ἐλεεινὸν καὶ ἐκ τῆς ὄψεως γίνεσθαι, ἔστι δὲ καὶ ἐξ αὐτῆς τῆς συστάσεως τῶν πραγμάτων, ὅπερ ἐστὶ πρότερον καὶ ποιητοῦ ἀμείνονος. δεῖ γὰρ καὶ ἀνεῖν τοῦ ὁρᾶν οὕτω συνεστάναι τὸν μῦθον, ὥστε τὸν ἀκούοντα τὰ πράγματα γινόμενα καὶ φρίττειν καὶ ἐλεεῖν ἐκ τῶν συμβαινόντων ἅπερ ἂν πάθοι τις ἀκούων τὸν Οἰδίπουν μῦθον."
- p. 351. *Horace*. Dryden's memory plays him false. There is no mention of the *Oedipus Tyrannus* in Horace, nor did Lucullus write upon this subject.
- p. 351. *Julius Caesar*. Suetonius, *Iulius Caesar*, LVI, tells us: "Feruntur et a puero et ab adolescentulo quaedam scripta, ut laudes *Herculis*, tragoedia *Oedipus*." The same historian tells us that Nero loved to strut the stage as *Oedipus*. "Tragoedias quoque cantavit personatus. . . . Inter cetera cantavit *Canacem parturientem*, *Orestem matricidam*, *Oedipodem excaecatam*, *Herculem insanum*." Nero, XXI. The last theatrical representation this emperor gave was in the rôle of Oedipus. "Observatum etiam fuerat novissimam fabulam cantasse eum [Neronem] publice *Oedipum exsulem*, atque in hoc

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desisse versu, οἰκτρῶς θανεῖν μ' ἄνωγε σύγγαμος πατήρ." *Ibid.*, XLVI. (Another reading gives: θανεῖν μ' ἄνωγε σύγγαμος, μήτηρ, πατήρ, upon which Beroalde comments, "Idem versus Neroni commodissime aptari potest, qui mori iubetur propter uxorem Octaviam, matrem Agrippinam, patrem Claudium, quos omnes interemerat.") Dio Cassius (LXIII, 28) also quotes this Greek line as one upon which Nero's mind dwelt continually: τὸ ἔπος ἐκεῖνο συνεχῶς ἐνενόει.

p. 351. *Seneca's is still preserv'd.* Seneca's piece undoubtedly evinces a close study of Sophocles on the part of the Roman poet.

p. 351. *Corneille. Pertharite, Roi des Lombards*, produced at the hôtel de Bourgogne in March, 1652, was accorded so cold a reception that the play was given only twice. (According to Voltaire there was but one performance.) Corneille upon this was more than half-minded to quit the theatre, and commenced his address "Au Lecteur," 12mo, 1653, with "La mauvaise réception que le public a faite à cet ouvrage m'avertit qu'il est temps que je sonne la retraite." However Fouquet, to whom the poet was presented by Pellisson in 1657, suggested three subjects one of which he urged and even straitly directed Corneille to take as the theme of a tragedy. The first of these designs was Oedipus; the second the history of Camma, which Thomas Corneille adopted for his tragedy of that name acted in 1661; the third we do not know. Pierre Corneille accordingly selected Oedipus, and "par un juste empressement d'exécuter les ordres favorables que j'avois reçus" he tells us that *Oedipe* was "un ouvrage de deux mois."

Oedipe was produced at the hôtel de Bourgogne on Friday, 24 January, 1659, and on the following day Loret in his *Muse historique* poured forth the most lavish panegyrics of the new tragedy.

Ouvrage grand et signalé,
Qui l'*Oedipe* est intitulé;
Ouvrage, dis-je, dramatique,
Mais si tendre et si pathétique,
Que sans se sentir émouvoir
On ne peut l'entendre ou le voir.
Jamais pièce de cette sorte
N'eut d'élocution si forte;
Jamais, dit-on, dans l'univers,
On n'entendit de si beaux vers.

Oedipe proved a triumphant success, and in the *Gazette* of 15 February Renaudot describing the first visit of Louis XIV and his Queen with Monsieur and Mademoiselle to the theatre takes occasion to eulogize Corneille and his "chef-d'œuvre" "dans lequel, après en avoir fait tant d'autres d'une force merveilleuse, il a néanmoins si parfaitement réussi, que s'y étant surpassé lui-même, il a aussi mérité un surcroît de louange de tous ceux qui se sont

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trouvés à ce chef-d'œuvre," since it gave pleasure to the greatest critic who has ever lived, the greatest monarch of the greatest and most powerful nation.

The original Oedipe was Floridor, but he was excelled in this rôle a few years later by Baron. (Lemazurier, *Galerie historique des acteurs du Théâtre français*, tome I, p. 86.)

Oedipe was printed 12mo, Rouen, 1659: licensed 10 February, "Achevé d'imprimer, 26 Mars." The Verses addressed to Fouquet and the (avis) *Au lecteur* are only found in the original edition.

p. 351. *by his Preface.* As has been noted the (avis) *Au Lecteur* only appears in the 12mo, 1659, of *Oedipe*. An *Examen* reproduces (with some variants) the (avis) *Au Lecteur*. Corneille writes: "Je me contenterai de vous dire simplement que si le public a reçu quelque satisfaction de ce poëme, . . . c'est à lui [Fouquet] qu'il en doit imputer le tout, puisque sans ses commandements je n'aurois jamais fait l'*Oedipe*, et que cette tragédie a plu assez au Roi pour me faire recevoir de véritables et solides marques de son approbation" (*Au Lecteur*).

p. 351. *the happy Episode.* Corneille regarded the narrative which tells how Oedipus gashed out his eyes and particularly the actual presentation of the blinded and bleeding King as too terrible for his elegant audiences to endure. Accordingly he endeavoured to remedy as best he could these disorders, and he congratulates himself upon a happy success "en épargnant d'un côté à mes auditeurs ce dangereux spectacle, et y ajoutant de l'autre l'heureux épisode des amours de Thésée et de Dircé, que je fais fille de Laïus, et seule héritière de sa couronne." The execration of Oedipus is most tamely related by Dymas at the very conclusion of the fifth act, and even then Thésée interrupts with "Cessons de nous gêner d'une crainte inutile" and utters four lines of platitudes to which Dircé replies with four lines of corresponsive triteness and so "Fin du Cinquième et Dernier Acte."

p. 351. *Heñor'd by Theseus.* *Oedipe*, Acte I, scène 2. Thésée leaves Oedipe with:

Et si vous êtes roi, considérez les rois.

Whereupon (scène 3) Oedipe plaintively cries to his confidant Cléante:

Si je suis roi, Cléante! et que me croit-il être?
Cet amant de Dircé déjà me parle en maître!

p. 351. *contemn'd by Dirce.* Acte II, scène 1. Oedipe expostulates with Dircé, and the act commences:

Oedipe. Je ne le cèle point, cette hauteur m'étonne.
Æmon a du mérite, on chérit sa personne;
Il est prince, et de plus étant offert par moi . . .
Dircé. Je vous ai déjà dit, Seigneur, qu'il n'est pas roi.

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Later Oedipe grumbles: "Je pense être ici roi," to which the lady rejoins:

Je sais ce que vous êtes;
Mais si vous me comptez au rang de vos sujettes,
Je ne sais si celui qu'on vous a pu donner
Vous asservit un front qu'on a dû couronner.

Throughout her conversation she is at no pains to hide her disdain, and she flatly tells him:

Vous régnéz en ma place, . . .
Mais si vous attendez jusqu'à me commander,
Jusqu'à prendre sur moi quelque pouvoir de maître,
Je me souviendrai lors de ce que je dois être, . . .
Après cela, Seigneur, je n'ai rien à vous dire:
J'ai fait choix de Thésée, et ce mot doit suffire.

- p. 351. *King of Branford*. In allusion to the two Kings of Brentford in Buckingham's *The Rehearsal*, produced at the Theatre Royal, 7 December, 1671.

- p. 351. *pompous expression*. Seneca in his *Oedipus* has certainly employed a wealth of rhetorical ornament. One may cite, for example, the opening dialogue, 1-109, and indeed the very first line:

Iam nocte Titan dubius expulsa redivit.

Cf. such phrases as

non Zephyri leves
Spirant: sed ignes auget aestiferi Canis
Titan, Leonis terga Nemeaei premens;

or "nodosa sortis verba"; not uncomely, but figuratively ornate. "Deest terra tumulis, iam rogas silvae negant," is a line neatly turned. The speech of Creon, 530-659, is very Gothic and macabre.

- p. 351. *more proper for the Study*. Of Seneca's nine tragedies Professor J. W. Mackail writes in his *Latin Literature*: "All the rhetorical vices of his prose are here exaggerated. The tragedies are totally without dramatic life, consisting merely of a series of declamatory speeches, in correct but monotonous versification, interspersed with choruses, which only differ from the speeches by being written in lyric metres instead of the iambic. To say that the tragedies are without merit would be an overstatement, for Seneca, though no poet, remained even in his poetry an extremely able man of letters and an accomplished rhetorician. His declamation comes in the same tones from all his puppets; but it is often grandiose, and sometimes really fine. The lines with which the curtain falls in his *Medea* remind one, by their startling audacity, of Victor Hugo in his most Titanic vein."

- p. 351. *only a Relation*. In the *Oedipus* of Seneca when the aid of Tiresias is besought by Oedipus the prophet has recourse to the arts of

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divination. Manto, his daughter, reports the various signs to him, and he declares that neither voice of birds (*auspicium*) nor the inspection of victims (*extispicium*) can reveal the name (Actus Secundus; 390-394):

Nec alta coeli quae levi penna secant,
Nec fibra vivis rapta pectoribus potest
Ciere nomen, alia tentanda est via
Ipse evocandus noctis aeternae plagis
Emissus Erebo, ut caedis auctorem indicet.

Accordingly in a grave near Thebes Tiresias performs the horrid rites which evoke the dead; the ghost of Laius, dabbled with blood and filth,

Paedore foedo squalidam obtentus comam,

hideous to behold, rises and denounces his son. The necromantic ceremony and the apparition are related to Oedipus by Creon in a powerful but over-elaborated speech (530-658), which is burthened with a weight of detail drawn from Roman augural lore, as also from the *Nekyia* in the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*.

- p. 352. *Homer's Tiresias. Odyssey, XI*, one of the most important scenes of necromancy in Greek literature. Odysseus has been advised by Circe to take counsel from the shade of Tiresias, whom he evokes amid the poplar groves that skirt the house of Hades, the dim forests of the far Cimmerian land.

- p. 352. *Heliodore's Æthiopiques. Αἰθιοπικῶν βιβλία δέκα* of Heliodorus, being the History of Theagenes and Chariclea. This delightful romance has been translated into wellnigh every tongue and has been repeatedly drawn upon by poet, dramatist, and later novelist alike. The earliest Greek impression of the *Ethiopics* was edited at Basle in 1535, 4to, by Vincent Obsopoen, who purchased the MS. from a soldier who had pillaged the library of Matthias Corvinus at Buda. There are at least five English versions of Heliodorus; "*An Æthiopian Historie . . . Englished by T. Underdowne*" was published ". . . newly corrected and augmented" in 1587, whilst the first edition which bears no date is to be assigned to 1567; entered in *Stationers' Register*, 1568-9. There are reprints 1587, 1605, 1606; and as revised by W. Barret, 1622, 1627. In 1631 William Lisle "delivered paraphrastically in verse" the *Famous Historie of Heliodorus*, "the Phoenix of Phœnicia." Already, in 1591, Abraham Fraunce had tortured the beginning of the *Ethiopics* into six pages (fortunately no more) of louting English hexameters. We also have "*The Æthiopian History of Heliodorus, in Ten Books. The first Five translated by a Person of Quality; the last Five by N. Tate*," 8vo, 1686 (*Term Catalogues*, Michaelmas, November, 1685); second edition as *The Triumphs of Love and Constancy*, 8vo, 1687. In 1717, 2 vols., 12mo, was issued a different version; advertised in 1725 as *The Reward of Chastity*; in 1758

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Tate's translation was reprinted, and there appeared a new version again, 2 vols., 1789, which is in many places more of a paraphrase than an accurate rendering of the original; a translation by the Rev. Rowland Smith was comprised in Bohn's Classical Library (with Longus and Achilles Tatius), 1855. A translation of the *Æthiopica* was published privately (255 copies) by the Athenian Society, Athens (London), 1897, and in 1905 there was printed for private circulation the First Book of Heliodorus, "Translated Afresh from the Greek by Franklin T. Richards, M.A." John Gough's rambling tragi-comedy *The Strange Discovery*, 4to, 1640 (reprinted 1717), is founded on the Tenth Book of Heliodorus, and Alexandre Hardy wrote a *Théagène et Cariclée* (Paris, 1623) in forty acts, grouped in 8 *journées*, which exhibits the wanderings of the lovers and their final union at the court of the heroine's royal father. Dorat's *Théagène et Cariclée*, acted at Paris in 1762, was unsuccessful. Among the Harleian MSS. is a pathetically feeble play, *The White Æthiopian*, which some unknown amateur essayed from his love of Heliodorus. Gosson wrote a *Theagenes and Chariclea*, 1572; whilst most probably *The Queen of Ethiopia*, acted at Bristol in 1578 by Lord Howard's men, was upon the same theme. *Andromana, the Merchant's Wife* (1640), printed 1660, has some borrowing from Heliodorus, but is far more greatly influenced by the *Arcadia*. For further details of the literary influence of Heliodorus one may see M. Oeftering's "Heliodor und seine Bedeutung für die Litteratur" in *Litterarhistorische Forschungen*, XVIII, 149-155. It may be remarked that of Heliodorus himself nothing is certainly known, and all modern authorities are agreed in rejecting the story told by Nicephorus Callistus Xanthopulus, who died about 1350, and who says in his *Ecclesiastical History* (XII, 34) that Heliodorus was Bishop of Tricca, a suffragan of Larissa in Thessaly, and was by a synod given the choice to repudiate and burn his romance or resign his see, which latter alternative the prelate preferred. This is seemingly supported by Socrates in his *Ecclesiastical History* (Migne, V, 22; p. 640) who speaks of a Bishop of Tricca, reputed to be the author in his youth of a love-story, entitled *Æthiopica* (ὁ πονήματα ἐρωτικὰ εἰσέται νῦν περιφέρεται ἃ νέος ὢν συνετάξατο Αἰθίοπι). Sozomen (who died 447 or 448) in his *Ecclesiastical History* confirms this, but it should be remarked that there is no difficulty in accepting the statements of Socrates and Sozomen, whilst dismissing the story of the synod. Nor need we with Rohde, *Der Griechische Roman und seine Vorläufer*, Leipzig, 1876, deny that Heliodorus who wrote the *Ethiopics* was a Christian. In fact, as Koräes, whose edition of the romance was published in 2 vols., Paris, 1804, has well pointed out, many passages bear evidence of Christian belief and feeling. The fable of the synod, however, has endured as such legends will; Montaigne repeated it, and Burton gave it a place in his *Anatomy*; thus is its immortality secure.

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The necromantic scene of which Dryden and Lee availed themselves, yet very sparingly, is from the conclusion of the Sixth Book of the romance, where (as Underdowne phrases it) we have: "A very pretty description of an old woman sorceress playing her paget." A hag, cunning in goetic crafts, compels the soul of her son who has been killed in battle, to re-animate the body which lies stark and bare upon the open field. Calasiris, the Egyptian priest, and Chariclea are witnesses of the horrid fact which is described with considerable power and effect. The witch enforces her son to answer her demands, and "the dead bodie spake very terribly with a hollow voice, as if it had come out of a deepe cave," prophesying her sudden and violent taking off as guerdon for her blasphemies and midnight crime.

- p. 352. *Lucan's Eriðho. Pharsalia*, VI, 507 sqq.
- p. 352. *we have follow'd him as close as possibly we cou'd.* There are indeed several scenes or at any rate episodes where Dryden has almost paraphrased Sophocles. Such are the scenes with the suppliants, I, 1; that between Oedipus and Jocasta, III, 1; and a part of the scene between Oedipus and Aegeon, IV, 1.
- p. 352. *an under-plot.* When Aristotle, *Poetics*, XIII, says: ἀνάγκη ἄρα τὸν καλῶς ἔχοντα μῦθον ἀπλοῦν εἶναι μᾶλλον ἢ διπλοῦν, ὥσπερ τινὲς φασί, he means that the virtuous and the wicked must not meet with contrary fates. For example, it was necessary to the tragedy of Oedipus that Adrastus and Eurydice should die. Corneille has broken Aristotle's rule in his *Oedipe* where Thésée and Dircé survive and may be understood to live happy ever after.
- p. 352. *lodging Chambers.* Anybody who has stayed in one of our old inns, now alas! more and more rare, will readily recognize the truth of this comparison. A courtyard was surrounded on three sides by galleries, open to the air, and into these the various sleeping chambers gave access. An excellent idea of such a hostelry may be obtained from the well-known illustration by Phiz to the *Pickwick Papers*, chapter X, "First Appearance of Mr. Samuel Weller." The George Inn in the Borough, Southwark, still remains, and yet presents these old-time features.
- p. 352. *that Politick Nation.* This allusion seems to be intended for the French who, after having repeatedly reduced the Dutch to the most desperate extremities, were on 17 August, 1678, by a treacherous stratagem routed and driven from the blockade of Mons by the Prince of Orange, who was very well aware that peace had been signed between France and the States although actually the intelligence was not published until the following day.
- p. 352. *shouted every Line.* An Athenian audience was enthusiastic in the liveliest degree, and gave amplest expression to its feelings. Plato, *Leges* (700, C), refers to the uproar of the excited crowds, often as many as twenty thousand in number. The modes of signifying pleasure or disapproval were much the same in ancient as in modern

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days. They consisted of shouts and clapping of hands when the play was admired, or else hisses and groans. (Demosthenes, *Meidias*, 14; 226: Alciphron, *Epistolae*, III, 71.) An Athenian audience also kicked with the heels of their sandals against the front of the stone benches on which they sat to evince their annoyance, and if sufficiently irate stones even were flung. On the other hand encores were not unknown, the word used being *αἰθῖς*, and Socrates is said to have encored the first three lines of the *Orestes* of Euripides. (Cicero *Tusculanarum Disputationum*; IV, 63.) Even the employment of the claque was not unknown.

- p. 352. *every Critick*. Perhaps with a particular reference to Thomas Rymer whose *The Tragedies of the Last Age Considered and Examined by the Practice of the Ancients* was published 1678; *Term Catalogues*, Michaelmas (November), 1677.
- p. 353. *at Mons you won*. The blockade of Mons was raised by the Prince of Orange 17 August, 1678. See the note upon *that Politick Nation*.
- p. 353. *the four first Councils*. The first four Oecumenical Councils are Nicaea, A.D. 325; Constantinople (First), A.D. 381; Ephesus, A.D. 431; Chalcedon, A.D. 451. The Fifth Oecumenical, or Second General Council of Constantinople, A.D. 553, confirmed the authority of the first four General Councils. The Twentieth Oecumenical Council was summoned by Pius IX. It met 8 December, 1869, and lasted until 18 July, 1870, when it was adjourned. It is still unfinished.
- p. 353. *Fanaticks*. Nonconformists. The most common term for dissenters in the later half of the seventeenth century. It is thus used by Archbishop Maxwell as early as 1644, and Fuller in his *Mixt Contemplations* (1660) has: "A new word coined, within few months, called fanatics . . . seemeth well . . . proportioned to signify . . . the sectaries of our age."
- p. 353. *Wollen Aa*. By the 30th Charles II, cap. 3, all persons were appointed to be buried in woollen after 1 August, 1678. In Shadwell's *Epsom-Wells*, produced at Dorset Garden, 2 December, 1672, I, 1, Justice Clodpate says: "I . . . make people bury in Flannel, to encourage the Woollen Manufacture, which never a Justice of Peace in *England* does but I." Cf. Oldham, *circa* 1683, *Satire in Imitation of the Third of Juvenal*, 1682:

To speak the truth great part of *England* now
In their own Cloth will scarce vouchsafe to go;
Only, the Statutes Penalty to save
Some few perhaps wear Wollen in the Grave.

In his Will, undated but attested on 3 December, 1692, by Ellenor Leigh the actress as being sealed some time "between Bartholomew Tide and Michaelmas 1690," Thomas Shadwell requires that: "Imprimis I desire to be buried in flannell wth the least charge that may bee."

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When the executors of Sir Charles Sedley, who was buried 26 August, 1703, in the family vault at Southfleet Church, were unable to certify that the body had been clothed in cerements of wool according to the Statute they were mulcted in a fine of fifty shillings for the poor of the Parish.

“Odious! in woollen! ’twould a Saint provoke,”
 (Were the last words that poor *Narcissa* spoke)
 “No, let a charming Chintz and Brussels lace
 “Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:
 “One would not, sure, be frightful when one’s dead—
 “And—*Betty*—give this Cheek a little Red.”

Pope, *Moral Essays*, I, 1734; *Narcissa* is Mrs. Oldfield; and *Betty*, Mrs. Saunders, an actress, her friend and confidante.

p. 354. *Mrs. Evans*. The name of this actress, who was evidently also an accomplished singer, does not appear in any other printed casts. It is, of course, possible that she was shortly married.

p. 355. *The Curtain rises to a plaintive Tune*. In a Restoration theatre the Prologue was delivered before the rising of the curtain, the speaker entering and leaving the stage by one of the proscenium doors, and standing upon the apron. When the actor or actress who had given the Prologue retired a curtain tune was played by the musicians, who were (except in special cases of an elaborate operatic production, e.g. Shadwell’s operatic version, 1674, of the Dryden and Davenant, *The Tempest*) stationed in their loft above. The curtain then rose only to fall after the Epilogue. The intervals between the acts were denoted by a clear stage.

p. 355. *the present condition of Thebes*. In his description of the pestilence Dryden no doubt remembered the episode in the *Iliad*, I, where Chryses prays Apollo to avenge the despite done to him, who is the god’s priest. Apollo heard, and wroth at heart, sent his arrows among the Greeks (50–52):

οὐρήνας μὲν πρῶτον ἐπέχετο καὶ κύνας ἀργούς,
 αὐτὰρ ἐπειτ’ αὐτοῖσι βέλος ἔχευε κῆες ἐφίεις
 βάλλ’ ἄϊεῖ δὲ πυραὶ νεκύων καίοντο θαμειαί.

The poet was also very familiar with the fine description of the Plague at Athens, which closes the Sixth Book of Lucretius; but even more details were supplied by his own experience, for although during 1665 he was absent from London he must have seen something of the ravages of the Great Plague before he left, and he would have heard the amplest history of those terrible months from folk who actually endured the scourge and survived in London itself.

p. 355. *others drop*. A terrible circumstance which was of frequent occurrence during the Great Plague of London. Those affected would be seized with sudden nausea and giddiness, falling down in the street, and even in the markets as they were purchasing, being found to

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- have all the developed symptoms of the pest. The allusion in the Preface to Fielding's *Tom Thumb* (Second Edition), 1730, seems all the more woefully misplaced. "It is common in modern Tragedy for the Characters to drop, like the Citizens in the first Scene of *Œdipus*, as soon as they come upon the Stage."
- p. 355. *raw damps*. According to William Boghurst in his *Loimographia: Or, an Experimentall Relation of the Plague*, 1666, it was noticed by the physicians that in London when the weather had been for a few days broken, the skies cloudy, and the air chilled after the rain, these atmospheric conditions brought about the most violent manifestations of the Plague.
- p. 355. *Plagues which Earth and Air had brooded*. Cardinal Wolsey's advice to Erasmus when the great scholar visited London and found the city plague-stricken was to "get into clean air." Early medical writers held that scarcely anyone who lived upon hills in clear air contracted the infection. However it was found that during the Plague of 1665 Hampstead was fearfully visited, whilst Highgate, Islington, and Acton all on high ground, also suffered severely.
- p. 356. [*Groan within*. Thus Thomas Vincent, *God's Terrible Voice in the City*, 1667, speaking of the Great Plague of London says: "no London cries sounding in the ears; if any Voice be heard it is the Groans of dying persons breathing forth their last."
- p. 356. *some common Pit*. During the Great Plague of London the open spaces of Tothill Fields were first utilized, inasmuch as the churchyards began to be over full of graves. The poor held the Plague pits in horror, since these were dug in fields and waste lands, lacking both sanctity and sentiment. The Bishop of London by canon law was obliged to refrain from consecrating ground that could not be dedicated to such solemn use in perpetuity—(Earl of Craven to the Lords of the Council, 19 February, 1666). The sites of the larger number of Plague pits cannot be ascertained. At the height of the pestilence they were hastily made in fields and could but be used for a few days at most, and then with loads of lime emptied above they were covered with earth. In *The London Burial Grounds* by Mrs. Basil Holmes most of the Plague pits mentioned by Defoe are identified. Thus one pit was "at the upper end of Hand Alley in Bishopsgate Street." This is now overbuilt by New Street, Bishopsgate. Probably the ground occupied by Gower's Walk, Whitechapel, was a Plague pit, as in 1893 when excavations for Messrs. Kinloch's buildings were being made human remains without coffins lay not very far beneath the surface. The pest victims of Southwark were buried in thousands at Deadman's Place, a plot still indicated in Rocque's Map of 1746. Messrs. Barclay and Perkins' great Southwark brewery now spreads over the old burial ground. When Beak Street, Golden Square, was erected a vast quantity of bones confirmed the tradition of a Plague pit in that spot. Very many other spots, now built over, might be indicated.

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- p. 357. *He will be very Lajus.* It may be remarked that Sophocles has nowhere admitted any hint of this kind, but Corneille has a similar touch. Oedipe is speaking of Dircé, whom he believes to be his stepdaughter but who is actually his sister, and her lover Thésée (III, 4):

Bien que de leur vertu rien ne soit suspect,
Je ne sais quelle horreur me trouble à leur aspect;
Ma raison la repousse, et ne m'en peut défendre;
Moi-même en cet état je ne puis pas comprendre.

- p. 358. *the Breeze.* A gadfly. Cf. Cotgrave, 1611: "*Tahon*, a Brizze, Brimsee, Gadbee, Dunflie, Oxeflie." Also K. W., 1661, *Confused Characters of Conceited Coxcombs*: "By the biting of this brye they run headlong after superiority."

- p. 358. *Cadmus Brood.* When Cadmus, in obedience to the oracle of Delphi, followed the heifer she sank down with fatigue (as the god foretold) upon the spot where Thebes was to be built. (Scholia upon the *Phoenissae* of Euripides, 638; upon the *Frogs* of Aristophanes, 1256; cf. also Pausanias, IX, 12.) In order to sacrifice the animal to Athens, he went to a neighbouring well, sacred to Ares, and guarded by a dragon, a son of Ares. Cadmus succeeded in slaying the worm, and under the inspiration of Athene sowed its teeth, whence a host of armed men, his "Brood," sprung up—"crescit-que seges clypeata virorum," Ovid, *Metamorphoseon*, III, 110—and with the exception of five, Echion, Udaeus, Chthonius, Hyperenor, and Pelor, who according to Theban tradition were the ancestors of the Thebans, the warriors slew one another. For slaying the dragon Cadmus was compelled to undergo eight years of penance.

- p. 359. *The Midwife stood aghast.* Cf. Shakespeare's *The third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, folio, 1623:

Hen. Thy Mother felt more than a Mothers paine,
And yet brought forth lesse then a Mothers hope,
To wit, an indigested and deformed lump. . . .

Rich. Indeed 'tis true that *Henrie* told me of . . .
The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women cri'de
O Jesus blesse us, he is borne with teeth, . . .
Then since the Heavens have shap'd my Body so,
Let Hell make crook'd my Minde to answer it.

- p. 359. *Thy Mountain back.* Samuel Sandford, who created Creon, is thus described by Antony Aston:

"Mr. *Sandford*, although not usually deem'd an Actor of the first Rank, yet the Characters allotted him were such, that none besides, then, or since, ever topp'd; for his Figure, which was diminutive and mean (being Round-shoulder'd, Meagre-fac'd, Spindle-shank'd, Splay-footed, with a sour Countenance, and long lean Arms)

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render'd him a proper Person to discharge *Iago*, *Foresight*, and *Ma'ligniti*, in the VILLAIN.—This Person acted strongly with his Face,—and (as King *Charles* said) was the best *Villain* in the World."

p. 360. *A little farther*. Cf. Milton's *Samson Agonistes*, 1671, 1-3:

Samson. A little onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on;
For yonder bank hath choice of Sun or shade, . .

Cf. in the *Phoenissae* of Euripides the entry of *Tiresias*, led by his daughter, and the aged prophet's words:

ἡγοῦ πάροιθε, θύγατερ' ὥς τυφλῷ ποδὶ
ὀφθαλμός ἐῖ σύ, ναυβάταισιν ἄστρον ὥς
δεῦρ' εἰς τὸ λευρὸν πέδον ἵχνος τιθεῖς ἐμόν,
πρόβαινε, μὴ σφαλῶμεν' ἀσθενὴς πατήρ.

In the *Oedipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles *Tiresias* is led by a boy. At the commencement of the Third Act of Lodovico Dolce's *Giocasta*, *Tiresia* appears guided by *Manto* and speaks:

O d'ogni mio cammin fidata scorta,
Andiamo, figlia, e tu mi guida e reggi;
Che dal di ch'io restai privo di luce
Tu sola il lume di quest' occhi sei:
E perchè, come sai, per esser vecchio,
Debile io sono, e di riposo amico;
Indirizza i passi per la più piana via,
Tal che men dell' andar senta l' affanno.

George Gascoigne and Francis Kinwelmersh in their *Jocasta*, acted 1566, thus turn these lines (this passage was actually by Gascoigne):

Thou trustie guide of my so trustlesse steppes,
Deer daughter mine, go we, lead thou the way,
For since the day I first did leese this light,
Thou only art the light of these mine eyes:
And for thou knowst I am both old and weake,
And ever longing after lovely rest,
Direct my steppes amynd the playnest pathes,
That so my feebled feete may feele lesse paine.

p. 360. *And grass untrodden springs beneath our feet*. Thomas Vincent describing the great Plague of London in his *God's Terrible Voice in the City*, 1667, writes: "Now Shops are shut up, people rare and few to walk about, insomuch that the Grass begins to spring up in some places, and a deep Silence almost in every place, especially within the Walls."

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- p. 361. *but must refuse.* Cf. Shakespeare, *The Life and Death of Richard the Third*, folio, 1623, III, 4, where the citizens incited by Buckingham offer Richard the crown:

Buckingham. Refuse not, mightie Lord, this proffer'd lovue.

Catesby. O make them joyfull, grant their lawfull suit.

Richard. Alas, why would you heape this Care on me!

I am unfit for State, and Majestie:

I doe beseech you take it not amisse,

I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you.

- p. 362. *he can make Almanacks.* The common people regarded an Almanack-maker as an occultist of no ordinary powers. Cotgrave, 1611, has: "*Prognostiqueur*, Almanack-maker, fortune-teller, foreteller." An almanack-maker came in vulgar parlance almost to be equivalent to a skilled magician. Thus Bruschi is at some pains to defend the eminent astronomer John Muller (Regiomontanus, 1436-1476) from the warlock traditions that stuck to his name. It was even fabled that like the wondrous Michael Scot, there was laid in his tomb a Book of Might, a grimoire of ancient and most potent runes.

- p. 363. *in a Mouse-hole.* A frequent, if rustic, term for a quandary, since a mouse-hole is notably strait and small.

- p. 363. *her leathern wing.* Sophocles, *Oedipus Tyrannus*, 508, terms the Sphinx *πτερόεσσα κόρα*. It may be remarked that the Egyptian Sphinx was wingless and male. The winged sphinx first occurs in the lands of the Euphrates, and in the palace of Esarhaddon, which belongs to the seventh century B.C., the winged and crouching Sphinx is female. At Thebes was found a small terracotta figure of a wingless Sphinx (Milchhoefer, *Mitth. des deutschen archaeol. Institutes in Athen*, fourth year, 1879, p. 54), and Voss in his *Mythologische Briefe* maintains that the Greek Sphinx, directly borrowed from Egypt, was wingless until the influence of the Greek dramatists introduced the winged type. Certainly the Sphinx of Euripides, *Phoenissae*, 1022 sqq., is winged (*ἡ πτεροῦσσα παρθένος*, 1042). However, in 1839 Gerhard (*Abhandl. der k. Akad. der Wissensch. z. Berlin*) had already argued that the winged Sphinx was much older than the age of the dramatists, and the fact has been put beyond dispute by the relievo-figures in gold and ivory of the graves at Mycenae and in other places which display a Sphinx with ample wings and which are of very early date.

- p. 363. *a dar'd Lark.* Cf. *The Conquest of Granada*, II, v:

Dar'd like a Lark that, on the open Plain

Pursued and cuff'd, seeks shelter now in vain.

To dare a lark is to fascinate and dazzle a lark so that the bird may be caught.

- p. 364. *Garlands.* Cf. Aristophanes, *Plutus*, 39: *τί δῆτα Φοῖβος ἔλακεν ἐκ τῶν στεμμάτων;* and Euripides, *Ion*, 1310: *τίς ἡδονή σοι θεοῦ θανεῖν ἐν στέμμασι,*

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- p. 364. *Bayes, and Olive-branches.* Cf. Sophocles, *Oedipus Tyrannus*, 1-3:

᾿Ω τέκνα, Κάδμου τοῦ πάλαι νέα τροφή,
τίνας ποθ' ἔδρας τάσδε μοι θαάξετε
ἰκτηρίοις κλάδονσιν ἐξεστεμμένοι;

The suppliant carried a branch of olive or laurel (*ἰκτηρία*) round which were twined festoons of wool (*στέμματα*).

- p. 364. *touch his Knees.* To clasp the knees was a sign of humble submission adopted in earnest supplications. Thus *Odyssey*, VI, 310-11:

τὸν παραμειψάμενος, μητρὸς ποτὶ γούνασι χεῖρας
βάλειν, ἡμετερῆς . . .

ibid., VII, 142 and 147:

ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' Ἀρήτης βάλε γούνασι χεῖρας Ὀδυσσεύς . . .
σὸν τε πόσιν, σά τε γούναθ' ἱκάνω, πολλὰ μογήσας . . .

Herodotus, IX, 76, has: τῶν γουνάτων λαβέσθαι, and similar phrases are very frequent. Cf. the verb γουνάζομαι I clasp the knees of another, and so I implore, entreat. *Odyssey*, XIII, 324:

νῦν δέ σε πρὸς πατρὸς γουνάζομαι.

- p. 364. *sincere.* As the Latin *sincerus*, "unalloyed; unmixed." So Livy, XLIV, 44, has "sincerum gaudium," and Justin, X, 1, 3, "gaudium sincerius."

- p. 365. *left-handed God.* Silius Italicus, *Punica*, has "Seu laevi traxere Dei, . . ." XIV, 494; and "Invideat laevus nobis Deus," XV, 515. Also cf. Vergil, *Georgics*, IV, 6-7:

tenuis non gloria, si quem
numina laeva sinunt auditque vocatus Apollo.

Also Martial, VI, lxxxv, 3-4:

Impia Cappadocum tellus, et numine laevo
Visa tibi, cineres reddit, et ossa patri.

- p. 367. *morning dream.* It has been well observed that a certain improbability is inherent in the story of Oedipus, and if this improbability be excluded at one place it will appear at another. Oedipus, on hearing how Laius was slain, must have recollected his own adventure in the narrow pass. Aristotle alludes to the fact that both Oedipus and Jocasta are ignorant concerning events with which they assuredly would have been familiar. Sophocles does not comment on this circumstance, and the readers or spectators entirely overlook the difficulty. Dryden has adroitly smoothed the situation, and, as is noted in the Introduction, Voltaire also employs an ingenious if transparent compromise.

- p. 368. *Ten attique Talents.* The talent (*τάλαντον*) was the heaviest unit of weight in use among the Greeks; and as a talent of gold, silver, or copper was a definite amount of money, varying with the

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standard by which it was weighed, the word stood also for monetary units. The talent of gold of Homer (*Iliad*, IX, 124; XVIII, 507; XXIII, 262) is considered to have been a comparatively small amount, and ancient commentators conjectured that it was of the weight of a daric, 128 grains. The poet Philemon mentions a talent of gold of somewhat higher value since it consisted of three χρυσοὶ or gold staters. In historical times Alexander the Great adopted throughout his vast dominions the Attic standard of weight for both silver coins and gold. It has been computed that an Attic talent when pure silver stood at 4/9d. an oz. troy was equivalent to £200; when pure silver stood at its highest value the talent rose to £243 15s. An Attic talent of gold was worth £3375; of electrum £2531 5s.

- p. 368. *Heav'n succeed your wishes.* "Among the places where Dryden's genius flashes through, it is interesting to remark one in which he has invented a really Greek touch,—not in the manner of Sophocles, certainly, yet such as might occur in Euripides." Jebb.
- p. 369. *I love you too.* A similar idea of the mysterious instinct of the true relationship that exists between Oedipus and Jocasta is thus expressed by Voltaire in his *Oedipe*. Jocasta speaks (II, 2):

je sentis dans mon âme étonnée
Des transports inconnus que je ne conçus pas:
Avec horreur enfin je me vis dans ses bras.

- p. 370. *The shooting Stars.* The alga *Nostoc*, which appears as a jelly-like mass on dry soil after rain, was popularly supposed to be the remains of a fallen "star" or meteor.
- p. 370. *Long-bearded Comets.* Pliny, *Historia Naturalis*, II, xxv, writes: "Cometas Graeci vocant, nostri crinitas, horrentes crine sanguineo, et comarum modo in vertice hispidas. Iidem Pogonias, quibus inferiore ex parte, in speciem barbae longae, promittitur iuba." Randolph in *The Muses Looking Glass* (1638), II, 2, where Aphobus says:

Let fooles gaze
At bearded starres, it is all one to mee
As if they had been shav'd.

Cf. Tennyson, *The Lady of Shalott*:

As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

- p. 371. *This rack of Heav'n.* Cf. Milton's *Paradise Lost*, 1667, XI, 814-17:
- The one just Man alive; by his command
Shall build a wondrous Ark, as thou beheldst,
To save himself and household from amidst
A World devote to universal rack.

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p. 371. *She's all o're Blood!* Cf. *The Apocalypse* vi, 12, "et luna tota facta est sicut sanguis," at the opening of the Sixth Seal.

p. 371. *Sound there, sound.* Cf. *Aureng-Zebe*, V, 1:

As sounding Cymbals aid the lab'ring Moon,

together with the note on that line.

p. 371. *The Cloud draws.* It has already been remarked that scenic clouds were continually employed with great effect on the Restoration Stage.

p. 372. *Her stiff'ning grief.* According to the more usual version of the legend Niobe, being the wife of Amphion, king of Thebes, was the mother of six sons and six daughters. In her pride she deemed herself superior to Leto who had but two children, and she boasted that her offspring were comelier than Apollo and Artemis. Thereupon the two gods angered at her presumption slew all the children of Niobe with their arrows. Niobe herself petrified into stone, but continued to feel the bitter grief. Ovid, *Metamorphoseon*, VI, 309-312:

Nec perire potest: intra quoque viscera saxum est.
Flet tamen, et validi circumdata turbine venti
In patriam rapta est; ubi fixa cacumina montis
Liquitur, et lacrimas etiamnum marmora manant.

p. 373. *Charm'd into a Tree.* It will be remembered that in Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, folio, 1623, Prospero reminds Ariel that upon the spirit's refusal to obey her

She did confine thee
By helpe of her more potent Ministers,
And in her most vnmittigable rage,
Into a clouen Pyne, within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painefully remaine
A dozen yeeres.

He also threatens:

If more thou murmur'st, I will send an Oake
And peg thee in his knotty entrailes, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelue winters.

The spirit was often supposed to become incorporate in the tree; when confined therein it animated the tree and must suffer and die with it. In Croatia it used to be believed among the peasants that witches had been buried under old trees in the forest, and that their souls passed into the trees and left the villagers in peace; F. S. Krauss, *Volks Glaube und religiöser Brauch der Südslaven*, Münster, 1890 (p. 36). The Lkungen Indians of British Columbia imagine that trees are transformed men, and that the creaking of the branches in the wind is their voice; Franz Boas, *Sixth Report on the North-Western Tribes of Canada* (p. 28).

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- p. 374. *Starts and dilates himself.* Cf. Vergil, *Aeneid*, VI, 46–51, and 76–80; the description of the Cumaean Sibyl inspired by Apollo:

. . . pectus anhelum,
et rabie fera corda tument; maiorque videri
nec mortale sonans, afflata est numine quando
iam propiore dei . . .

and

immanis in antro
bacchatur vates, magnum si pectore possit
excussisse deum, . . .

- p. 374. *I shall be young again.* The details of *raptus* are very accurately described by the poet. Thus, to mention but one example of many, in the case of the Trinitarian Padre Bernardino dell' Incarnazione (1819–1893) when in his feeble old age this great servant of God could only creep along the cloisters of San Crisogono by the help of the wall the rapture would suddenly come down upon him and his youth would be renewed like the eagle.

- p. 374. *the raging Bacchanals.* Vergil, *Georgics*, IV, 520–522:

Spretæ Ciconum quo munere matres
inter sacra deum nocturnique orgia Bacchi
discerptum latos iuvenem sparsere per agros.

When *The Descent of Orpheus into Hell* by Chapoton was "Presented by the French Commedians at the Cock-pit in *Drury-lane*" the fourth Scene of Act V showed how "The *Bacchanalls*, enraged at the Disdains of *Orpheus*, as they return from the Celebration of the Feast of *Bacchus*, meet him on the Mount, where they murder him."

- p. 374. *Labdacides.* Laius; as son of Labdacus, King of Thebes. In Statius, *Thebais*, VI, 45, "Labdacides" is Polynices, "cuius avus Laius Labdaci fuit filius," glosses Lactantius. *Ibid.*, IX, 777, and X, 36, "Labdacidae" are the Thebans, as a generic name.
- p. 378. *Hags of Fancy.* The nightmare; *night*, and *mara*, a spectre. *Nachtmar*, says Keysler in his *Antiquitates selectæ Septentrionales et Celticae*, is from *Mair* an old witch woman who appears to squat upon the sleeper's chest and impede the action of the lungs.
- p. 379. *walking asleep in his shirt.* Mrs. Behn alludes to this scene in the Preface to her *The Lucky Chance; or, An Alderman's Bargain*, 4to, 1687; licensed for printing 23 April, 1686; where ably defending this excellent comedy against the charge of bawdy she writes: "they cry, *That Mr. Leigh opens his Night Gown when he comes into the Bride-chamber*; if he do, which is a Jest of his own making, and which I never saw, I hope he has his Cloaths on underneath? And if so, where is the Indecency? I have seen in that admirable Play of *Oedipus*, the Gown open'd wide, and the Man shown in his Drawers and Waist coat, and never thought an Offence before."

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Anthony Leigh acted Sir Feeble Fainwou'd, and certainly in Act III, scene 2, the bedroom on the wedding night, Sir Feeble enters before the women have done undressing Leticia, whereupon he "*Throws open his Gown, they run all away, he locks the Door.*"

One cannot but think that the sleep-walking of Oedipus was suggested to Lee by Lady Macbeth.

- p. 379. *my Mother Merope.* Oedipus being supposed the son of King Polybus of Corinth and Queen Merope. Cf. Sophocles, *Oedipus Tyrannus*, 774-775, where Oedipus declares:

ἐμοὶ πατὴρ μὲν Πολύβος ἦν Κορίνθιος,
μήτηρ δὲ Μερόπη Δωρίς.

"Doris" implies that Merope was of ancient and honoured lineage, claiming descent from the son of Hellen and the nymph Orseis, Dorus, the ancestor of the Dorians.

- p. 379. *can dare Or do, I dare.* Cf. *Macbeth*, folio, 1623, III, 4:

Macbeth. What man dare, I dare.

- p. 380. *racking ships.* Ships which are breaking up, going all to pieces. "To rack," now dialect only, is generally used with "up." Wright, *English Dialect Dictionary*, quotes: Cheshire; "Racked up," in difficulties. William Stott Banks in his *A List of Provincial Words in use at Wakefield in Yorkshire*, London, 1865, gives: "Nivver saw a place sa rackt up i me life."

- p. 382. *a Womans Fool.* Hercules having become enamoured of Omphale, queen of Lydia, the widow of Tmolus, gave himself up to her service, blindly obeying her slightest whim or most ridiculous caprice. Thus she donned his lion-skin, bade him array himself in a woman's silken robes and spin wool among the maids. So Ovid, *Heroides*, IX, makes Deianira reproach him:

Ausus es hirsutos mitra redimire capillos:

Aptior Herculeae populus alba comae.

Nec te Maeonia, lascivae more puellae,

Incingi zona dedecuisse putas? . . .

Inter Ioniacas calathum tenuisse puellas

Diceris; et dominae pertimuisse minas.

Non fugis, Alcide, victricem mille laborum

Rasilibus calathis imposuisse manum? . . .

- p. 382. *A Serpent ne're becomes.* "*Serpens serpentem vorans fit Draco, Peccata peccatis superaddita monstra fiunt.*" *De Aspide, vel De Serpente* (p. 94, Moralitas XIV). From the *Hieroglyphica Animalium Terrestrium*, . . . Edinburgi, 1622, of Archibald Simson (1564 ?-1628), minister of Dalkeith, Midlothian.

- p. 382. *To walk, as spirits do.* Ludwig Lavater in his *De Spectris*, translated by R. H. as *Of Ghosts and Spirites Walkin* by Nyght, 1572, I, xix, writes: "Spirits appeared in old time, and do appeare still in

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these dayes both day & night. . . . And albeit these are heard or seene in al places, yet are they most especially conuersant in the fieldes where battels haue ben fought, or in places where slaughters haue ben made: in places of execution: in woods into the which they haue coniured deuils being cast out of men. . . ."

- p. 383. *Vicissitudes of fires, and then of frosts.* Cf. Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*, folio, 1623, III, 1:

Claudio. And the delighted spirit
To bath in fierie floods, or to recide
In thrilling Regions of thicke-ribbed Ice.

Cf. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, 1667, II, 587-603; particularly

Thither by harpy-footed Furies hail'd,
At certain revolutions all the damn'd
Are brought: and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extreams, extreams by change more fierce,
From Beds of raging Fire to starve in Ice
Their soft Ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immovable, infixt, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.

- p. 383. *hunch-back'd Monster.* Cf. Shakespeare's *The Life and Death of Richard the Third*, folio, 1623, IV, 3:

That bottel'd Spider, that foule hunch-back'd Toad.

- p. 384. *Thou enemy of eyes.* Saintsbury has an absurd note: "This odd phrase seems to mean, 'Thou enemy of whatever can see goodness' " —a gloss I cannot pretend to understand. It would appear almost superfluous to point out that Dryden's expression, which one would have deemed amply perspicuous and clear, signifies "Thou thing hateful to look upon and behold"; "Thou detested object of sight."

- p. 385. *Alcides, when the poison'd shirt.* The shirt steeped in the blood of the centaur Nessus whom Hercules had pierced with an arrow envenomed in the bile of the Lernean hydra. When Hercules sent Lichas to fetch him a white garment in which to offer sacrifice Deianira believing this shirt was a potent love-charm gave it to the messenger. The poison penetrated the hero's pores and caused him fearful agonies.

- p. 387. *pash thee dead.* To pash is to crush utterly, to smash to pieces by violent blows. The word is often used of dashing out the brains. Cf. Holinshed, *Chronicle* (ed. 1587), III, 79: "They left him [S. Thomas the Martyr] not till they had cut and pashed out his braines."

- p. 387. *thou rash Ixion.* The legend of Ixion is variously told. According to the more usual tradition he was king of the Lapithae or Phlegyae, and the father of Peirithous. Having treacherously slain Deioneus, he was shunned by all and refused ritual purification. However

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Zeus took pity, purified him, and even invited him to the banquet of the gods. Ixion proved ungrateful and tried to win the love of Here. Zeus thereupon made a phantom cloud resembling Here, and this Ixion violated, by it becoming the father of a Centaur, who having mounted a Magnesian mare was the sire of the Hippocentaurs. (*Centaur* is from *κεντεῖν αὔραν* in the sexual sense of *νεφέλα συνοικεῖν*.) Ixion, as a punishment was bound to a wheel—some poets say a wheel of flame—which perpetually revolved in the depths of Hades. The myth of Ixion as inculcating the duty of gratitude and of moderation in desire is introduced by Pindar into his *Pythia II*, 21–48.

- p. 387. *this Grove is hallow'd*. Seneca's description of the grove where the incantation takes place may be found in his *Oedipus*, III, 530–547.
 p. 388. *with Vervin crown'd*. Vergil, *Aeneid*, XII, 120, has of sacrificing priests:

velati limo et verbenâ tempora vincti.

which Dryden translates:

And o'er their Linen Hoods, and shaded Hair,
 Long twisted Wreaths of sacred Vervain wear.

Dryden read *velati lino* as do the MSS., but modern authorities prefer to follow Servius and read *velati limo*, *limus* being the apron worn by the hierophants. In the Fourth Book of the *Aeneid* Dryden turns 506–7:

intenditque locum sertis et fronde coronat
 funerea,

by

Sad Cypress, Vervain, Eugh compose the Wreath.

The witch, Eclogue VIII (64), burns “*verbenas pingues*” “*et mascula tura*.” Medea, *Metamorphoseon*, VII, erects for her dark rites two altars (242):

Quas ubi verbenis, silva incinxit agresti.

Upon this we have the gloss: “*Eiusmodi sertis coronari in sacris magicis arae solebant*.” The Quaker poet, John Scott (*Poetical Works*, 8vo, 1782), speaks of

Vervain blue for magic rites renown'd.

Robert Chambers in his *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, 1870, remarks: “The herb vervain, revered by the Druids, was reckoned a powerful charm by the common people, and the author recollects a popular rhyme supposed to be addressed to a young woman by the devil, who attempted to seduce her in the shape of a handsome young man:

Gin you wish to be leman mine,
 Leave off the S. John's wort and the vervine.

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By his repugnance to these sacred plants, his mistress discovered the cloven foot."

On account of its poisonous berries the ancients were wont to consider the yew as a tree of the under-world. Thus Ovid, *Metamorphoseon*, IV, 452-3, has:

Est via declivis, funesta nubila taxo;
ducit ad infernas per muta silentia sedes.

Lucan, also, *Pharsalia*, VI, 642-5:

Haud procul a Ditis caecis depressa cavernis
in praeceps subsedit humus: quam pallida pronis
urget silva comis, et nullo vertice coelum
suspiciens, Phoebæ non pervia taxus opacat.

Silius Italicus, *Punica*, XIII, 595-6; describing the nether regions:

Dextra vasta comas nemorosaque brachia fundit
taxus, Cocyti rigua frondosior unda.

p. 389. *Draw her backward.* Cf. Seneca, *Oedipus*, III, 555-56:

Nigro bidentes vellere atque atrae boves
Retro trahuntur.

p. 389. [*The Stage wholly darkn'd.* On the Restoration stage a scene of interior darkness was suggested by bringing into a room or bearing away such candles as were necessary. Thus in Wycherley's *The Plain-Dealer*, 4to, 1677, V, the last scene is Olivia's Lodging. "*Enter Olivia with a Candle in her hand.*" She puts out the candle, and romantically apostrophizes the "Kind darkness." Fidelia, who is disguised as a boy, enters followed by Manly, and the lady embraces this latter thinking him to be her appointed young lover. There are various accidents and encounters in the dark, until a numerous company enter "*lighted by the two Sailors with Torches,*" whereupon all immediately recognize one another.

Sudden scenes of exterior darkness, however, must have been managed in some other way, and it is not easy to see how this particular effect was obtained when the stage was lighted by huge chandeliers, at Dorset Garden probably six in number, suspended from the base of the lofty music room, which projected over the apron. Dr. W. J. Lawrence in an article "Early English Stage and Theatre Lighting, 1580-1800," *The Stage Year Book*, 1927, suggests (and I have no doubt correctly, for no other solution seems possible) that floats were first introduced into England about 1671, and that dark scenes were signalized by the lowering of the floats, which was, we know, the method employed in the mid-eighteenth century.

At the commencement of Shadwell's opera *The Tempest*, Dorset Garden, circa 30 April, 1674, we have: "*When the Ship is sinking, the whole House is darken'd.*" At the end of the first Scene, "*The*

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Cloudy Sky, Rocks and Sea vanish; and when the Lights return, discover that Beautiful part of the Island, which was the Habitation of Prospero."

In Charles Davenant's *Circe*, produced at the same house in 1677, just before the end of the opera, there is "*Horrid Musick. It Thunders. The Stage is wholly darken'd, and the City of a sudden is a Fire.*"

Again in Orrery's unpublished and probably unacted *The Tragedy of Zoroastres*, written in 1676, the opening scene is a grove. Presently "y^e stage darkens & y^e cave and grove vanish." It must be borne in mind that Orrery was a practised and experienced playwright.

In D'Urfey's dramatic opera, *Cynthia and Endymion*, Drury Lane, 1697, Act IV, where Cynthia says:

Bring me my Sable Veil, and put it on:
Thus I Eclipse the Lustre of the Moon.

[*Here the Moon being Eclips'd, all the Stage is darken'd.*

- p. 391. *And by Demogorgon's name.* Cf. Milton's *Paradise Lost*, 1667, II, 963-965:

by them stood
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon.

The name Demogorgon is first mentioned by Lactantius Placidus, the fifth-century scholiast of Statius, on *Thebaid*, IV, 516-7:

Et triplicis mundi summum quem scire nefastum est,
Illum sed taceo.

Upon which Lactantius glosses: "Iuxta picturam illam veterem, in qua haec tormenta descripta sunt, et ascensio ad deum, dicit deum Demogorgona summum, cuius nomen scire non licet. Infiniti autem philosophorum magorum, Persae etiam confirmant revera esse, praeter hos deos cognitos qui coluntur in templis, alium principem, et maxime deum ceterorum numinum ordinatorem, de cuius genere sint soli, Sol atque Luna: ceteri vero qui circumferuntur astra nominantur, quae eius clarescunt spiritu, maximis in hoc auctoribus, Pythagora et Platone, et ipso Tagete convenientibus. Sed dire sentiunt, qui eum interesse nefandis artibus actibusque magicis arbitrantur." For the date of Lactantius Placidus see A. Deuerling, *Lactantii Placidi Grammatici Glossae* (Leipzig, 1875), p. viii: "Hermannus quoque Schottky in disputatione de pretio Lactantiani in Thebaidem commentarii Placidum quinto saeculo post Christum vixisse argumentis confirmavit." It should be remarked that Masson in his note upon this passage of Milton, *Poetical Works of John Milton*, vol. III, pp. 419-20 (ed. 1890), has blundered badly in confusing Lactantius Placidus with Lucius

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Caecilius Firmianus Lactantius, the famous apologist of the fourth century, the "Christian Cicero." Upon Lucan, *Pharsalia*, VI, 744-46,

Paretis? an ille
Compellendus erit, quo nunquam terra vocato
Non concussa tremit,

the Scholiast glosses: "Demogorgon Deorum princeps, sive Demiurgus ille sit (Platonis) Deus summus, omnium rerum creator, cuius nomen arcanum et ineffabile inter cetera Deorum nomina citare nefas, nisi summa urgente necessitate. Ita Tiresias in necyomantia i. Theb. Stat."

In the *Praefatio* to his *De Genealogia Deorum*, under "Qui primus apud gentiles deus habitus sit," Boccaccio has: "Qui autem terram rerum omnium productricem voluere, ut Theodontius dicit, immixtam illi divinam mentem Dæmogorgonem nuncupavere. Quem profecto ego deorum gentilium omnium patrem, principiumque existimo." Liber Primus commences: "Summa cum maiestate tenebrarum arbore descripta, veterinosus ille deorum omnium gentilium proavus undique stipatus nebulis et caligine, mediis in visceribus terrae perambulanti mihi apparuit Daemogorgon, nomine ipso horribilis, pallore quodam muscoso, et neglecta humiditate amictus, terrestrem, tetrum, foetidumque evaporans odorem, seque miseri principatus patrem potius alieno sermone quam suo confessus verbo, me coram novi laboris opifice constitit. Risi fateor dum illum intuerer, memor stultitiae veterum, qui illum a nemine genitum aeternum et rerum omnium patrem, atque in visceribus terrae delitescentem rati sunt. . . . Huius igitur insipidae credulitatis causam dicit Theodontius, non a studiosis hominibus habuisse principium, quinimo a vetustissimis Archadum rusticis." The *Genealogia Deorum* was begun about 1350. In 1370 or 1371, although the work (upon which he spent another four years) was incomplete, Boccaccio allowed a copy to be made. The first printed edition is 1472.

From Boccaccio Demogorgon passed into Italian literature and thence to English poets. Thus Spenser, *The Faerie Queene*, 1590, I, i, xxxvii:

A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name,
Great Gorgon, prince of darknes and dead night;
At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight.

Ibid., I, v, xxii:

O! thou most auncient Grandmother of all,
More old then Jove, whom thou at first didst breede,
Or that great house of Gods caelestiall,
Which wast begot in Daemogorgons hall.

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- p. 391. *they grin at my gor'd side.* The shade wears the bodily appearance of the person in life or at the time of his death, more frequently the latter if the end was violent. Cf. Plato, *Gorgias*, 524, C: "οὐκ εἴ τινος μέγα ἦν τὸ σῶμα φύσει ἢ τροφῇ ἢ ἀμφοτέρεα ζῶντος, τούτου καὶ ἐπειδὴν ἀποθανῇ ὁ νεκρὸς μέγας, κ. τ. λ." Thus Vergil, *Aeneid*, VI, 494-499, describes how the shade of Deiphobus, who had been foully mutilated at his assassination endeavoured to avoid Aeneas in the under-world and to hide his wounds:

Atque hic Priamiden laniatum corpore toto
Deiphobum videt et lacerum crudeliter ora,
Ora manusque ambas, populataque tempora raptis
Auribus et truncas inhonesto vulnere nares.
Vix adeo agnovit pavitantem ac dira tegentem
supplicia . . .

- p. 393. *the Harlots tears.* Cf. Shakespeare's *Timon of Athens*, Act I, the great Banquet, Apermantus' Grace.

Graunt I may neuer proue so fond
To trust man on his Oath or Bond.
Or a Harlot for her weeping,
Or a Dogge that seemes asleeeping.

- p. 394. *Oedipus Solus.* The scene closed upon the dark Grove, and Oedipus, who had advanced well forward on to the apron, was left alone in a new scene, the two flats which met in the centre presenting the palace. This change of locality effected when a character still remained in view of the audience and even continued the next scene was frequent in the Restoration theatre. A few examples will suffice for many. In Mrs. Behn's *The Second Part of the Rover*, produced at Dorset Garden in 1680, Act I, "*Scene draws, and discovers a Church, a great many People at Devotion . . .*" and a little later towards the end of the act, "*Exeunt all, some one way, some another, the Forepart of the Church shuts over, except Willmore, Blunt, Ariadne and Lucia.*" In the anonymous *Romulus and Hersilia*, Dorset Garden, 1682, IV, 11, "*Scene the Pallace in Rome,*" Cornelia, Cloe, and Felician are on the stage. The latter retires to a couch and sleeps, "*They come forward, and the Scene shuts upon Felician.*" They converse and to them enters Portia. In Southerne's *The Wives Excuse; or, Cuckolds make themselves*, Drury Lane, 1691, IV, 1, at Mr. Friendall's House, "*All the company enter after dinner,*" later "*Scene draws, shews tables and cards,*" and after a few moments, "*They go in to Play, The Scene shuts upon 'em.*" Wellvile and Sightly stay." In Mrs. Trotter's *The Fatal Friendship*, Lincoln's Inn Fields, 1698, Castalio is in durance when Gramont visits him. "*Cas[talio] goes within the Scene, Gra. Advances, a Scene shuts representing the outside of the Castle. Manet Gramont.*"

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- p. 396. *They say in Phocide.* This follows Sophocles. The few verses which remain from the *Oedipus* of Aeschylus show that according to the older poet Oedipus met and slew Laius where three roads converged near Potniae in Boeotia, on the way leading from Thebes to Plataea. At this spot Pausanias saw "a grove of Demeter and Persephone." The place was also sacred to the Eumenides. Sophocles transferred the scene of the encounter from the three roads of Potniae to the three roads near Daulia in Phocis. The locality at Potniae can no longer be traced, but in going from Thebes to Delphi, the traveller to-day still passes by these branching roads, now generally known as the στενό, but even yet sometimes called the τριόδοι. A road from Delphi meets the road from Daulia, and a third road stretches away to the south. When visiting Greece I was greatly impressed by the magnificent loneliness of the spot, and even awed by the memories of the terrible history, legend though it be. Here Pausanias saw τὰ τοῦ Δαίου μνήματα καὶ οἰκέτου τοῦ ἐπομένου. An old tradition told how Damasistratus, a king of Thebes, had found the bodies and buried them there.
- p. 396. *He went out privately.* That a king should set forth with a small retinue seemed undignified to Seneca, and in his *Oedipus*, 777-779, he has to offer some explanation of the circumstance that the royal followers were so few:
- Oedipus.* Frequensne turba regium cinxit latus?
Jocasta. Plures fefellit error ancipitis viae;
Paucos fidelis curribus iunxit labor.
- p. 397. *Vain, vain Oracles.* John Addington Symonds in his fine study of Sophocles, *Greek Poets*, Second Series, 1876, points out that when in the *Oedipus Tyrannus* Jocasta comes forth from the palace to soothe the altercation between Oedipus and Creon, and Oedipus tells her he is accused in riddling words, "She begins her answer with a frivolous and impious assertion that all oracles are nonsense."
- p. 398. *the lean-look'd Prophet.* Cf. Shakespeare's *King Richard the Second*, 4to, 1597:
- The pale-fac'd moone lookes bloudie on the earth,
And leane-lookt prophets whisper fearfull change.
- p. 398. *could imp.* To imp is to supply with feathers, and Steevens on *Richard II* notes: "When the wing-feathers of a hawk were dropped, or forced out by any accident it was usual to supply as many as were deficient."
- Cf. Shakespeare's *King Richard the Second*, 4to, 1597:
- If then we shall shake off our slauish yoke,
Impe out our drouping countries broken wing.
- p. 399. *Antick mouths.* Distorted, gaping grins (so that their features were grotesque as an antic in decorative art). Quarles in his *A Feast of Wormes set forth in a Poeme of the History of Jonah*, 1620, writes:

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"Your mimick mouthes, your antick faces." Cotgrave, 1611, has: "*Gargouille*, The mouth of a Spowt, resembling a Serpent, or the Anticke face of some other ouglie creature." Dampier in his *Voyages*, 1697 (ed. 1729, III, i, 406), speaks of "The little tame Owl . . . making divers antick faces."

- p. 399. *my Genius*. Cf. Shakespeare's *The Tragedie of Macbeth*, folio, 1623,
III:

and vnder him

My *Genius* is rebuk'd, as it is said

Mark Antonies was by *Caesar*,

an allusion to North's *Plutarch*; *Antonius* (1631, p. 926, ll. 8–9):

"For thy demon, said he (that is to say, the good angell and spirit that keepeth thee) is afraid of his," afraid of the genius of Octavius. In poetry the Greek or Socratic demon and the Roman Genius appear as almost one and the same conception.

- p. 400. *Owls, Ravens, Crickets.* All three were considered ominous of death. There are innumerable allusions in all literatures to these sad warnings.

- p. 404. by *Assassinates*. Cf. Philemon Holland, *Livy*, II, xiii, 40 (1600): "Nothing had saved him but the mistake of the Assassinate." Also Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part I, Sect. 2, Mem. 4, Sub. 6: "pouerty alone makes men theeues, rebels, murderers, traitors, assassinate" (Third Edition, 1628, p. 151); "poverty alone makes men theeues, rebels, murderers, traitors, assacinate" (Seventh Edition, 1660, p. 159).

- p. 404. *Your Birds of knowledge.* For various omens and presages of birds, both good and ill, see Julius Obsequens, *Prodigiorum Libellus*, who has recorded many instances in this kind. Also Alexander ab Alexandro, *Genialium Dierum*, V, 13, with rubric, "*Ex quibus veteres captare auspicia solerent, et auspicioꝝ quae prospera quaeve piacularia sint.*" He says: "In primis receptum est, auspicioꝝ quinque genera observari ab augurandi peritis: primum ex caelo, secundum ab avibus . . ."

- p. 404. *you Vizors of the Gods*. The sense is clear: you prophets, who feigning to show plainly to us the true faces of the gods, in reality obscure their looks so that man cannot know whether they smile or frown. upon him. Saintsbury absurdly says that for "Vizors" "a daring editor might suggest 'viziers!'"

- p. 406. *His clouded head.* "Clouded" here is almost equivalent to "mystic"; his head about to utter dark and riddling saws. Milton in his *Of Reformation touching Church Discipline*, 1641, I, 29, writes: "There be . . . some places in those Books that remain clouded." If the oracle was ominous and terrible it might even be that some harm would happen to the seer, as Plutarch tells us in the *De Oraculorum Defectu*, LI, where he speaks of a Pythia who had lately died. It seemed that when some strangers came to inquire of the oracle, there

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were portents of ill; the divineress "ἀλάλον καὶ κακοῦ πνεύματος ὁδοὶ πλήρης· τέλος δὲ παντάπασιν ἐκταραχθεῖσα καὶ μετὰ κραυγῆς φοθερᾶς φερομένη πρὸς τὴν ἐξοδὸν, ἐβρίσινεν ἑαυτήν· ὥστε φυγεῖν μὴ μόνον τοὺς θεοπρόπους, ἀλλὰ καὶ τὸν προφήτην Νίκανδρον, καὶ τοὺς παρόντας τῶν ὁσίων."

"Clouded" can hardly refer to the exhalation from the cavernous chasm over which the tripod, or prophetic seat, was placed.

- p. 408. *Basilisks*. The baleful basilisk was fabled to be hatched by a serpent from a cock's egg. Archibald Simson in his *Hieroglyphica Animalium Terrestrium*, Edinbvrge, 1622 (p. 92), writes: "De Basilisco. Regulus seu Basiliscus animal duodecim non amplius digitorum magnitudine, candida in capite macula, & quodam diademate, unde Regium ei nomen cuius aspectum reliqui serpentes verentur; hic non implicat corpus multiplici plexu, sicut alii serpentes, sed celsus & erectus a medio incedit. Tanta est *Basilisci* vis, ut solo sibilo reliqua animalia deterreat, quo audito avium cantus coercentur cuius non morsu, sed & olfactu frutices enecantur." Heliodorus in his *Æthiopica*, III, 8, mentions the balefully fatal glare of the basilisk's eye: "Καὶ ὄφρων δ' ὁ καλούμενος βασιλίσκος, ὅτι καὶ πνεύματι μόνῳ καὶ βλέμματι πᾶν ἀφαναίνει καὶ λυμαίνεται τὸ ὑποπίπτον, ἰσως ἀκήκοας." Maundeville, c. 1400, XXVIII, 283, has the following reference: "Thei sleu him anon with the beholdynge as dothe the Basilisk." Cf. Henry Porter's *The Two Angry Women of Abingdon*, issued in 1599 as "lately playde" at the Rose, where Mistress Barnes says:

O, that it were the bassaliskies fell eye
To poyson thee.

And also Shakespeare's *The Life and Death of Richard the Third*, folio, 1623, I, 1:

Richard. Thine eyes (sweet Lady) haue infected mine.
Anne. Would they were Basiliskes, to strike thee dead.

- p. 409. *tho Rocks their basis keep*. Cf. Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, folio, 1623, II, 1, where Francisco describes the swimming to land of Ferdinand, who

oared
Himselfe with his good armes in lusty stroke
To th' shore; that ore his waue-worne basis bowed
As stooping to releuee him.

- p. 410. *wistly*. Intently; fixedly. Perhaps a variant of "whistly," "whishtly." Thus Lee, *The Tragedy of Nero, Emperour of Rome*, acted at the Theatre Royal, 1674; 4to, 1675; III, 1, where Cyara disguised as Coralbo says to Britannicus:

Do you not know me, *Sir*? Look wistly on me.

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In Samuel Knight's *The Life of Dr. John Colet*, 8vo, 1724: "He look'd wistly upon me, to observe whether I spoke in jest, or earnest."

- p. 411. *Bring forth the Rack.* Cf. *Marriage A-la-Mode*, I:

Polydamas. He talks too like a man that knew the World,
To have been long a Peasant. But the Rack
Will teach him other Language. Hence with him.

- p. 412. *the damp his sorrows rais'd.* Damp is a dazed condition, a stupor. Thomas Becon, *David's Harp*, 1542, writes: "He was in a trauns, that is to say a dampe, a stupour, abashment, and soden privacion of sence or fealyng."

- p. 413. *who lett my Vengeance.* To let is to hinder, obstruct. Let is more frequent as a substantive and is now generally known from the phrase "without let or hindrance." Cf. Brome's *The Sparagus Garden*, 1640, acted 1635, I, 11, where Gilbert says:

Love is wit it selfe,
And through a thousand lets will find a way
To his desired end.

- p. 413. *The Stage arise.* Lee has in mind various recent operatic elaborations and devices of the theatre of his own day. Actually there is no reference to the Athenian theatre. In Shadwell's opera, *The Tempest, or The Enchanted Island*, Dorset Garden, 1674, IV, 2, "*A Table rises*," Spirits dance, "*and the Table sinks agen*." In the concluding Masque Prospero bids "*Neptune, and your fair Amphiurite, rise*," whereupon "*Neptune, Amphitrite, Oceanus and Tethys, appear [arise] in a Chariot drawn with Sea-Horses; on each side of the Chariot, Sea-Gods and Goddesses, Tritons and Nereides*." The Fifth Act of Shadwell's *Psyche*, Dorset Garden, February, 1675, shows a poetical hell. "In the middle arises the throne of *Pluto*, consisting of Pillars of Fire; with him *Proserpina*; at their feet sit *Minos*, *Æacus*, and *Rhadamanthus*. With the throne of *Pluto* arise a great number of Devils and Furies, coming up at every rising about the House."

It has already been remarked that Lee cannot have had antiquity in mind, and thus he can hardly refer to the *ekkyklema* (ἐκκύκλημα), one of the mechanical devices employed on the Greek stage and that perhaps which is most alien to our modern conceptions of theatrical illusion. The *ekkyklema* is described by Pollux, IV, 128, as also by Eustathius, II, 976, 15.

- p. 414. *But Gods meet Gods.* This was very frequently parodied, as in *The Female Wits: or, The Triumvirate of Poets at Rehearsal*, 4to, 1704, but produced some seven years earlier, Act I, where Marsilia declaims from her new tragedy, "Mount, my aspiring Spirit! Mount! Hit yon azure Roof and juggle Gods!"
- p. 418. *Sons and Brothers.* Jocasta bore four children to Oedipus: Eteocles, Polyneices, Antigone, Ismene.

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- p. 419. *Emmets*. Johnson in his *Life of Pope*, 1779, has: "Looking on mankind as on emmets of a hillock."
- p. 420. *The Ghost of Lajus ascends by degrees*. From the earliest days of the permanent stage elaborate trapwork was devised, and Dr. W. J. Lawrence in his chapter, "Early Stage Traps," *Pre-Restoration Stage Studies*, writes that from 1590 onwards there are regular traces "of trapwork of a complexity incompatible with any kind of primitive stage. This points to resort to mechanical appliances, and, in some instances, to the provision of an excavated cellarage. There are clear indications of the use of a small trap for the ascensions and descensions of a single character either in a slow or rapid way, a graduation and control of movement hardly obtainable by pure manual working. . . . My belief is that if we can determine the characteristics of what was known as the ghost trap in and after the eighteenth century, we shall have arrived at the mechanism and *modus operandi* of these early graduated stage effects. . . . My impression is that the Elizabethan ghost trap consisted of a base the exact size of the trap opening which worked up and down in four vertical, grooved beams by means of cords and pulleys. Friction, and the necessity for severe manual exertion, may have been lessened by counterweighting the trap." There are not infrequent stage directions which demand a very exact control for the working of the trap, when a ghost, a spirit, or it may be some other character has to ascend or descend (as the case may be) gradually and by degrees. Thus in Act V of Richards' *Messalina, The Roman Empress*, 12mo, 1640, we have: "Thunder and lightning. Earth gapes and swallows the three murderers by degrees. One of them before sinking is shot with a thunderbolt." In Charles Davenant's *Circe*, Dorset Garden, 1677, V, 6, the dream of Orestes is visualized on the stage and when he wakes, "*the Scene vanishes, the Dreams and Ghost sink down by degrees. The Bower vanishes.*" The bower, which is the Cave of the God of sleep, had arisen (through a trap) and vanished (down a trap). Thus the Ghost of Laius vanishes swiftly down the trap whence he had gradually emerged. Cf. Lodge's *The Wounds of Civil War*, 4to, 1594, where the Genius *evanescit subito* down a trap.
- p. 420. *fleet like Winds*. Passing swiftly away and impalpably evanescent as winds. Cf. H. and J. Smith, *Rejected Addresses* (1812); *Cui Bono*

This goodly pile
Perchance than Holland's edifice more fleet.

- p. 421. *gaudy Milky soil*. The Milky Way; the galaxy; *lacteus circulus*, and *lactea via*. Cf. Ovid, *Metamorphoseon*, I, 168-169:

Est via sublimis, coelo manifesta sereno
lactea nomen habet; candore notabilis ipso.

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Manilius, *Astronomicon*, I, 748-752:

nec mihi celandæ est fama vulgata vetusta
fabula, de niveo lactis fluxisse liquorem
pectore reginæ divum, coelumque colore
infecisse suo. quapropter lacteus orbis
dicitur, et nomen causa descendit ab ipsa.

Hyginus, *Poeticon Astronomicon*, II, 43, *Circulus lacteus*, says that when Juno was asleep, the infant Mercury, as Eratosthenes tells (or according to one tradition, Hercules), was placed at her breast, but awaking as Maia's babe was sucking and hastily removing his lips, the milk from her bosom scattered over the heavens in a galaxy of myriad shining stars—"Ita lactis profusi splendorem inter sidera apparere."

A lesser known legend relates that when Ops gave old Saturn a stone wrapped in swaddling-clothes as her new-born infant, whom he was minded to devour, he bade her suckle it awhile, whence the milk flowing from her nipple was shed over the skies as stellar hosts innumerable and radiantly aflame.

A more obscure tradition connected with the cult of Hercules has it that this hero drank greedily of new milk, which induced a vomit, "quod ex ore eius profusum, circulum signasse."

p. 421. *his thousand doors*. "By what crooked path soeuer we walk, the same leadeth on directly to the house of death: whose doores lye open at all houres and to all persons." Sir Walter Raleigh, *The History of the World*, folio, 1621 (p. 26), Book I, chapter II, section 5: "That man is (as it were) a little World: with a digression touching our mortalitie."

p. 425. *Enter Oedipus above*. Oedipus appears upon one of the balconies over the permanent proscenium doors. In printed plays of the Restoration these balconies are indifferently referred to as "above," as here; as a "window" (cf. Shadwell's *The Miser*, acted Theatre Royal, January, 1672, IV, "Squeeze at window, in his cap, and undressed. . . . 'Heaven! they have almost broke the door I must venture to escape at this window.' [He leaps down]"—in Ravenscroft's *The London Cuckolds*, Dorset Garden, winter of 1681, III, we have: "Doodle—above at the window"); or as a "balcony" (cf. Mrs. Behn's *The Rover*, Part I, Dorset Garden, 1677, II: "Enter two Braves, and hang up a great Picture of Angelica's, against the Balcony, and two little ones at each side of the Door." Presently, "Enter Angelica and Moretta in the Balcony. . . .").

The two little windows in the proscenium arch, often known technically as the "garret windows," one on each side over against the music gallery, were sometimes, but very rarely, employed. "Above" here could not intend this position as the aperture was too small to admit of a body being cast from it, and moreover the height was too great from the stage to effect this difficult piece of

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business conveniently and with decorum. For an instance of the use of these two little windows see the Prologue to *The Virtuous Wife; or, Good Luck at Last*, a comedy by D'Urfey, produced at Dorset Garden, 1679. Mrs. Barry who is speaking feigns to tell the audience that she is not over pleased with her rôle, Olivia,

For Vnderhill, Jevan, Currier, Tony Lee,
Nokes, all have better characters than me.

[Lee peeps out of a little window over the Stage.

Lee. What Mrs. Barrer! Hah—What's that you say?

Have I a better Character in th' Play?— . . .

This is a Plot, a trick—'twixt you and Nokes—

[Nokes peeps out of a little window the other side of the Stage.

Nokes. How me? And what of me, peart brother Tony?

They banter, and Mrs. Barry cries:

Come, come,—be friends, I'll Act—for once I'll trye.

Lee. Why then all's well again. [Shuts one window.

Nokes. And so say I— [Shuts t'other window.

- p. 426. *She has out-done me.* Cf. Ravenscroft's *Titus Andronicus; or, The Rape of Lavinia*, 4to, 1687 (Licensed for printing, 21 December, 1686). but acted in the spring of 1679; V, when Tamora stabs the child, Aron cries:

She has out-done me in my own Art—
Out-done me in Murder—

- p. 426. *He flings himself from the Window.* A dummy body was used for this very effective piece of business and it will be noted how the dramatists with fine skill adroitly arrange a stage group so that when Oedipus has fallen "*the Thebans gather about his Body*" to conceal the substitute from the sight of the audience.

A similar, but more elaborate device, was employed when Oxenford's *Ariadne*, adapted from the *Ariane* of Thomas Corneille, was produced at the Princess's Theatre, London, on 28 January, 1850. Mrs. Mowatt played the heroine, and amongst other alterations Oxenford, instead of allowing Ariadne to plunge a dagger into her bosom, as in the original, makes her drown herself by leaping from a cliff into the sea, even as Sappho flung herself from the Leucadian rocks. A startling effect was secured. Mrs. Mowatt as Ariadne, pacing the shore, received the agonising news that Theseus had deserted her and sailed. She fled from the scene, and Ariadne next came in view climbing the steep crags of Naxos. A ballet-girl similarly costumed and made up so as to be identical in appearance had taken the place of the tragedienne. A third Ariadne then appeared on the summit. This was a most life-like lay figure, which at a given signal, was hurled from the cliff, and seen to fall into the abyss below. At a certain cue the ballet-girl had fallen on her face and was concealed from the audience by an intercepting crag. The

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success of the performance was complete, and even those of the audience who were furnished with powerful opera-glasses wondered. Mrs. Mowatt writes: "The illusion was so perfect that on the first night of the representation, when Ariadne leaped from the rock, a man started up in the pit, exclaiming in a tone of genuine horror, 'Good God! she is killed!'"

- p. 426. *Be judg'd entirely blest.* The concluding lines of the *Oedipus Tyrannus* are:

ὥστε θνητὸν ὄντ' ἐκείνην τὴν τελευταίαν ἰδεῖν
ἡμέραν ἐπισκοποῦντα μηδὲν ὀλβίζειν, πρὶν ἂν
τέρμα τοῦ βίου περάσῃ μηδὲν ἀλγεινὸν παθῶν.

The old saw "Call no man happy before death" first appears in Greek literature as a γνώμη in the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus; 928-9:

ὀλβίῃσιν δὲ χρὴ
βίον τελευτήσαντ' ἐν εὐεστοῖ φίλῃ.

Aristotle, however, recognized the popular tradition which ascribed this saying to Solon. Juvenal, X, 274-5, has:

Et Croesum, quem vox iusti facunda Solonis
Respicere ad longae iussit spatia ultima vitae.

There are very many references to this famous adage, e.g. Cicero (*De Finibus*, II, 87; III, 76); Diogenes Laertius (I, 50); Ovid (*Metamorphoseon*, III, 135); Seneca (*De Tranquillitate Animae*, XI, 12); Josephus (*De Bello Iudaico*, I, 5, 11); Arrian (VII, 16); Lucian (*Charon*, X); cum multis aliis, quos nunc perscribere longum est.

- p. 427. *Terror and pity.* Aristotle's Τὸ φοβερὸν καὶ ἐλεεινόν. It is expressly laid down in the *Poetics*, IX: "οὐ μόνον τελείας ἐστὶ πράξεως ἡ μίμησις ἀλλὰ καὶ φοβερῶν καὶ ἐλεεινῶν."
- p. 427. *The monumental sword.* There is a very pertinent allusion here. Over the Monument of Edward, the Black Prince, who lies buried in Canterbury Cathedral, is suspended among other trophies the empty scabbard of his sword. The sword itself was filched and carried away by the churl Cromwell.
- p. 427. *burning of a Pope.* *Oedipus* was produced at Dorset Garden in December, 1678, or early in the following year, 1678-9. An effigy of Guy Fawkes had been "annually sacrificed as a burnt offering upon Gunpowder Treason day by the sour-faced Puritan youth of the country," says Sir George Sitwell, *The First Whig*, 1894 (p. 95), and the prorogation of Parliament on 4 November, 1673, seems to have been eagerly seized upon to convert this foolish old ceremony into a very dangerous political demonstration, when bonfires blazed so redly throughout London that no less than two hundred were counted between Temple Bar and Aldgate alone. It was noticed in contemporary letters that effigies of the

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Pope, Clement X, and his Cardinals were carried in procession and burned "with great solemnity" in several places in the City. At Cheapside in particular, there was a regular incineration of these waxen dolls, a huge holocaust arranged by Sir John Pakington, Sir Anthony Cope, and other members of Parliament. Sir Anthony Cope was succeeded by his brother Sir John Cope, who in a satire of 1679 is named as "The Patron of the Faction-burning Pope." A *Poem on the burning of the Pope* 1679, attributes the invention of this mockery to Stubbs, i.e. Henry Stubbe a notorious bouitefeu and low mercenary agitator, who was drowned 12 July, 1676.

Well fare the *Soul* of Stubbs the glad *Boys* cry,
With lusty *Shouts*, while the *Images* do Fry;
Who this *Way* gave to's *Holy Rage* a *Scope*
And *First* began the *Burning* of a *Pope*.

Sir George Sitwell, who is doubtless correct, is of opinion that Henry Stubbe organized the earliest Pope-burning in 1673, and that the idea was stolen from the Dutch.

The ferment of the next few years, and especially Oates' discovery of a pretended Plot, gave an immense impetus to these and similar offensive celebrations which were exhibited not only in London but in many other towns such as Lewes, Taunton-Dean, Chatham, Salisbury. In 1677 a further development of the antic Pope-burning took place in the form of a commemoration of the anniversary of Queen Elizabeth's accession to the throne on 17 November, 1558. Throughout more than seventy years Queen Bess' Day was yet marked by bonfires and festivities, particularly at Westminster School, at Eton College, Merchant Taylors' School and Christ's Hospital. In *A Description of the Burning of the Pope*, 1681, it is emphasized that the "Anniversary or Birth-day of the ever-renowned Queen Elizabeth" had been "usually observed." The members of the disloyal King's Head Club now arranged on a vast scale a mock procession and solemn burning of the Pope for that day, a buffoon pageantry the culminating scene in which was to take place in front of their Tavern, and with the true Whiggish and Puritan spirit was to be marked by beastly cruelty and sottish inebriation. Sir George Sitwell quotes from a letter dated 22 November, 1677 (Camden Society, 127, 157): "Last Saterdag y^e coronation of Queen Elizabeth wase solemnised in y^e city wth mighty bonefires and y^e burning of a most costly pope, caryed by four persons in divers habits and y^e effigies of 2 divells whispering in his eares; his belly filled full of live cattis who squawled most hideously as soone as they felt the fire; the common saying all y^e while, it was the language of the Pope and the Divil in a dialogue betwixt them. A tierce of claret wase set out before y^e Temple gate for y^e common people. Mr. Langhorne saith he is very confident y^e pageantry cost 40 li."

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There were similar performances on 17 November, 1678, and to these Dryden alludes in this Epilogue.

In the following year Shaftesbury, who had so carefully invented, nursed and engineered Oates' Plot, realizing that considerable political capital might be made out of these vile demonstrations, determined that they should be organized upon an even more ambitious scale.

Whilst Dutch William was occupying the English throne some renewal of Pope-burning was attempted, and there were sporadic attempts even under Queen Anne.

Curiously enough there was a recrudescence of this mania in the mid-nineteenth century.

For details see Wilfrid Ward's *Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman*, vol. I, chapter XVIII (Fourth Edition, 1898).

PRINTED AND MADE IN ENGLAND
BY WILLIAM BRENDON AND SON, LTD., PLYMOUTH

